★May 25, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

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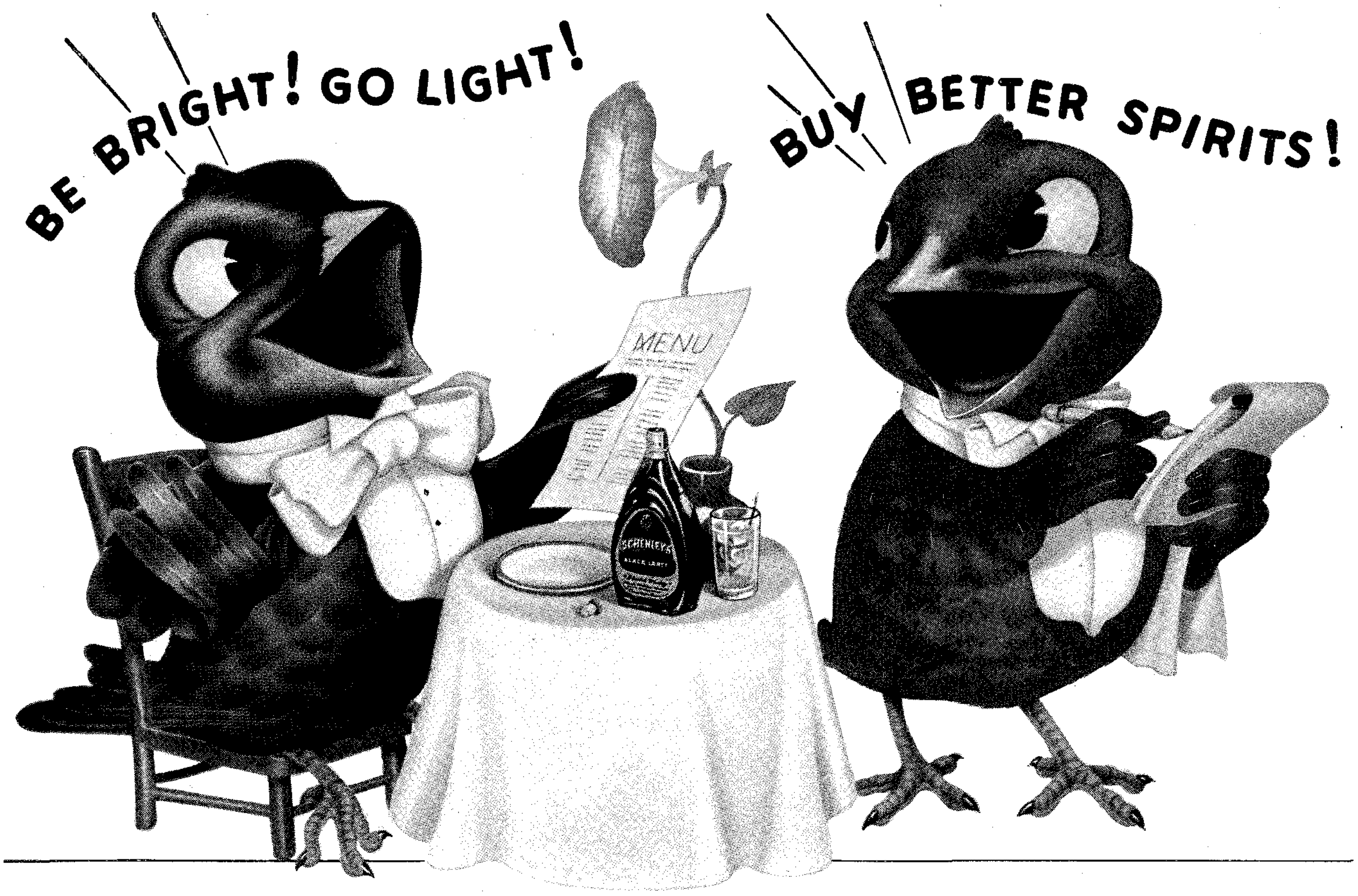
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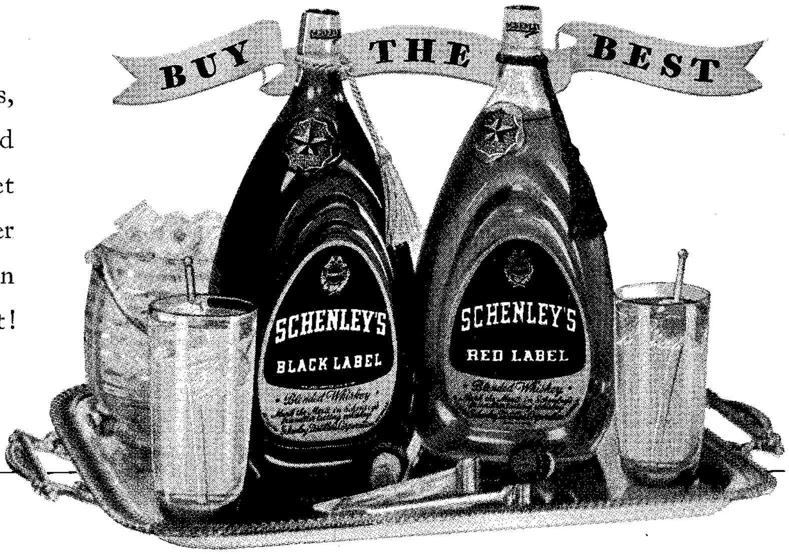
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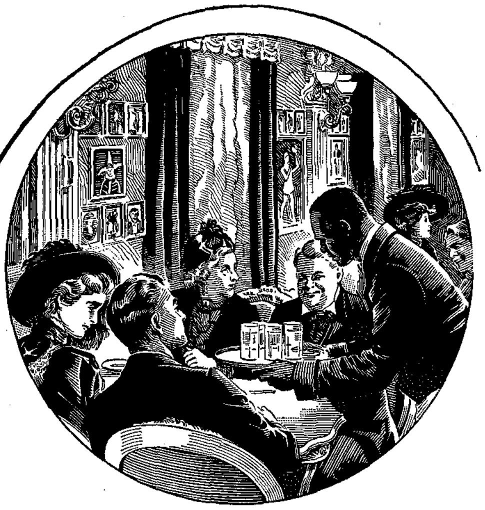

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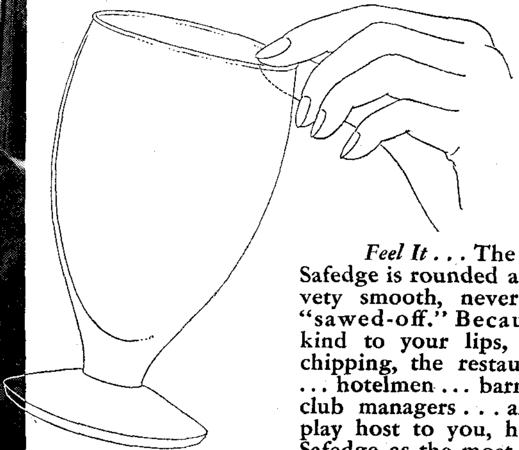

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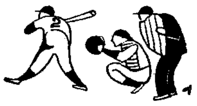

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 1. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway. Next week, as noted below, there will be some shifts in midweek matinées to accommodate Memorial Day audiences. There may be further changes, so to be on the safe side, check with the newspapers.)

PLAYS

Ladies in Retirement—Poor Miss Fiske objects to having her guests track up the house with dead birds and driftwood and winds up in her own oven. Gilbert Miller's production of one of the best English melodramas in years is helped enormously by Flora Robson, Estelle Winwood, Jessamine Newcombe, and Isobel Elsom. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Lady in Waiting—This adaptation of "The Nutmeg Tree" would be rather thin without Gladys George's high-spirited comedy, and it may be a little thin anyway. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except May 29, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., May 30. Extra performance Sun. Eve., May 26, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Life with Father—The late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family adapted for the stage by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Not quite as lifelike as the book, but very funny and satisfactory just the same. Mr. Lindsay is Father and Dorothy Stickney is Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except May 29, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., May 30.)

Love's Old Sweet Song—William Saroyan, in his happiest vein, shows us what troubles a lady is likely to run into if she happens to fall in love with a snake-oil salesman. Walter Huston and Jessie Royce Landis head a fine cast. Good fun all around. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

The Male Animal—Academic freedom made the subject of a real comedy which is more free than academic, thanks to James Thurber, one of the authors. The other author, Elliott Nugent, heads a gifted cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except May 29, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., May 30.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A writer who talks like Alexander Woollcott drops in on an Ohio family who have been bothering no one. Monty Woolley is brilliant in the principal part, and John Hoysradt, Carol Goodner, and Edith Atwater are very helpful, too. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Margin for Error—The German consul (Otto Preminger) is shot, stabbed, and poisoned, which ought to be enough to hold anybody. Clare Boothe's melodrama owes a lot to Sam Levene's fine portrayal of a Jewish cop. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed., except May 29, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., May 30.)

Morning Star—Molly Picon in her first full-length play in English, which is certainly a break for Broadway. The play itself, however, is a little too sentimental and naïve. With Joseph Buloff and Sidney Lumet. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except May 29, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., May 30.)

Romeo and Juliet—An elaborate production of Shakespeare's tragedy, which has a vague cinema flavor about it, partly because of the presence of Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh. (51st Street, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. 8 o'clock. No performance Mon. Eves. Mats. at 2, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

Skylark—Samson Raphaelson's comedy about a man who can't figure out whether he loves his wife better than the advertising business. Chiefly remarkable for Gertrude Lawrence's spirited performance. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., May 25.)

There Shall Be No Night—The Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company have given Robert E. Sherwood's impressive and passionate indictment of isolation a beautiful production, and the Lunts are practically perfect in it. The cast includes Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., May 30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

At the Stroke of Eight—A play by Percy Robinson, with Sara Allgood, Reginald Mason, and Richard Waring. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., except May 29, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., May 30.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr—at their best—and Cole Porter's music making the old Petit Trianon at Versailles a new place. Don't ask your children what some of the jokes mean. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except May 29, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., May 30.)

Higher and Higher—You'd better just forget about the involved plot of this musical comedy and listen to the Rodgers and Hart score and look at the pretty girls. Sharkey the Seal heads a competent cast which includes Jack Haley, Shirley Ross, and Marta Eggert. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except May 29, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., May 30.)

New Hellz-a-Poppin—A revised version of the rough-and-tumble vaudeville acts insanely led by Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except May 29, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., May 30.)

New Pins and Needles—A relatively new version of the Labor Stage's phenomenal success and still a highly entertaining and instructive revue. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-3824. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except May 29, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., May 30.)

Two for the Show—The same people who got up "One for the Money" last year have put on another bright, pleasant, and unassuming revue with sketches by Nancy Hamilton. Although the author doesn't appear this time, Brenda Forbes, Richard Haydn, and all the rest very nearly make up for it. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., May 25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Keep off the Grass—Jimmy Durante, Ray Bolger, Jane Froman, and Ilka Chase in a new revue, produced by the Shuberts and staged by Edward Duryea Dowling, with choreography by George Balanchine. Opens Thurs., May 23. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed., except May 29, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., May 30.)

Russian Bank—A play by Theodore Komisarjevsky and Stuart Mims, with James Rennie, Prince Alexis Obolensky, Tonio Selwart, and Effie Shannon. Staged and produced by Mr. Komisarjevsky. Opens Thurs., May 23. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except May 29, and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., May 30.)

Louisiana Purchase—A musical by Irving Berlin and Morrie Ryskind, with Vera Zorina, Victor Moore, William Gaxton, and Irene Bordoni. Produced by B. G. De Sylva. Opens Tues., May 28. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

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DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a nice under-the-greenwood air all the same. Music by Larry Siry's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The blue walls in the Bowman Room look particularly cool at this season. Sleepy Hall's orchestra and a show.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—One of the nicer small spots, with the Tisdale Trio and Nicki Raymond's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Very much the same as it's always been, with almost exactly the same faces. Dick Gasparre's orchestra (through Fri., May 31) and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—One of the best, as you must know by this time. The Hartmans dance and the music is by Ted Straeter's and Ray Morton's orchestras.

La Martinique, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757)—One flight down, and bright, gay, and likely to be crowded. Music by Val Olman's orchestra.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular place among unhurried people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Montparnasse, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—Not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. A quintet plays for dancing.

Nine o'Clock Club, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922)—Designed for the younger set, and frequented by it too. Charlie Murray's and Don de Vodi's orchestras.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—There'll be a lot of comings and goings in the Persian Room during the next ten days or so. Paul Draper will be there through Thurs., May 23, with Jane Pickens and Eddy Duchin, who will stay on through Wed., May 29. The Room will be closed the following evening, and the next night Gerry Morton's orchestra will be on hand. Dick Gasparre's orchestra will start an engagement there on Sat., June 1.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—Ben Cutler's orchestra and a show are in the Rockefellers' big and lofty music box. . . . Marlynn and Michael go on dancing in the Rainbow Grill, where Barry Winton's orchestra plays.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Hal Saunders' orchestra and a show are on the Viennese Roof. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is all the patrons ask for at the Café Lounge, and, with the exception of Emile Petti's orchestra, she's all they get. Her songs are well worth a hearing.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The same faces at their accustomed places. Ernie Holst's orchestra and a rumba band. Dress preferred.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Among the East Side's larger ones, with songs by Carmen Miranda and Anne Francine, and music by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra is playing on the vast Starlight Roof, alternating with Peter Brent's at the supper hour. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for supper dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): there's Paula Laurence, among other performers, who sings sly songs. . . . **algonquin**, 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): John Buckmaster has become master of ceremonies and continues to do monologues. . . . **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway, for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below.

Miscellaneous—At **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Adelaide Moffett, Frank Mandella's or-

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PAINTED FOR DE BEERS BY FRANCIS CRISS

". . . fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars"
—CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

TODAY the engaged young man more frequently compares his love to stars of stage or screen than to those of heaven. Yet his emotion has not changed. . . . To his fair girl he still hopes to bring the best of all the lovely things he may encounter in his journey through the world—beginning surely with his ring she wears. It is not unlikely that he feels as little equipped by previous experience to deal in diamonds as in poetic words. . . . Yet there is no reason why he should not select a stone that will draw praise from the lips of the experienced connoisseur. . . . The advice of a reliable jeweler should be his starting point. The four factors that determine the actual value of his choice are cut, color, absence of flaws, and weight. Many jewelers will gladly assist in the purchase of a really handsome stone by extending payments over a period of months. A young man may unhesitatingly avail himself of such a privilege, for he is making one of his lifetime's most important purchases—one that will exist in unchanging glory as long as the very stars themselves endure.

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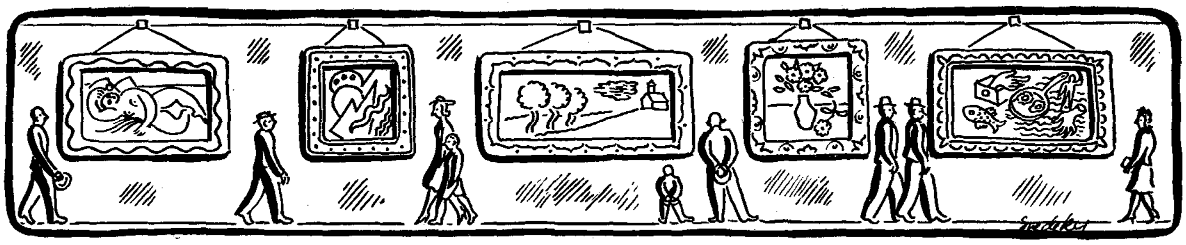
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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chestra, not much floor space, and nice and cozy all around. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Nicholas Matthey's orchestra and lots of Old Russian atmosphere. . . . **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816): a refugee venture and a good one, with a Polish orchestra that plays for dancing. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): William Scotti's orchestra and a mite of a dance *floor*. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Larry Clinton's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Bob Chester's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 46 (MU 6-9200): Frankie Masters' orchestra. . . . **GLASS HAT**, 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200): Basil Fomeen's orchestra. . . . **BOSSERT MARINE ROOF**, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): the *view of the harbor is alone worth the trip.* Eddie Lane's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **KIT KAT CLUB**, 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): Connie McLean's band and other Negro folk entertaining late stayer-uppers. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): another lively late spot for the sturdy.

Al-fresco dining: **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600), with Joe Ricardel's orchestra; **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954), with Michael Zarin's orchestra. . . . Without dancing: **CHATHAM WALK**, Vanderbilt at 48 (VO 5-5400); **PAVILLON MARGUERY**, 270 Park, *at 47 (WI 2-9000); and the Japanese Garden* of the **RITZ-CARLTON**, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600).

Among the sidewalk cafés now open are those of the **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 24 5 Ave., at 9; **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12; **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Pk. S.; and **ESSEX PROMENADE**, 160 Central Pk. S.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Billy Rose's new show, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge. . . . **BEACHCOMBER**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a not too languorous South Seas setting and Sonny Kendis's orchestra. . . . **HURRICANE**, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): half Broadway, half *tropical, with* Eddie Bush's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Nano Rodrigo's orchestra and South American entertainment. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't any too delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. . . . **COTTON CLUB**, B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000): Buck and Bubbles and Andy Kirk's orchestra head the colored show.

Pure Swing—At the **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): John Kirby's orchestra playing for customers who'd *rather listen than dance*. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Joe Sullivan's band, Joe Turner, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another Village place, with Georg Brunis, the old-timer from New Orleans, and his orchestra playing every night except Mon. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar nook, with Clarence Profit's Trio and some Calypso singers.

Harlem—A couple of places where the antics of the natives almost make the trip uptown worth while are the **SAVOY BALLROOM**, Lenox at 140 (ED 4-0271), and **GOLDEN GATE BALLROOM**, Lenox at 142 (ED 4-3380), but either one may be taken over by private parties for an evening. You'd better call before you go.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY**, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

Two Viennese places started by refugees, who carry on with lots of spirit, especially at the supper hour: **ALT WIEN**, 323 E. 79 (RH 4-8966); and **WIENER FIAKER**, 223 W. 80 (TR 4-9245).

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Just Out of Town—Ben Riley's **ARROWHEAD INN**, Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra. . . . Ben Marden's **RIVIERA**, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Leo Reisman's orchestra and a show which includes Mary Raye and Naldi, Tamara, and Danny Kaye. . . . **GLEN ISLAND CASINO**, off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Bobby Byrne's orchestra.

ART

Aiken—Water colors, done with poetic imaginativeness and intelligent restraint: Walker, 108 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through May 25.

Albinson—Broad brushwork and bright color applied with lively effect to Quebec scenes: Morgan, 37 W. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through May 25.

Americans—Small but surprisingly inclusive showing of paintings by Ryder, Eilshemius, and Lawson: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 1.

Calder—Endlessly graceful and interesting mobile sculptures: Matisse, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 1.

Chinese—Calm, placid, and subtly beautiful ceramics, mainly of the Sung dynasty, for the benefit of the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 25.

De Diego and Northey—De Diego does gravely mystical Mexican subjects; Northey is best in his bright-colored, Soutinesque carnival scenes: Bonestell, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 1.

Dove—New oils and water colors, done with more than usual compactness and integration of design: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 25.

Dutch and Italian—Small, intimate show of masters of both schools, including an especially absorbing late Tintoretto: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 15.

Eisendieck—Fluffy, spattery, but undeniably decorative paintings of Parisian girls: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 1.

Epstein—His huge, controversial "Adam," and a group of strongly stylized portrait heads: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 25.

French Groups—At the **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: paintings by selected moderns, for the benefit of the French Artists' Aid. Sat., June 1, 10 A.M. to 12 noon; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 29. . . . **VALENTINE**, 16 E. 57: *something of a hodgepodge*, but an interesting one, of moderns from Gris and Picasso to Derain and Utrillo. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: a pleasantly contrasted group of works by modern and modern-primitive artists of the Paris school. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 1.

Groups—At the **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: Taubes, Shulkin, Doris Rosenthal, and others in, by and large, a representative collection. Weekdays *10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 1*. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 113 W. 13: exhibition and sale of works by contemporary Americans, for the creation of a fund for artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 24. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: recent paintings by John Sloan, Louis Bouché, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through June 15.

Hodler—Competently handled oils, generally Impressionist in style, by a Swiss painter who did his best work around the beginning of this century: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; *through May 31.*

Hordyk—Paintings by a modern Dutch artist, full of stylistic borrowings from the French but clean and bright in color: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57; 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 23.

Jarvis—Centennial show of portraits by a New York artist who painted almost everyone of consequence in his era. Interesting historically: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 2.

Lie—Last paintings, some unfinished, mixed in with a few earlier ones in a kind of preliminary memorial exhibition: Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 24.

Lux and Shahn—Lux shows broodingly stylized marines; Shahn's closeups of contemporary scenes are remarkably keen, understanding, and intelligent: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Mexican art from away back right up to the present in a big, varied, but surprisingly coherent show that fills the Museum and overflows into the garden behind it. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 10 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

Persian Art—Sixty centuries and some $10,000,000 *worth of it—rugs, ceramics, sculptures, paintings,* and just about everything else. The rugs in particular are something to see: 1 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through June 22.

Rouault—At the **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: a ten-year retrospective (1928 to 1938), including a number of his religious paintings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 1. . . . **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: a selective showing of his lithographs and etchings. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 1.

Rubin—Attractive, lightly Impressionistic oils, principally of Palestinian subjects: Milch, 108 W. 57; 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 23.

Sporting Paintings—An engaging show of works from the Thieriot Collection, portraying great horses and famous races of the early eighteen-hundreds: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through June 15.

Thomas—Sensitively stylized paintings, verging toward the naïve at times, of Pennsylvania Dutch scenes: 460 Park Avenue, at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 3.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Paintings, sculptures, water colors, and prints from the Museum's permanent collection. This time it's the less well-known artists who steal the show. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

Here and There—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 38 W. 57: paintings by Stephen Csoka. Daily 10 A.M. *to 6 P.M.; through May 25*. . . . **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: selected paintings by modern American and European artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 28. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, Gotham Hotel, 5 Ave. at 55: paintings by Paul Dougherty. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 24. . . . **HUDSON D. WALKER**, 38 E. 57: recent paintings by Mervin Jules. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 25. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 46 W. 57: group show of works by American abstractionists. Weekdays *10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 18*. . . . **ARGENT**, 42 W. 57: membership exhibition by the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 28. . . . **ARDEN**, 460 Park, at 57: sculptures by Wheeler Williams. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 8. . . . **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: paintings by the Arthur Schwieder Group. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 1. . . . **CLAY CLUB**, 4 W. 8: group exhibition of wall sculptures. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 15.

Note—The semiannual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will be on view through Sun., May 26, from 10 A.M. until dark.

MUSIC

Marian Anderson—Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., May *26, at 8:30.* (CI 7-7460.)

Mexican Music—Eduardo Hernández Moncada conducting an orchestra which includes Mexican musicians in a series of programs at the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 (CI 5-8900), daily, through Wed., May 29, at 2:30 and 8:45 P.M.

OPERA

Center Theatre, 6 Ave. at 49—The San Carlo Opera Company presenting "La Traviata," Thurs., May

23; "Madama Butterfly," Fri., May 24; "Aïda," Sat., May 25; "Barber of Seville," Sun., May 26; "Carmen," Thurs., May 30; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Fri., May 31; "La Tosca," Sat., June 1. Eves. at 8:20. (CO 5-5474.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Washington, Mon. and Wed. Afts., May 27 and 29, at 3:15, and Tues. Aft., May 28 (doubleheader), at 1:30; Yankees vs. Boston, Thurs. Aft., May 30 (doubleheader), at 1:30, and Fri. Aft., May 31, at 3:15; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Sat. Aft., June 1, at 3. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thurs. Aft., May 23, at 3:15; Giants vs. Boston, Fri. Eve., May 24, at 8:45, and Sat. and Sun. Afts., May 25-26, at 3. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs. Aft., May 23, at 3; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Mon. Aft., May 27, at 3, and Tues. Eve., May 28, at 8:30; Dodgers vs. Giants, Thurs. Aft., May 30 (doubleheader), at 1:30.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Ceferino Garcia vs. Ken Overlin, for the middleweight title, Thurs. Eve., May 23; preliminaries at 8:30; main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

Crew—Cornell-Harvard-Syracuse, at Ithaca, Sat. Aft., May 25: freshman at 6:30, junior varsity at 6:45, varsity at 7.

Dog Shows—Morris and Essex Kennel Club, Giralda Farms, Madison, N.J., Sat., May 25, at 9 A.M. . . . Greenwich Kennel Club, Port Chester, Sat., June 1, at 9 A.M.

Golf—Metropolitan Open, Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J., Fri. and Sat., May 24-25, at 10 A.M., and Sun., May 26, at 9 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Garden City G.C., Fri. and Sat., May 24-25, at 9 A.M., and Sun., May 26, at 9:45 A.M. . . . Sectional qualifying rounds for the National Open, Mt. Vernon C.C., Tuckahoe, Mon., May 27, at 9 A.M.

Horse Shows—Wilmington, Del., Thurs. through Sat., May 23-25, at 9 A.M. . . . Queens County, World's Fair, transportation area, Sun., May 26, at 9 A.M. . . . Rockwood Hall, Tarrytown, Sun., May 26, at 9 A.M. . . . Devon Show and Country Fair, Devon, Pa., Mon. through Sat., May 27-June 1, at 9 A.M. . . . Secor Farms Riding Club, White Plains, Sat., June 1, at 9 A.M.

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont Park, at 2:15 P.M.; through June 8. Metropolitan Handicap and Juvenile Stakes, May 25; Suburban Handicap, May 30; Coaching Club American Oaks, June 1. (Special trains leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:15 and 1:35 P.M. on Sats., and between 12:45 and 1:35 P.M. on other weekdays.)

Track—Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Meet, Cambridge, Mass., Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 31-June 1, at 2. . . . Annual Princeton Invitation Meet, Palmer Stadium, Princeton, N.J., Sat. Aft., June 1, at 5:30.

Yachting—Championship races on the Sound: American Y.C., Sat. Aft., May 25, at 1:45; Harlem Y.C., Thurs. Aft., May 30, at 1:45, Larchmont Y.C., Sat. Aft., June 1, at 1:45.

OTHER EVENTS

Garden Exhibitions—The gardens of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Siegbert, Old Lake St., Purchase: Sat. Aft., May 25, from 2 to 6. Gardens of Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Mt. Kisco: Wed. Aft., May 29, from 2 to 6. Gardens of Mr. and Mrs. Richard de Wolfe Brixey, Bedford Centre Rd., Bedford Hills: Sat. Aft., June 1, from 2 to 6. (Tickets: Westchester County Children's Association, 8 Church St., White Plains. White Plains 9098.) . . . The gardens of Miss Anne Morgan, Old Bedford Rd., Mt. Kisco: Sat., May 25, from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Industrial Art—A survey of contemporary developments, mainly on the flossy side: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

Barnard Abbaye—The Museum and its collection of Romanesque and Gothic sculpture, stained glass, and other works of art assembled by the late George Grey Barnard are now open to the public: 700 Ft. Washington Ave., at 189. Daily from 2 to 8 P.M.; through July 14.

Morgan Library—This year's exhibit of rare literary and artistic works includes medieval illuminated manuscripts, autographed manuscripts by Milton, Thackeray, Dickens, Stevenson, and Mark Twain, and drawings by Hogarth, Raphael, and Dürer. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Children's Costumes—Clothes and accessories worn by American youngsters during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, together with books and toys of the period: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 30.

Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English furniture, silver, and porcelains: Thurs. Aft., May 23, at 2. . . . French, British, and American eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings, belonging to M. Leon Walker and others: Fri. Aft., May 24, at 2.

KENDE GALLERIES, 730 5 Ave., at 56—The library of Mrs. Cortlandt F. Bishop: Thurs. Aft., May 23, at 2.

PLAZA GALLERIES, 9 E. 59—Furniture and furnishings from the estate of the late Cortlandt F. Bishop: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., May 23-24, at 2.

GUGGENHEIM ESTATE, Port Washington, L.I.—Furniture, furnishings, paintings, and rugs, belonging to Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim: Tues., May 28, at 10:15 A.M. and 2 P.M.

ON THE AIR

Boxing—Ceferino Garcia vs. Ken Overlin, for the middleweight title: Thurs. Eve., May 23, at 10, WJZ.

Auto Race—The twenty-eighth annual Indianapolis Speedway Race: Thurs. Aft., May 30, at 4, WHN.

News Commentators— H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts., at 3:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 10, WOR. . . . John Gunther, Mon. through Sat. Eves., at 10, WJZ.

News broadcasts from abroad: Sun. at 3:30 P.M., and Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; weekdays at 6:45 P.M., WABC; Sun. at 7 P.M., WJZ.

Television—Racing: Metropolitan Handicap, at Belmont Park, Sat. Aft., May 25, at 2, W2XBS.

Some Weekly Features—(Times are P.M. unless otherwise noted.)

THURSDAY—WOR Symphony, Sodero conducting, 8, WOR. . . . Bing Crosby, 10, WEAF. . . . Glenn Miller, 10, WABC (also Tues. and Wed. at the same hour).

FRIDAY—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8:30, WOR. . . . Herzer and Zayde, 9:30, WQXR (also Mon. and Wed. at the same hour).

SATURDAY—Gilbert and Sullivan operas, 7, WQXR. . . . "Your Hit Parade," 9, WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Black conducting, 9:30, WEAF (also Wed. at 10, WJZ). . . . Bob Crosby, 10, WEAF.

SUNDAY—Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, Barlow conducting, 3, WABC. . . . John Kirby, 5:30, WABC. . . . Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. . . . Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF.

MONDAY—André Kostelanetz, 8, WABC. . . . Alec Templeton, 9:30, WEAF. . . . Guy Lombardo, 10, WABC.

TUESDAY—Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, 8, WOR. . . . "Information Please," 8:30, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, 10, WEAF.

WEDNESDAY—Burns and Allen, 7:30, WABC. . . . Fred Allen, 9, WEAF.

MOTION PICTURES

The Baker's Wife—A racy French item, with a great deal of charm, about a peasant (Raimu) who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

The Earl of Chicago—The British upper classes vs. Chicago gunmen. A somewhat different Robert Montgomery piece, both funny and frightening. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., May 24.)

The Fight for Life—From the maternal-welfare chapters of de Kruif's book, the whole subject being handled with distinction and force by Pare Lorentz. (Belmont, 125 W. 48.)

Gone with the Wind—Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable seem to survive, after all. You had better see it. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. . . . Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; weekdays at 10 A.M., and 2 and 8 P.M.; Sun. at 3 and 8 P.M.)

The Grapes of Wrath—A magnificent film, directed by John Ford, taken from the Steinbeck novel and retaining all its essential spirit. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Mon., May 25-27.)

The Mayor's Dilemma—A peculiarly appealing, humorous, and human French film of life in a small town during the last war, the town being just on the outskirts of Château-Thierry. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Fri., May 24.)

My Little Chickadee—Mae West and W. C. Fields, of all people, in an old-school Western with novel trimmings. Funny. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs. through Sun., May 23-26. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., May 24.)

Of Mice and Men—Steinbeck's story of the two ranch hands very ably managed on the screen. With Betty Field, Burgess Meredith, and Lon Chaney, Jr. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., May 25-27.)

Primrose Path—Ginger Rogers as the daughter of the very strange household described in Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill." Marjorie Rambeau and Joel McCrea are in it, too. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Rio, B'way at 160; Thurs., May 23. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., May 23-24. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sun., May 26. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Thurs. through Mon., May 23-27. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., May 24-27.)

The Shop Around the Corner—Gentle whimsy, with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan, all in a casual frame of mind. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Fri., May 28-31.)

Sidewalks of London—A somewhat trivial British film, which, however, includes Vivien Leigh and Charles Laughton in its cast. Of London stage people. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. and Fri., May 23-24. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Wed., May 27-29.)

Torrid Zone—Ann Sheridan, Cagney, and O'Brien in a rakish, tough little item about life down in one of those banana republics of South America. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

REVIVALS

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair film. French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., May 23.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—French picture. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. and Sat., May 24-25.)

Escape Me Never (1935)—With Elisabeth Bergner. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., May 28-29.)

Knight Without Armor (1937)—Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. and Fri., May 23-24.)

The Life and Loves of Beethoven (1937)—French, with Harry Baur. (Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs. through Sat., May 23-25. . . . 5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., May 28-30.)

Midnight (1939)—Claudette Colbert and Don Ameche. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sun. and Mon., May 26-27.)

Nurse Edith Cavell (1939)—Anna Neagle and Edna May Oliver. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., May 28-29.)

The River (1938)—Pare Lorentz film. (Belmont, 125 W. 48.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following Douglas Fairbanks films daily at 4 P.M.: "Manhattan Madness" and "Wild and Woolly," Thurs., May 23, and Fri., May 31. "When the Clouds Roll By" and "The Nut," Fri., May 24, and Sat., June 1. "The Mark of Zorro," Sat., May 25. "The Three Musketeers," Sun., May 26. "The Thief of Bagdad," Mon., May 27. "The Black Pirate," Tues., May 28. "Around the World in Eighty Minutes," Wed., May 29. Excerpts from "The Lamb," "The Mollycoddle," "Say, Young Fellow," "Knickerbocker Buckaroo," "A Modern Musketeer," "Don Q," and "The Taming of the Shrew," Thurs., May 30.

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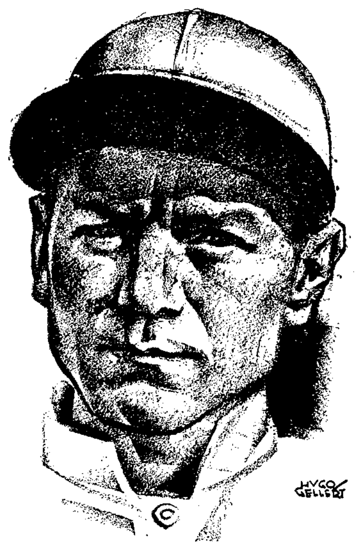


SONNY WORKMAN,

now under contract to the Vanderbilt stables and still, at thirty-one, one of the great jockeys. He weighs 115 now and rides principally in stake races, in which horses often carry high weights. He has the reputation of being a tough rider, though honest, and has often been set down for foul riding.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the *exhibit, transportation,* and *foreign-federal* areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area perks up in the late afternoon and keeps going until 2 A.M. . . . Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9, on Liberty Lake (formerly Fountain Lake) at 10. . . . The places you want most to see are almost sure to be crowded, at least in good weather.

TRANSPORTATION

By Rail—The **L.I.R.R.**: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9:45 P.M., from Tracks 15 and 16, Penn. Sta. (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2:58 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run. . . . **INDEPENDENT SUBWAY**: best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E-169 Street" to *Continental Ave. station, cross platform,* board train marked "GG-World's Fair." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. . . . **I.R.T.** and **B.-M.T.**: Flushing trains stop at exhibit-area gate.

By Auto—Cars not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

At the Fair—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

Ford (G)—Once an hour the Ballet Caravan puts on a lively skit based on Mr. Ford's success in *relieving* the horse of *many* of its duties. Movies of mass production and a fashion show, too. Ferde Grofé's Novachord ensemble plays in a garden outside.

Gardens on Parade (A)—Tulips are the big thing here this week; next week, iris. Special arrangements of cut flowers are changed every Tues. and Fri. Admission, 25 cents.

General Motors (F)—The Futurama's not as crowded now as it undoubtedly will be later on, but even so you'll almost certainly have to wait in line. Opens at 9 A.M.

House of Jewels (C)—You frequently have to wait to get in here, too. Precious stones of staggering value, including what is said to be the largest pearl in the world. Open 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Masterpieces of Art (C)—*This, scheduled to open* Tues., May 28, will probably be the most expensive display on the grounds. A $30,000,000 collec*tion of works from the* sixteenth to the twentieth centuries. Admission, 50 cents.

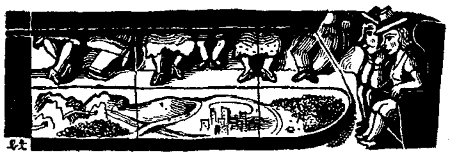
Queens County Horse Show—An annual event that will be held this year on the Fair's recreation field (G) on Sun., May 26, at 9 A.M.

Railroads (F)—"Railroads on Parade," last year's pageant, is scheduled to reopen Sat., May 25. Daily performances at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. are promised. Admission, 25 and 55 cents. . . . More track and equipment have been added to the model exhibit, "Railroads in Action." A 30-minute show, continuous from 10:30 A.M. to 8:15 P.M. Admission: adults, 10 cents; children, a nickel.

Telephones (C)—Out-of-towners have the time of their lives calling up the folks back home while you unashamedly listen in.

Trylon and Perisphere—There they stand. Admission, 25 cents.

Others Worth Seeing—At **AMERICAN ART TODAY** (A): an exhibition, sponsored by the WPA, of contemporary paintings, sculpture, prints, textiles, etc., with artists actually at work to demonstrate their methods; **BORDEN'S** (D): cows, apparently very happy in a luxurious setting. . . . **CHRYSLER** (F): an impudent talking Plymouth and a hint of what a rocket port might look like if we ever take to travelling by rocket. . . . **CONSOLIDATED EDISON** (D): an animated diorama of New York, with lights flashing and subways scurrying about. . . . **DU PONT** (D): a sober account of how chemistry produces nylon and performs other acts of alchemy. . . . **ELECTRIC UTILITIES** (E): a New York street in the gaslit nineties. . . . **ELECTRIFIED FARM** (A): *showing how far the countryside has come* from the kerosene and hand-pump days. . . . **FIRESTONE** (G): a complete tire factory, and live animals which you're supposed to imagine are in a Liberian jungle. . . . **GENERAL ELECTRIC** (E): they whip up a scary flash of lightning for you in Steinmetz Hall and show you quieter electrical tricks in the House of Magic. . . . **GLASS CENTER** (D): glass-blowers busy at their craft. . . . **GOODRICH** (F): daredevil drivers, both male and female, skidding every which way; shows Mon. through Fri., at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **KODAK** (D): *quantities* of colored photographs, many times enlarged, thrown on eleven screens at once. . . . **PETROLEUM** (D): a full-sized oil derrick diligently, and thus far futilely, searching for oil hundreds of feet under Flushing. . . . **R.C.A.** (C): the latest in television. . . . **STAMP EXHIBIT**, in the British Building (A): a collection from England honoring the stick-on stamp on its hundredth birthday. Admission, 25 cents. . . . **WESTINGHOUSE** (E): a drop of water, magnified on a screen to reveal all the tiny creatures inhabiting it and *how they can be killed by light.* . . . **ZOOLOGICAL WONDERS** (H): a playful panda, an electric eel, and a bevy of penguins. Admission: adults, 25 cents; children, 15 cents.



A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND.

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Foreign Buildings—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. There are fewer of them this year, but the showy ones of *Great Britain, France, Italy, Poland, and Brazil,* among others, remain. The pavilions of Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Finland, Norway, and Sweden (D) are no longer government-sponsored but run by sympathetic private groups. As before, many of the buildings have restful gardens and attractive bars.

Note—Among the state exhibits, only that of Florida (I), in its building on the lake shore, is worth more than a cursory visit. There's been some delay about getting its coral beach and Spanish restaurant ready, but they should be open to the public any day now.

THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

American Jubilee (K)—The Fair's own rather ponderous historical pageant, staged by Leon Leonidoff in a big new amphitheatre, with Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, Wynn Murray, and Paul Haakon heading a cast of 350. Joe Jackson wrestles with his bicycle and there are songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Daily at 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.; additional show at 3:30 P.M., Sat. and Sun.

Aquacade (I)—A fresh and equally diverting version of the Billy Rose water spectacle that did so well last year. Eleanor Holm is back, and among the other performers are Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Sat. and Sun. (also Thurs., May 30), at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.; other days at 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Barbary Coast (J)—Billy Rose again, this time with a night club. At the moment there's no entertainment, but Mr. Rose plans to move in a floor show as soon as he can find one that suits him.

Dancing Campus (I)—Michael Todd's outdoor dance floor, which is frequently taken over by the very young and violent. Dancing nightly from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M.

Gay New Orleans (H)—An enormous place, with bars, restaurants, and so on, and, in the centre of things, a stage where white and colored revues, elaborately staged by Hassard Short, follow one another in almost never-ending succession.

Rides—Most of last year's speed-and-swoop devices are on hand again, together with some new ones. Among the better are: **AERIAL JOYRIDE** (K), steerable planes attached to a whirling pole; **CYCLONE** (K), a roller coaster you may remember from last year; **COMET** (K), a new, fast chute-the-chutes; **OVER THE TOP** (K), gondolas on the ends of a pole which spin you around and turn you upside down; **SKY RIDE** (H), a placid, joltless view of the Fair from about 150 feet up; **SNAPPER** (K), circular cars *darting from* one *revolving platform to* another; **WATER-BUGS** (J), a Dodgem done with boats in a big tank.

Mild and primarily for children: small Ferris wheel (K), merry-go-round (H), and the Magic Mountain (H), which the youngsters climb up and *then slide down on pads.*

Streets of Paris (H)—Still another of Michael Todd's. A shortened production, in the Fair's big Music Hall, *of last year's* Broadway revue, with Gypsy Rose Lee and Abbott and Costello. Mon. through Fri. at 5, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

White Way Casino (K)—Rosita Royce and her dove dance surrounded by a lively girl show. There are seats, and the barkers don't fool you about curtain times. Frequent performances from mid-afternoon until closing.

Winter Wonderland (J)—A show on skates and skis in last summer's Sun Valley. Performances Mon. through Fri. at 4:15, 6, 8, 9:15, and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:15, and 10:45 P.M., and 12:15 A.M.

Zombie (J)—One of those South Sea settings, with drinks to match, which have recently become so popular here in town. Sponsored by the Beachcomber on Broadway and like it in many aspects.

Some Other Good Ones—The **PARACHUTE JUMP** (H): this, moved to a more accessible location, will reopen any day now. . . . **JUNGLELAND** (J): Frank Buck has added new animals and acts to his circus and more monkeys to the swarm on his mountain. . . . **ODDITORIUM** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people, an offshoot of the one on Broadway. . . . **MIDGET TOWN** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village. . . . **WALL OF DEATH** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists *on the vertical walls of a motor* bowl.

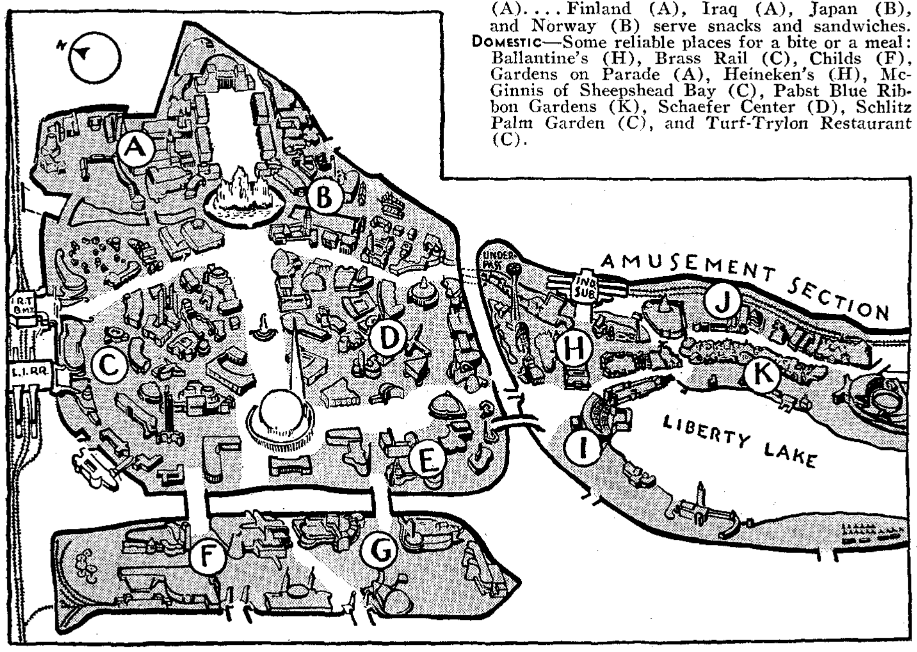
Notes—A few special features of the amusement area are a fenced-in playground (H), where children may be checked by the hour; a small trapshoot (H); a roller-skating rink (H); and passenger-operated pedal boats at the boat dock, near Heineken's (H).

RESTAURANTS

(You may have to put up with delays and confusion at even the best of them during the hours when they're crowded.)

Foreign—The following buildings and pavilions are equipped to serve complete meals: Belgium (B), Brazil (A), Czecho-Slovakia (B), France (A), Hungary (A), Iceland (B), Italy (A), Palestine (C), Poland (A), Sweden (D), and Switzerland (A). . . . Finland (A), Iraq (A), Japan (B), and Norway (B) serve snacks and sandwiches.

Domestic—Some reliable places for a bite or a meal: Ballantine's (H), Brass Rail (C), Childs (F), Gardens on Parade (A), Heineken's (H), McGinnis of Sheepshead Bay (C), Pabst Blue Ribbon Gardens (K), Schaefer Center (D), Schlitz Palm Garden (C), and Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C).



BIG BUSINESS—NO. 25

The Telephone

THE telephone industry began only 64 years ago. It had an early start in the leading countries of the world, but its development in the United States—as a private business—has far outrun that of other countries where it is operated as a Government monopoly.

By 1907, for instance, Great Britain had only 1 telephone for each 100 of population, whereas the United States then had one phone for every 20 people. Today America has 16 telephones for each 100 people, while Great Britain has only 7 per 100 and France less than 4.

Nearly all the great advances in telephony, such as long distance, transoceanic, and ship to shore service, as well as transmission of pictures, have been American achievements. American telephone research has helped to make nation-wide broadcasting possible, and has developed more dependable telephone instruments, improved switching systems and better connecting lines.

American telephone equipment and service, developed by private enterprise, are the finest in the world. More than 70,000 American communities are interconnected by 95,000,000 miles of telephone wire. Nearly any one of the 20,750,000 telephones in this country can normally be connected with 93% of all the other telephones in the world.

The industry now contributes taxes of nearly $175,000,000 a year, and employs more than 350,000 people, who receive annual wages and salaries of approximately $625,000,000. To provide these jobs, a private investment of $5,200,000,000 in telephone plant and equipment has been necessary.

As bankers for industry, and as trustee for the funds of others, it is part of our responsibility to contribute something to a better understanding of the facts about private business.

BANK OF NEW YORK

48 *Wall Street—New York*

UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

Established 1784 *Personal Trusts Since* 1830

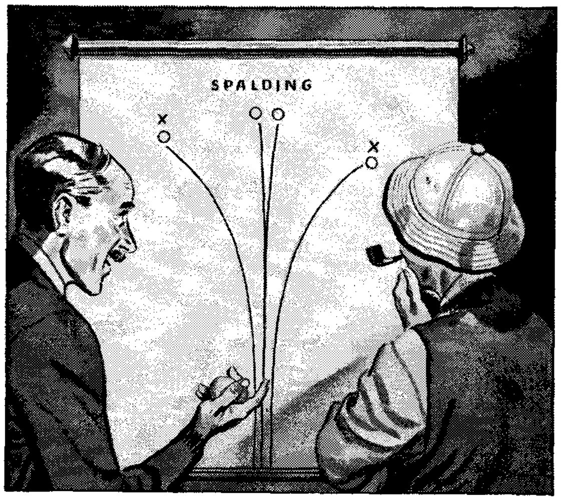
Copyright 1940--Bank of New York

ALBERT DORNE

"O.K. BOSS— that's us right down the middle"

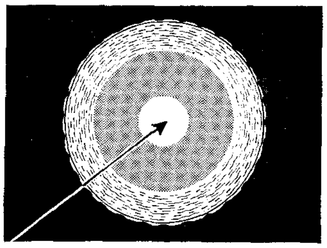
1. Hey! . . . look . . . it's gone! I've lost that screwball slice and hook. Change my swing? Nope, it was easier than that. Listen . . .

2. One day, I'm up to my ears in underbrush. Along comes Jim, our Pro. "What're you doing in there? Forget that ball, come out in the open . . . and put that same swing back of this Spalding . . ."



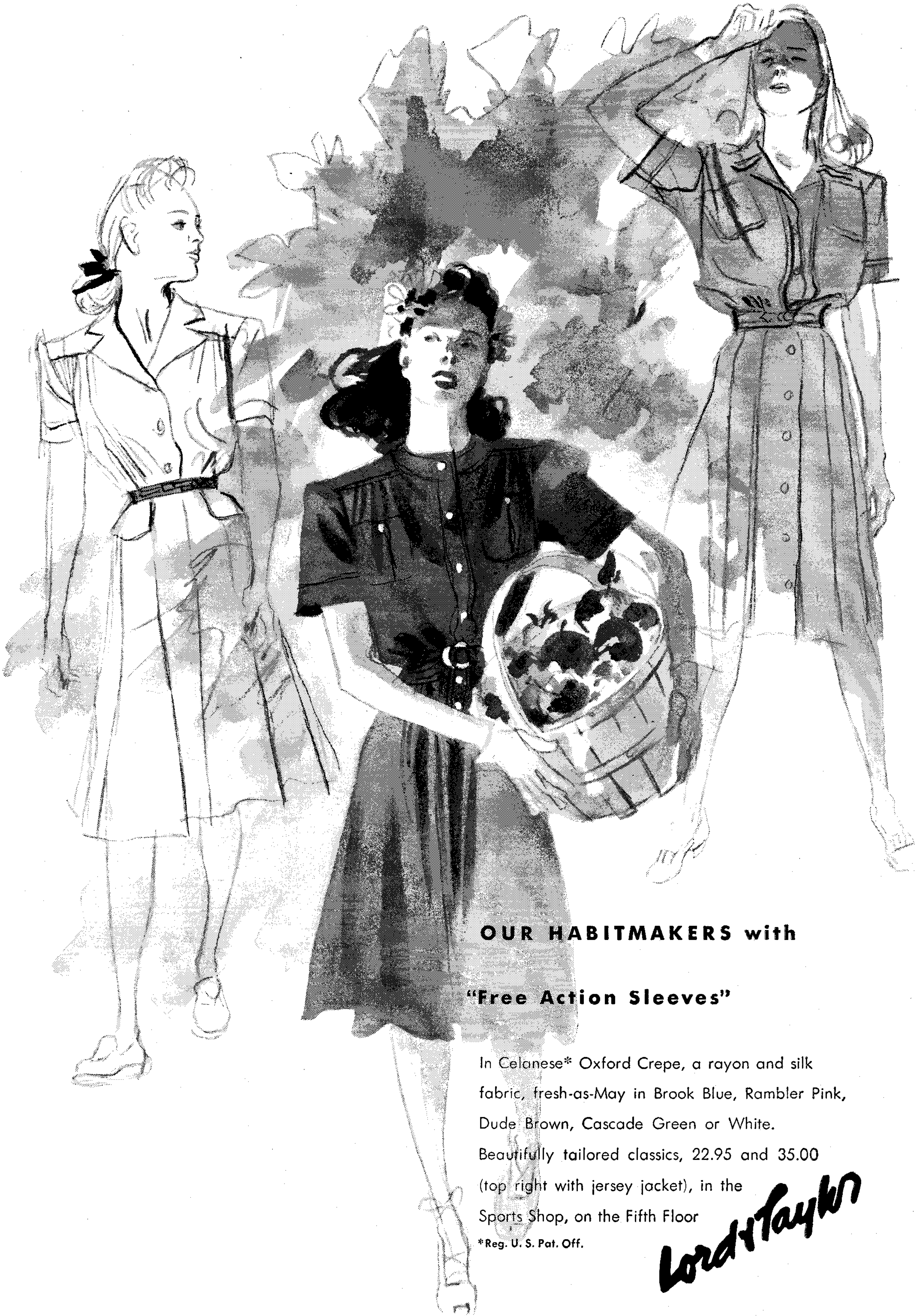
3. Lucky for me I listened to Jim. Now I'm splitting the fairways, cutting down strokes. What's the dope? Let Jim show you: "Most golfers don't realize it, but hooks and slices often aren't their fault at all . . . but are caused by an *unbalanced* ball. Here's an actual test. Six Spalding balls and six X-brand balls were driven out over 200 yards by a Driving Machine. Result? X-brand balls hooked and sliced an average of 20 yards. Spalding balls—*less than one!* That's uniform performance. Man, what a difference these perfect-balance Spalding balls can make in *your* score!"

© A. G. Spalding & Bros., Division of Spalding Sales Corp.



True Solution Centers—100% liquid, plus even wall thickness means perfect balance! That's why SPALDING balls go straight! Ask your Pro for *DOT, DASH, or DOUBLE DOT.* Save your game from undeserved hooks and slices.

SPALDING Golf Balls



OUR HABITMAKERS with

"Free Action Sleeves"

In Celanese* Oxford Crepe, a rayon and silk fabric, fresh-as-May in Brook Blue, Rambler Pink, Dude Brown, Cascade Green or White. Beautifully tailored classics, 22.95 and 35.00 (top right with jersey jacket), in the Sports Shop, on the Fifth Floor

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Lord & Taylor

Fifth Avenue at 39th Street, New York

THE MOST EXQUISITE PERFUME

ROCAILLE DE CARON
FLEURS DE ROCAILLE DE CARON
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FLEURS DE ROCAILLE DE CARON

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

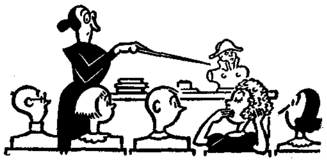
HAVING a free day last week, we collected all the newspapers and magazines we could find and sat down to see if we could work out a coherent picture of what's going on. It wasn't easy, and we're not sure it will help anybody much, but, rather than waste all this valuable research, we're going to pass it along. The nation, then, is urgently in need of a billion dollars for bombing and pursuit planes, which will almost certainly be obsolete by the time they get built. We also need a couple of billion for battleships, which will be no good against airplanes, and rifles, which will be inaccurate at anything over three hundred yards. There should be a standing army of about three and a half generations. Somebody's Fifth Column will probably be in charge of all the key points in the country by 1941; on the other hand, this nation under God must embark on no more witch hunts.

The war can't be localized because it isn't being localized, and isolation is out of the question these days anyway. All the belligerents in the war now going on will be flat on their backs by the New Year, and so will the belligerents who are not yet belligerent. There is no use our sending troops to Europe, because they couldn't get there in time, but we have a strong moral obligation to do so just the same. If we turn all our financial resources over to the Allies right away, we may defeat the Nazis. If we don't, the world will become a smoldering jungle; if we do, we'll be economically paralyzed for a hundred and thirteen years, and nothing will actually have been settled one way or the other. The debt that will accumulate as a result of our defence preparations, which are absolutely necessary no matter what we do, will never be paid. This will probably wreck us completely, for good. Finally, if any of these catastrophes seems too remote for us, all we have to do is to reëlect Roosevelt, who will reduce us to bankruptcy in six months, or elect a Republican, who will fix us up with a nice revolution within a year. This is the situation as of May 20, 1940, according to the leading writers of the day.

WHILE we were at it, we dug up a copy of *Life* (the funny magazine, not the timenterprise) dated October 8, 1914, two days before the fall of Antwerp. Editorial comment was remarkably mixed and remarkably familiar. Opinion wavered on the same page from admiration for the machinelike precision of the Germans and a willingness to consider their cause to a dread that they would win. A cartoon showed a man in a spiked helmet, cynically twisting his mustache with one hand and toying with his sword with the other. The little voices in the advertisements were mixed and familiar, too. We were advised to ride in a Baker Electric (speed twenty-three miles an hour), smoke Deities, and see Julia Sanderson in "The Girl from Utah." The Hippodrome advertised "The Wars of the World—various kinds of wars touched upon in impressive stage demonstrations, but very neutral and not very horrible." Women with a drop of Lilas de Rigaud on their ears were practically irresistible. "It stirs the senses into vague remembrance, then lulls them to an aftermath of peace." Schlitz warned us against buying beer in light bottles, which caused decay. "No skunky taste in Schlitz," said the ads. The Babson Statistical Organization wanted us to buy a trade chart. "Anticipate the future. Eliminate worry." Trying to anticipate the future (though harried by vague remembrances of the past) and eliminate worry, we wandered downstairs and mixed a stiff drink. It had a skunky taste, probably because the bottle was light.

NOTE to Chamberlain, Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Reynaud, and anybody else who may be interested: The publishers of *Who's Who* are getting out another volume. It will be called *Who Was Who.*

WE have been thinking off and on all week about Shirley Temple, who has retired at eleven with three million dollars. By almost any standards, Miss Temple has already lived a full life. She was the greatest box-office attraction of her time; she was on intimate terms with many powerful and fascinating people, including Bill Robinson and the President of the United States; she set fashions and established manners; her biography was printed in the *Saturday Evening Post*; her political opinions were even discussed in Congress. To a certain extent, we are sorry for her now, since it is not going to be easy for her to adjust herself to the quiet rhythms of the classroom. We are even more sorry for her teachers. Miss Temple has a great deal of first-hand experience that will make her a tough one to impress with the usual facts and legends. A young woman who has grossed twenty million dollars at the box office in five years is not going to think very highly of Napoleon, who could only get fifteen for the entire Mississippi Basin. A girl who was accused of trying to overthrow the government before she was ten may easily wonder what was keeping Joan of Arc. "Pooh,"



we can hear her say, on learning that Juliet was full fourteen. "That hag!"

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: On sunny afternoons, a full-fashioned nurse in a blue veil can be seen pushing a rather special baby carriage, with balloon tires and a built-in radio, along the Park side of Fifth Avenue, in the Eighties. The baby is usually tuned in on WQXR.

One of the more flourishing organizations in Harlem is the Imperial Bethlehem General Assembly of the Ancient Builders of America.

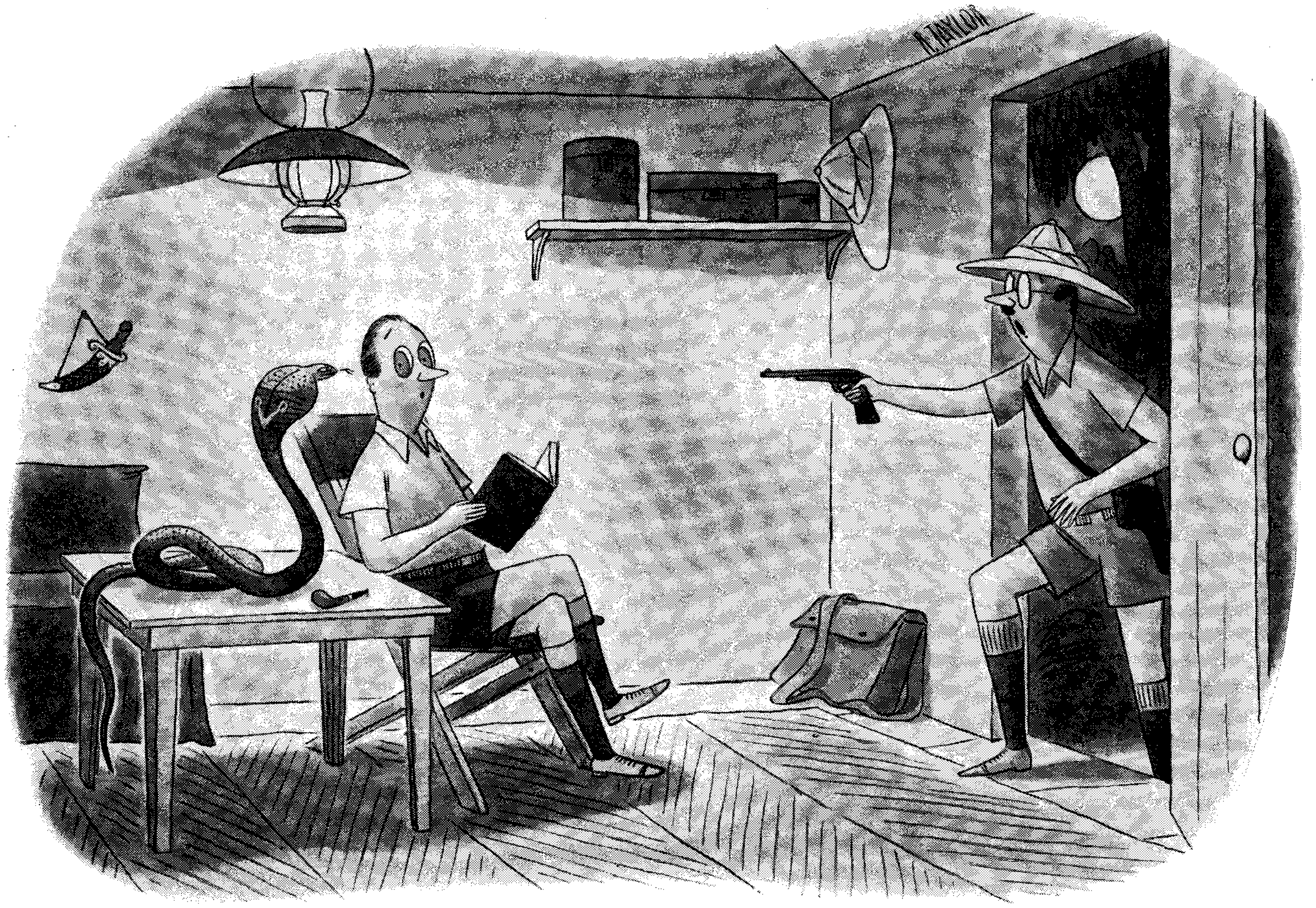
The only contemporary work in the philosophy section of the Norwalk Public Library is "How to Win Friends and Influence People."

Mon Nin Ching

THE Chinese believe that the blossoming every ten thousand years of a Chinese Evergreen plant, or *Mon Nin Ching*, signifies the presence on the scene of the spirit of a distinguished Oriental scholar and is an extraordinarily lucky event. Such a blossom appeared recently on the cashier's desk of the Dragon Inn, a chop-suey restaurant at 140 West Fourth Street, and Mr. Richard Wong, the proprietor, was overwhelmed by his good fortune. He told us the other day that business had picked up considerably, and that anyone who looks at the lucky plant is bound to achieve prosperity within a year. We accordingly stared long and hopefully. The plant was in a pot and tied with a gay red ribbon, which Mr. Wong had put on immediately after the blooming. A red sash, he explained, was customarily worn by the kind of eminent scholar whose spirit turns up on these occasions, and the ribbon was a sartorial tribute to the presence. The flower itself was pale green, with one large, curling leaf and a white, inch-long stamen. In its pot were a dozen other Chinese Evergreens, none of them even close to blooming. These plants, which cost from fifteen cents upward and thrive on water alone, can be bought all over Chinatown. Mr. Wong got his lucky one for thirty-five cents on January 2nd, in a shop on Mott Street.

Mr. Wong had no idea how long his blossom would last, never having seen one before. He told us that he was flabbergasted when, on April 14th, the flower suddenly burst forth. "I thought it was impossible," he said. He realized at once that something miraculous had happened: April 14th was also the fifteenth anniversary of his restaurant, and this combination of circumstances was too amazing to be passed off as coincidence. As is customary in the old country on such rare occasions, Mr. Wong called in a group of friends and they held a lively celebration, omitting only the fireworks that are used at similar ceremonies back home.

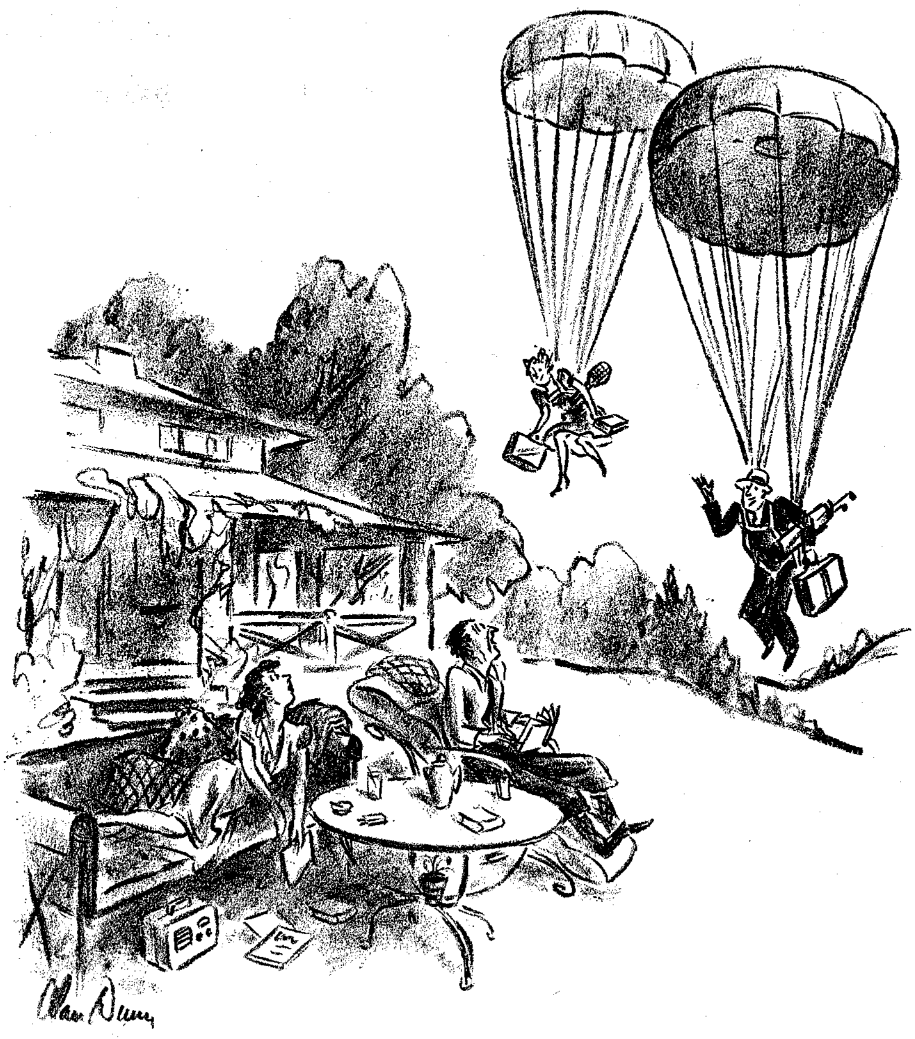
The importance of *Mon Nin Ching* stems partly from a scholarship quiz that used to be held at ten-year intervals during the pre-republican regime in China. The country's leading intellectuals then competed for the highly coveted position of Jong-Yun, the holder of which was the Emperor's personal adviser on scholarly matters. The Chinese theory is that the Evergreen's flower is simply the spirit of an old Jong-Yun. Mr. Wong has heard of several visits of the spirit. Almost invariably, he told us, financial betterment resulted. Once a laundryman in New York, shortly after receiving a letter from his wife in China



"Now, don't stir, old man. I've seen this very situation handled in the cinema."

saying that *she* had seen the Evergreen in bloom, found himself unexpectedly elevated to the leadership of a tong here.

Although a few N.Y.U. professors who frequent the Dragon Inn have shown interest in the phenomenon, the New York Botanical Garden is inclined to take a cold, scientific attitude toward the plant, to which it refers by the name of *Aglaonema modestum*, and to which it attributes absolutely no luck-bringing powers at all. The Garden doesn't subscribe to the ten-thousand-year theory, either. The botanical view is that any healthy Chinese Evergreen will burst into bloom now and then at unpredictable intervals. Eight years ago an *Aglaonema* blossomed at the Garden, which ran a picture of the flower in its *Journal*, but only by way of illustrating a sober, horticultural study of the species. We're not taking sides in the matter, and if anything spectacular happens to Mr. Wong, we'll try to let you know.



At Last

THE Electric Utilities exhibit at the Fair consists of a sort of before-and-after display, with a lovely, dim, cobbled Street of Yesterday and a nasty, glary, electrically lit Street of Tomorrow. The Street of Yesterday is lined with old-fashioned shops, one of which is Dazian's Theatrical Emporium, furnished and equipped by the well-known theatrical costumers. A while ago, Dazian's got a letter from an old lady in Providence, Rhode Island, asking them to send her a couple of old-fashioned hatpin guards like the one they have in their window display. "I'm so glad to find that you have them," she wrote. "I thought they stopped making them years ago." If this doesn't make the Electric Utilities people proud, it ought at least to make them stop and think.

Menken

ARTHUR MENKEN, who has covered wars from China to Norway for Paramount News, is described by his friends around town as a Hotchkiss-and-Harvard man who has pulled himself together. He is, of course, the son of S. Stanwood Menken and his mother was, in her lifetime, famous for the splendor of the costumes she wore to the annual Beaux-Arts Ball. His parents wanted him to go to law school and join his father's firm, but when he graduated from Harvard, in 1925, he went to work in Costa Rica, for the United Fruit Company. This taste of travel resulted in a determination to cover as much ground as possible. In the past fifteen years he has worked as a cameraman for travel bureaus, expeditions, and the newsreels, and has photographed most of the world, peaceable and belligerent: South America, Africa, Japan, China, Spain, Egypt, Finland, and Norway. The most recent of his photography to reach this country shows the retreat of the British troopships from Namsos under a German aerial attack. Menken is on the Paramount payroll, but since Paramount, Pathé, and Universal have agreed to pool their war material, his stuff is shown by all three companies. He also works for the Columbia Broadcasting System and the United Press, no doubt adding considerably to the $125 a week that newsreel men get.

Menken started out with nothing but a college boy's command of languages and an amateur knowledge of motion-picture technique, but at the moment he's probably the most successful man in his profession. In his spare time he likes to make arty shots of sunrises, seascapes, and so forth; he gets little or no praise for this from his friends. His great virtue as a newsreel man is sheer doggedness. "He'll always come back with *something*," one of his colleagues told us. When he's in town he lives with his father, in an apartment at 340 Park Avenue. He keeps an airplane here and, although he once flopped into the middle of Flushing Bay, he is known as a competent pilot and holds the rank of captain in the Marine Aviation Corps.

Menken is famous among reporters and other newsreel operators as a man prepared for anything. They say he can always produce chocolate, brandy, toothache remedy, a clinical thermometer, or reliable information about the best place to get a drink in any city in the world. Once, when he drove out to Jersey, intending to spend the night with his friend W. French Githens, the owner of the Newsreel Theatres, Inc., and found that his house was full, he produced complete camping equipment from the rumble seat of his car and slept on the front lawn; even set up a portable fireplace, broiled himself a steak, and then went off into the woods to practice pistol shooting with some weapons he had brought. He has been frequently under fire; the most humiliating occasion was in Cairo, when he was up a tree taking pictures of a riot. An Egyptian cop winged him nine times in succession. The bullets were only paper wads, but they hurt Menken's pride.

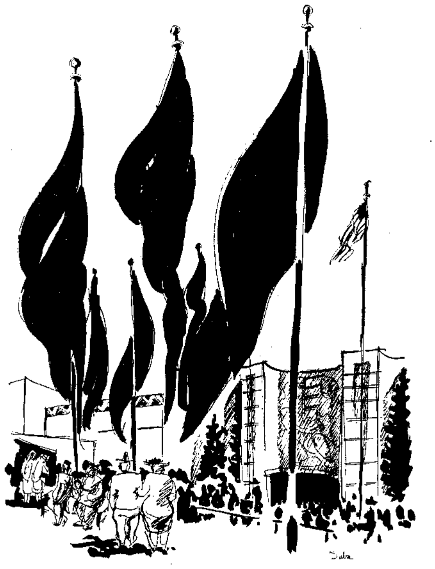
The Undefeated

THE Faculty Club of New York University recently moved into new quarters on Washington Square, near the N.Y.U. night school for adults. *Too* near, it turned out; the club's application for a liquor licence was denied by the State Liquor Authority, on the ground that the premises were illegally close to an educational institution. Their brains whetted by thirst, the faculty studied the situation and found, with the aid of adroit counsel, that the law applied only to a building used *exclusively* for educational purposes and that a second tenant would take the curse off the premises. It was no trouble at all to persuade an insurance man to take offices, on attractive terms, in the night-school building. The bar is open for business.

Stanley in Shinbone Alley

AN obscure old New York street called Shinbone Alley got enough attention this winter, in print, to embarrass even Park Avenue or West Fifty-second Street. It was the scene of a mystery thriller, "Murder in Shinbone Alley," by Helen Reilly, who, purely by the way, is a sister of the omniscient John Kieran. Mrs. Reilly accurately described Shinbone Alley as "a mere cobbled slit that runs into the bowels of those ancient, iron-shuttered buildings" and said, accurately enough, as far as she went, that it branched off Bleecker Street, made a right-angled turn, and joined Lafayette, between Bleecker and Bond Streets. She could have said also that it continues across Lafayette, makes another turn, and crosses Bond and Great Jones Streets, ending in a cul-de-sac. For her literary purposes, Mrs. Reilly placed an International School of Design on the top floor of one of the buildings on the alley and had a lovely, bitchy débutante pushed off the top-floor balcony ka-flump to the pavement below. Then Meyer Berger, in his "About New York" column in the *Times*, mentioned one August Lind, whose hobby is exploring New York streets, and said that Lind "can tell you where to find Shinbone Alley, where six streets meet." Later the *Villager*, a downtown newspaper, got on the band wagon with an article explaining the quaint name. "Originally," said the *Villager*, "it was shaped exactly like a shinbone and received its name some time after 1827. Until that year it had been known as Jones Alley. When the Lexington-Fourth Avenue subway was cut through in the early part of the century the 'shinbone' was fractured and never reset in quite perfect form, but the name persisted." Deciding that such popularity must be deserved, we sent our staff explorer, Stanley, down to Shinbone Alley.

By way of preparation, Stanley telephoned Mr. Lind and asked *what* six streets met down there. "First I ever heard they did," Mr. Lind said, riding roughshod over the *Times'* reputation for infallibility. He added that he had heard somewhere that the name came from the fact that in the old days the corners were so sharp you bumped your shin. When Stanley arrived at Shinbone Alley, he found only four streets involved in any way in the alley's meanderings—Bleecker, Lafayette, Bond, and Great Jones—and no intersections involving more than the customary two streets, either. As to the *Villager's* theory about the name, Stanley reports that it now seems a bit farfetched, in view of the alley's two right-angled turns, which did not, to his experienced eye, resemble even a shinbone with a compound fracture. Local opinion tends to make the southern half of this alley Shinbone, the northern half, near Great Jones Street, Jones Alley, but the maps leave this up in the air. The little thoroughfare is bordered by loft buildings (none housing an International School of Design) and littered with old newspapers, rags, and empty whiskey bottles. At the Orlando Machine Works, on Bleecker near the southern end of Shinbone, a machinist named Mr. Nanni told Stanley that the alley is notorious in the neighborhood as a resort of Bowery bums, who sit around all night in warm weather drinking "smoke," a beverage made from canned heat or hair tonic. The only physical violence ever committed in the alley—outside of the Reilly thriller—occurred when an inquisitive rat nibbled at a sleeping drunk and gave him the horrors.



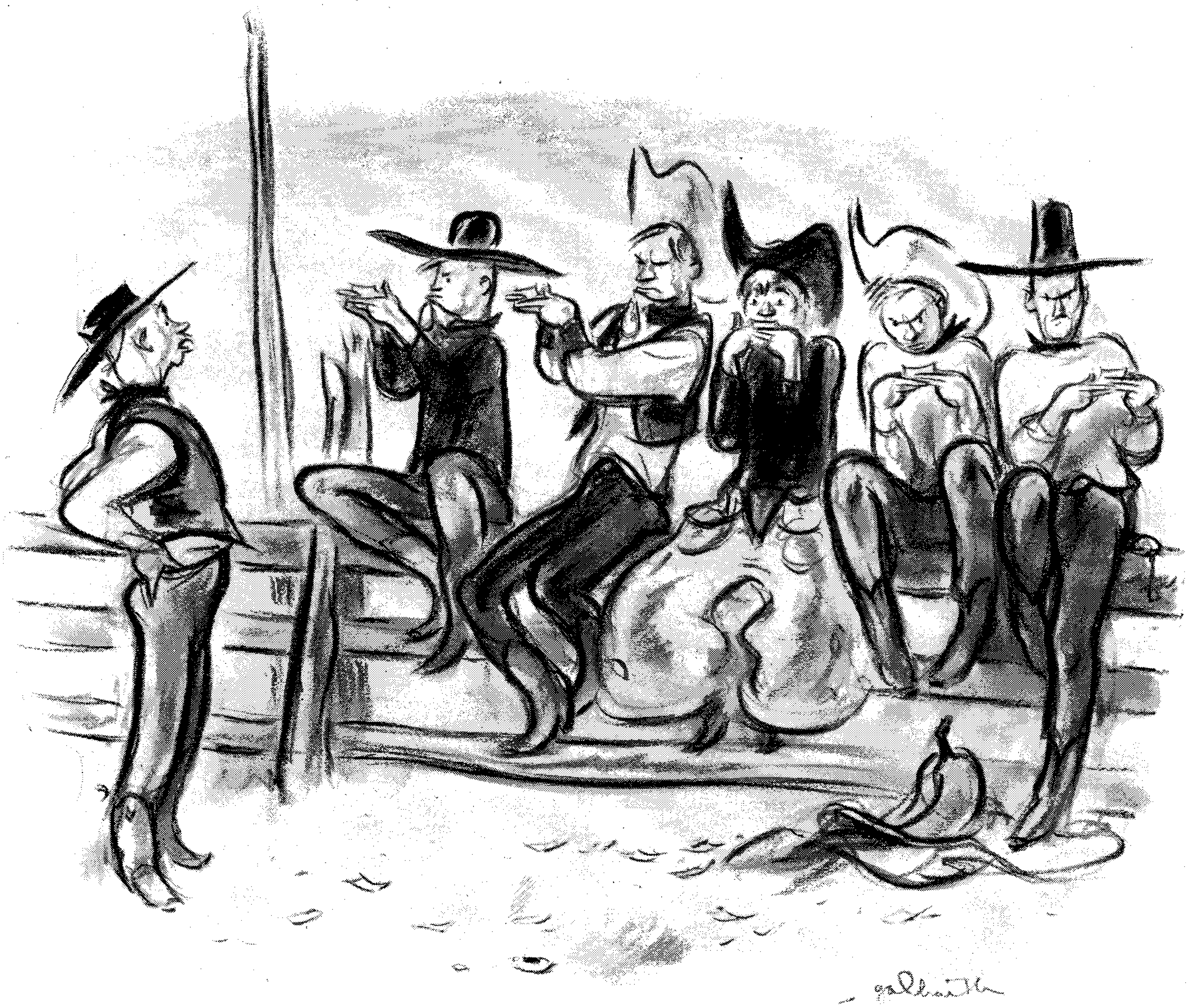
French

A BUSINESSWOMAN was entertaining some businessmen at luncheon in a French restaurant the other day. Not wishing to be obvious about paying the check, she whispered to her waiter, when the meal was almost over, "*L'addition, s'il vous plaît.*" "Downstairs and to your left, lady," he said.

Showman

MICHAEL TODD, who produced "The Hot Mikado" at Mr. Whalen's Fair, is in charge of four attractions at Mr. Gibson's: "Streets of Paris," playing in the Hall of Music, which last year housed "The Mikado;" Gay New Orleans, on the site formerly occupied by Little Old New York; the Dancing Campus, a huge outdoor dance floor replacing Merrie England; and the Op'ry House, on a plot once consecrated to Shakespeare's Globe Theatre. With these undertakings in hand, Mr. Todd seems definitely on his way toward fulfilling a prophecy made last summer by Billy Rose, who said that Todd would be the country's *next* great showman. We've since heard two other enlightening statements on the gentleman. His press agent told us that the boss was "half-smart to everything," which we judged to be some kind of compliment. Mr. Todd himself, when we cornered him recently, took a similar middling attitude. "I am not terrific and I am no cheese," he said. "Have a cigar."

Todd is a chunky man of thirty-two who smokes many cigars and has had one of those incredibly restless careers. He was born in Minneapolis and first went into show business at the age of seven. He was paid twenty-five cents a night by a carnival man to work a device that prevented customers from throwing three balls into a wooden bucket and thereby winning a live duck. Todd asked for a raise one night, was refused it, and neglected his duties, thus enabling a confederate to win a flock of ducks. In his early years, Todd also saw fitful service as a newsboy and as a cornetist in a juve-



"Keep at it, men. You've got to get the hang of it before those dudes arrive next week."

• •

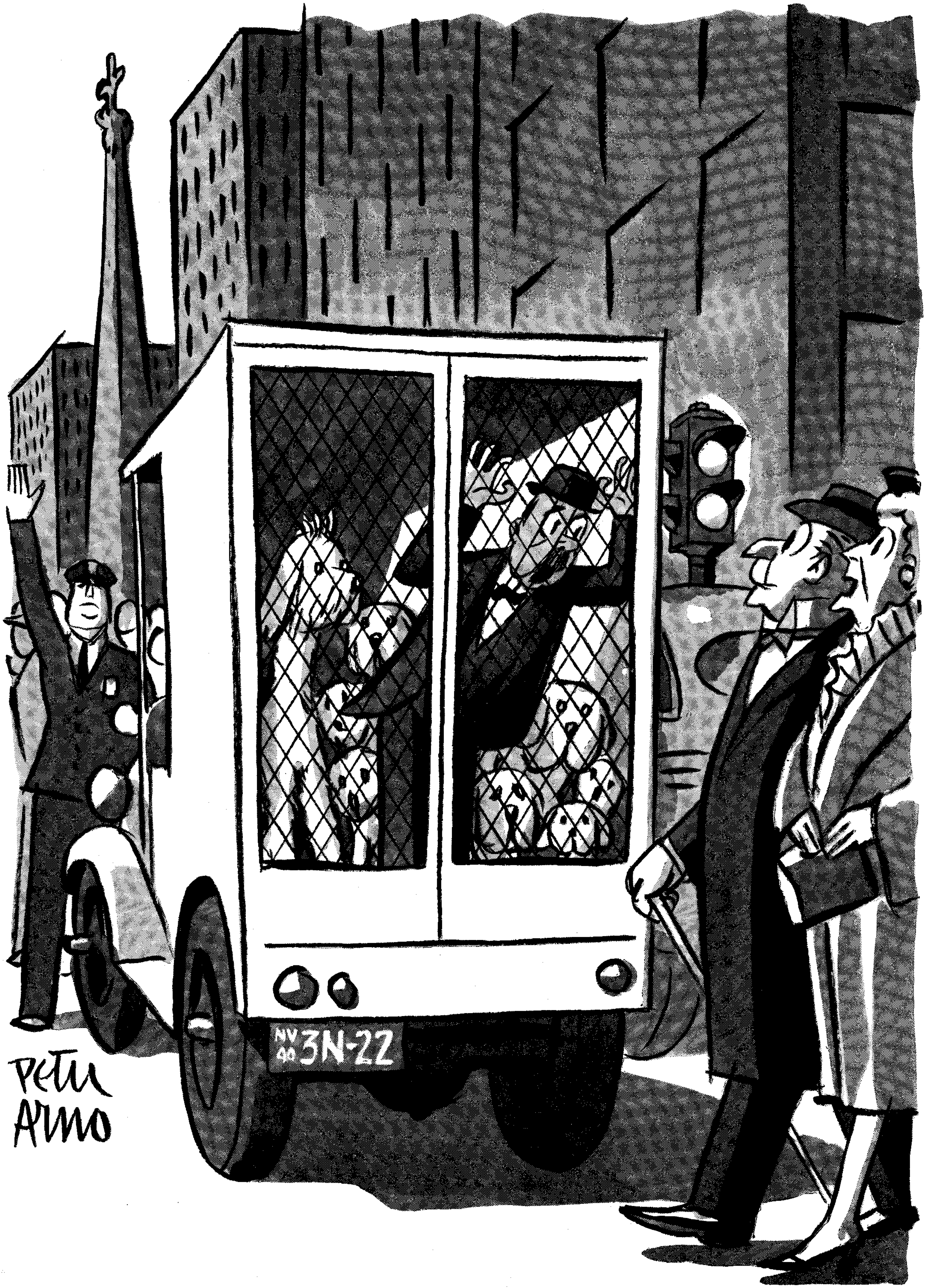
nile band. When he was twelve his family moved to Chicago, and in unnerving succession he worked as a soda jerker, apprentice pharmacist, assistant to a shoe salesman, and merchandising expert (specializing in fire sales). Then he founded a bricklayers' college, having heard that bricklaying was a profitable profession. The local bricklayers' union persuaded him to stop, on the ground that if he didn't his alumni would seriously affect the wage scale of the industry. Undaunted, Todd promptly set up a construction company he named after himself. He had just turned seventeen at this point, and was married.

As he got older, Todd began to travel. In 1927, at nineteen, he was on the West Coast. He had now acquired a reputation as a soundproofing expert, and was building studios for the talkies. After an interlude of writing gags for Olsen and Johnson, who were touring with a vaudeville unit, he hopped to Chicago for the 1933 Fair, and concocted what he called the Flame Dance. He later incorporated this into a show he put on, "Bring on the Dames," which featured a live penguin. In 1933, also, Todd produced his first "Mikado," a vaudeville unit that toured the West. Its cast was almost exclusively made up of chorus girls and aging burlesque comedians, and it was a failure. When the Federal Theatre turned up with *its* "Mikado," in 1938, Todd rushed back into the field. His new "Mikado" made no money on Broadway but cleared $60,000 in Flushing. Since then it's been getting along comfortably on the road.

During odd moments, Todd has been dealing prosperously in a variation of the old girl-in-the-fish-bowl trick, in which a girl is reduced by hidden mirrors to a mere fraction of her naked self. Todd substituted Santa Claus, beard and all, for the girl, and sold the idea to numerous department stores, with no qualms over what effect it might have on impressionable children. That's Todd for you.

Isolationist

WE'VE heard of a colored maid whose mistress, after reading the alarming reports in the morning paper, asked her what she thought of the trend of events. "All Ah got to say is, let 'em stay over dere," the maid said. "Dey ain't got *mah* invitation to come over here. Ah ain't no Trojan horse."


Peter Arno
NY 40 3N-22

"I'm Edmund J. Murchison of 222 Morton Street! A horrible mistake has been made!"

EFFIGY OF WAR

THE barman at the big hotel on the sea front had been an officer in the Italian Army during the last war, and somehow or other the rumor began to get around. Whether it was he talked too much to people who spoke his own language with him, saying late at night that the vines in Italy were like no other vines and the voices more musical and the soldiers as good as any others no matter what history had to say about them, or whether it got around in some other way, it was impossible to know. But the story came to the director of the hotel—Cannes, it was, and the people just as gaudily dressed as other years, and the shops on the Croisette as fancy—and because of the feeling that ran high against foreigners and against the name of Italy, the director stepped into the lounge bar about eleven one morning to tell the barman what he'd better do. The director was a dressy, expensive-looking little man who spoke four languages with ease, and he had been a Russian once, a White Russian, so France was the only country left to him now. He came into the bar at a quiet hour, just before the idle would begin wandering in out of the eternally springtime sun, and he jerked his cuffs inside the sleeves of his morning coat and screwed the soft, sagging folds of his throat away from the wings of his collar and started speaking quietly over the mahogany-colored bar.

"Maestro," he said to the barman, who had been ten years with them, "with all this trouble going on, the management would quite understand your wanting to go back to Italy."

"Italy?" the barman said, and from the startled look in his eyes it might have been Siberia he was pronouncing as a destination. He stopped whatever it was he had been doing, setting the glasses straight or putting the ashtrays or the olives out, and he looked at the director. The barman was a slight, dark man and his face was as delicate-boned as a monkey's, and the hair was oiled down flat upon his monkey-fragile skull.

"A lot of Italians are going back," the director said, and he swung himself up onto one of the stools as elegantly and lightly as a dwarf dressed up for a public appearance might have done it; his hand on the bar's wood was as plump as a child's, the flesh hairless and pink. "Give me a glass of milk," he said, and he went on in a lower voice, "In times like these, everyone wants to avoid all the trouble they can. Everybody likes to feel he's in his own country." He said it with a slight Russian accent. The barman waited while the director took a cigarette out of his silver case, and then he snapped his lighter open and held the flame to the cigarette's end in his dark, monkey-nervous hand. "We're perfectly willing to discuss things with you," the director said, and now the first, bluish shaft of smoke was exhaled between them, and for a moment their eyes met across it, and the director was the first to look away.

"Ah, if we should all go back to the places we belong to," the barman said as he put the lighter into the pocket of his starched white coat. He turned aside to take a bottle of milk off the ice, and as he poured the milk he went on saying, in strangely poetic sorrow, "If we all returned to the waters of our own seas and the words of our own languages, France would be left a wilderness."

"Of course, there are some national exceptions," the director added quickly. "There are some nationalities which cannot go back." He took a swallow of milk and looked rather severely at the barman. "In countries where there have been revolutions, economic upheavals," he explained, his hand with the cigarette in it making the vague, comprehensive gestures of unrest. "But with Italians—" he said.

The barman suddenly leaned forward and laid his small, bony hands down flat upon the bar. "Well, me," he said, "I've been fifteen years in this country. I'm too old to go back now." He picked up the bottle of milk again and filled the director's glass, pouring it out a little too quickly. "I've never gone back, not in fifteen years," he said, the words spoken sharply and rapidly and almost breathlessly across the bar. "I'm like a refugee, like a political refugee," he said. "I haven't the right to go back."

"That can be taken care of," the director said, and he took out his folded handkerchief and dabbed at the drops of milk on his upper lip. "The management would advance you what you needed to get back, write you a good testimonial—"

"I haven't done military service for them," the barman said, and he was smiling in something like pain at the director. "I can't go back," he said. "This is my country by now. If I can't go on working here, I can't work anywhere. I wouldn't leave this country no matter what anybody said to me or no matter what they did to me."

"You never did very much about getting any papers out," said the director. He was looking straight ahead at the small silk flags of all the nations and at his own immaculately preserved reflection in the glass. "You never did much about trying to change your nationality," he said, and he took another discreet swallow of milk. "You should have thought of that before."

"I might have been a Frenchman today if it hadn't been for my wife," the barman said, and his tongue ran eagerly out along his lip. "My wife," he said, and he leaned closer, "I haven't seen her for fifteen years." The director looked at the glass of milk and shrugged his shoulders. "She's in Italy, and she wouldn't sign the papers. She wouldn't do that one thing," the barman said, his eyes dark and bright, his face lit suddenly like a poet's, with eagerness and pain. "Not that she wanted me," he said. "It wasn't that. But Italian women, they're as soft and beautiful as flowers and as stubborn as weeds." He said it in abrupt, poetic violence, and the director stirred uneasily and finished the milk in his glass.

"Now, you take a run up to the Italian Consul this afternoon and have a talk with him," he said, and he wiped his upper lip with his folded handkerchief again. "Tell him you're thinking of going back. Put Raymond on duty for the afternoon. And another thing, Maestro," he said as he got down off the bar stool, "don't keep that *Corriere della Sera* out there where everybody can see it. Put it in your pocket and read it when you get home."

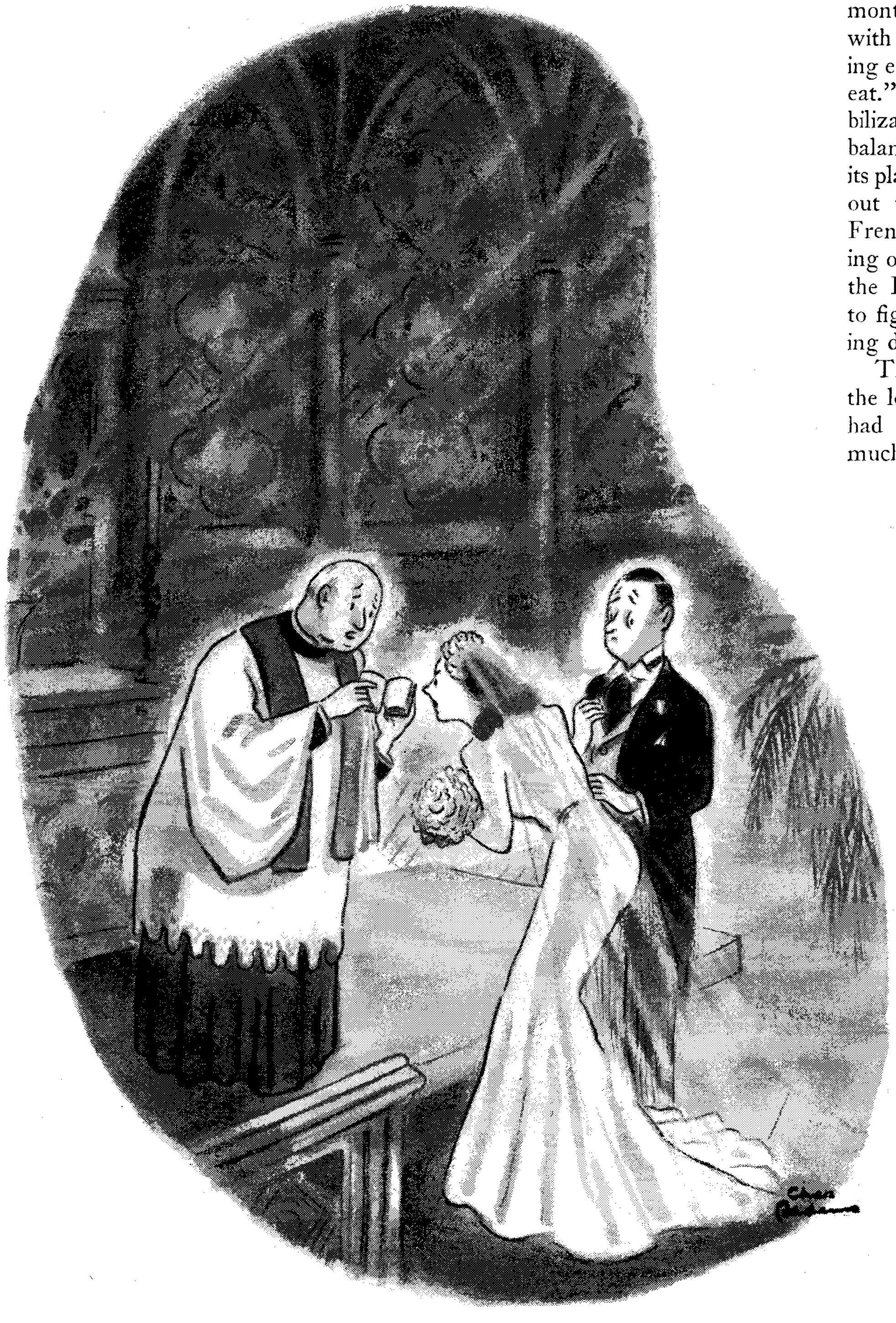
IT might have passed off quietly enough like that for the Italian if the Dane hadn't come into it. He was a snub-nosed, sun-blacked, blond-headed little man who gave swimming lessons in one of the bathing establishments on the beach. He had been a long time there, walking season after season, tough and cocky, up and down the beach, with his chest high and his thumbs hooked into the white belt of his bathing trunks. He wore a clean, white linen cap down to his yellow brows, and royal-blue swimming shorts, and the muscles were thick and smooth as taffy in his shoulders and arms. But after the war came he didn't parade up and down the esplanade in the sun in the same way, but stayed hour after hour in the water or else in a corner of the beach café. He still gave lessons, but he let the pupils seek him out in the café's shade, as if the eyes of the mobilized and the uniformed and the envious could see him less distinctly there.

The one who started it all was the Greek waiter in the hotel who had got his French naturalization papers eight months before and was leaving for training camp in a week or two. He'd lean over the diners—what was left of the English and the American colony, and the dukes and duchesses, and the Spanish, who had got their jewels and their pelts and their money out of Spain—and when the maître d'hôtel was looking the other way, he'd say, "What nationality do you think I am, eh? What country would you say I come from?," showing his teeth in pride and pleasure at them as he slipped the dishes of *filets de sole bonne femme* or *champignons à la Reine d'Angleterre* down before them. Sometimes the guests would say he looked one thing, and sometimes another—Italian, Rumanian, or even Argentine—and he'd smile like a prima donna at them, leaning almost on their shoulders, with his eyes shining.

"No, no, oh, *mon Dieu*, no!" he'd say. "I'm pure French. What do you think of that? In another two or three months, you'll see me coming in here with gold stripes on my sleeve, ordering everything like everybody else has to eat." And then he'd take out his mobilization order and show it to them, balancing the *homard à l'armoricaine* on its platter in the other hand as he opened out the stamped, signed paper. "I'm French," he'd say, with the garlic hanging on his breath. "I'm going right into the French Army to fight. I'm going to fight for everybody sitting here having dinner tonight," he'd say.

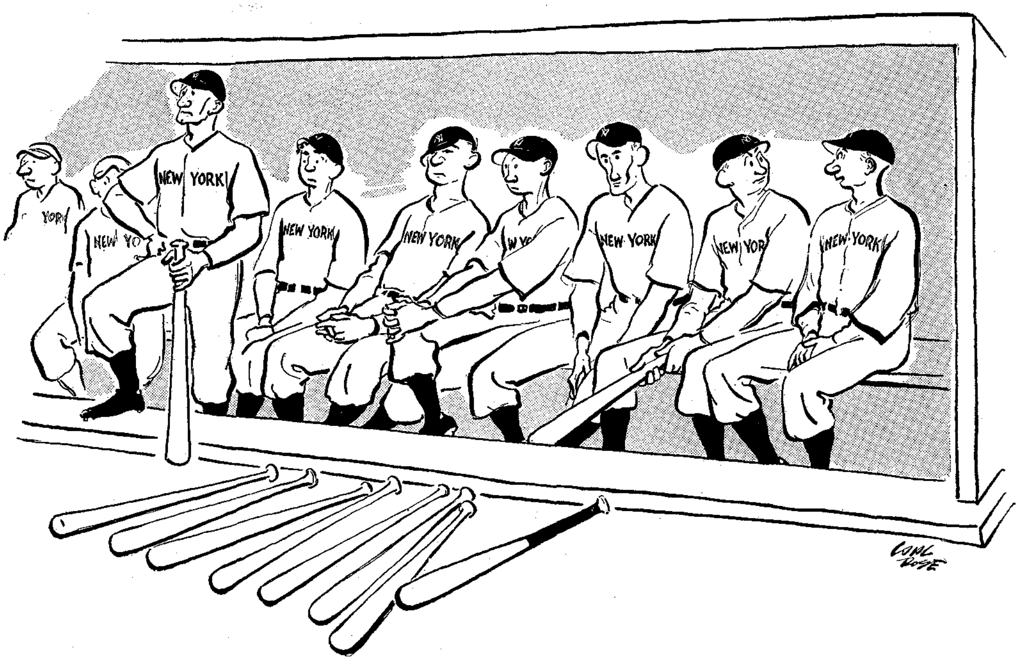
The Greek waiter had never liked the look of the Dane, and now that he had his military orders he couldn't so much as stand the sight of him, the cold-eyed, Nordic little man. In the hours he had off in the afternoons, he took to walking out on the esplanade and stopping just above the bathing place to call names down at him. There he would be, the Dane, with his white cap on and his royal-blue bathing trunks, talking half-naked to the half-naked girls or women on the beach, war or no war, and going on making money just the same.

"*Sale étranger!*" the Greek would call down, with a fine Greek accent to it, and "*Crapule!*," with his voice ringing out like an opera singer's across the sand and the striped bathing houses and the sea. "France for the French!" he'd roar over the railing, and the little Dane in his bathing suit would go quietly on with his swimming lessons, or if he were alone, he'd turn and go into the beach café and sit down out of sight in the shade. There was a week ahead still before the Greek waiter would leave, and all those days in the afternoons he'd stand on the esplanade and call the names down. In the end he appealed to



"Certainly you're supposed to say it. It says so right here."

the French themselves, exhorting them to rise. "The French for the French!" he'd shout down through the funnel of his hands. "Don't employ foreigners! Give a Frenchman the job!"



"I understand there's a scout from Scranton looking us over today."

• •

THE last night of the week the little Dane came into the lounge bar for a drink before he went to bed; otherwise the barman might never have got into it at all. The two of them were talking there together, the Dane sitting on the stool with the glass of beer before him, and the Italian on the other side with his starched jacket on and the wisps of his monkey hair slicked flat across his skull. There was no one else in the place, and in a few minutes the barman would have taken the bottles down and locked the safes and turned the lights out, and then nothing would have occurred. But now the barman was leaning on the counter, speaking the French tongue in a low, rather grievous voice to the swimming teacher, his thin hand rocking like a little boat from side to side as he talked.

"Drinking has ceased," he was saying in faultless pentameter. "In the old way, it has ceased. Even before September there was a difference, as if the thirst of man had been slaked at last. To any sensitive eye, the marks of death were to be seen for years on the façades of casinos, palace hotels, luxury restaurants, and on the terraces of country clubs and vast private estates. Even the life of the big bars has been dying," he said. "For years now that I can remember, the lounge bar has been passing through the agonies of death." He made a tragic and noble gesture toward the empty leather armchairs in the half-darkened room, and he said in a low, dreamy voice, "All this is finished. There is no more place in the hearts of men for this kind of thing. The race that insisted on this atmosphere of redundance for its pleasure, that demanded this futility, is vanishing, dying."

"War levels the ranks," the Dane said quietly. His sun-blacked, sun-withered face under the bright, light thatch of hair was as immobile as if carved from wood.

"Ah, before the war even," the barman said softly, and then he stopped, for the men had come into the bar. The Greek waiter walked a little ahead of the others, wearing a gray jersey and a cap pulled down, and the barman and the Dane knew him; it was the others behind him they had never seen before.

"Get that one, the one on the stool," the Greek waiter said, and one of the other men stepped past him and walked toward the bar. Just before he got there he lifted his right arm and hit the swimming teacher on the chin. The little, light-crowned head and the strong, small body rose clear of the stool an instant, like a piece of paper lifted and spun sidewise by the wind, and then sailed into the corner and collapsed there, bent double, by the leather chair. "That's the kind of language he understands," the Greek said, and he crossed the length of thick, soft carpet, jerking his cap up on his forehead. He was smiling with delight when he kicked the swimming teacher's body into another shape. "Walking up and down out there on the beach," the Greek said, and he turned back to the others and the Italian barman behind the bar. "Giving lessons, just like men weren't bleeding their guts out for him and people like him."

"He volunteered. I tell you that man volunteered," the barman began saying, and his bones were shaking in his skin. "I've seen the paper he got. I know he volunteered to fight like anybody else would." And when he jumped for the bell, the Greek waiter reached over and took him by the collar of his starched white coat and dragged him out across the plates of potato chips and the empty beer bottle and the glass the Dane had been drinking from and slung him across the elegant little glass-topped tables into the other corner of the room.

"Pick him up and take him along too," the Greek said. "I know all about him I need to know. He was an officer last war, officer in the Italian Army, so you know what side he'll fight on this time. Take them both out," he said. "This country's not good enough for either of them."

THEY did it by moonlight, taking the two men's clothes off on the sand by the Mediterranean water and giving it to them in fiercely accelerating violence. They broke the swimming teacher's jaw and they snapped the arms of the barman behind him like kindling wood, beating the breath and the life from them with whatever fell under their hands. The Greek carried over an armful of folding iron chairs from the bathing establishment's darkened, abandoned porch, and they battered the two men's heads down with these as weapons, and drove their mouths into the sand.

"So now repeat this after me, foreigners," the Greek began saying in wild, holy passion as he kneeled beside them. He had taken the flag out of his jersey and was shaking out its folds. "So now repeat what I'm going to tell you," he said in violent, religious fervor against the sound of the water's pulse and murmur, and his hands were shaking as he laid the flag out where their mouths could touch the tricolor emblem, the cotton stuff of a nation's and a universe's exigencies.

—KAY BOYLE

APPRECIATION OF ART

THE auditorium of the Carlton School was crowded and noisy. The children from the lower grades had marched in and were seated in the front rows, where they twisted and uttered unintelligible, piercing cries. Occasionally Miss Moffatt, who taught American history, walked down the aisle and frowned at them, putting her finger to her lips. For a few minutes they would be still. Then they would begin to move and rustle again, and pull and shove at one another.

The performance of "The Tempest" given by the girls of the Junior School was scheduled to begin at eight-thirty, and at a quarter past eight almost every seat was filled. Lois Graves, who was usher in Aisle 3, had put her coat across two of the best seats in the twelfth row, so that when her parents arrived, fashionably late, she was ready for the emergency. She met them at the door and smiled at them politely. She wore a powder-blue taffeta evening dress that swept the floor, and stretched diagonally over one shoulder was a dark-green satin ribbon on which the word "Usher" was printed in large gold letters. In one hand she carried a flashlight and in the other she held some programs.

"Well, dear," Mrs. Graves said. She looked quickly at the other ushers to see if Lois's dress was quite suitable, and sighed with relief as she noted other taffeta dresses in pink, turquoise blue, and pale green. She noticed that little Mildred Farney's dress pulled too tightly across her breasts, and that Jane Turner had on an unbecoming shade of blue. "Well, dear," she repeated.

Lois turned away, brisk and professional, and led the way down the aisle. She walked neatly in her high heels, and when she reached the seats over which she had thrown her coat, she pressed the button of her flashlight and focussed the beam on the floor.

"Say," Mr. Graves said appreciatively, "this is great!"

Lois leaned over them. "You'd better hold my coat so that people won't—you know."

The woman in the adjoining seat stared at them and muttered, "Well, I *must* say!"

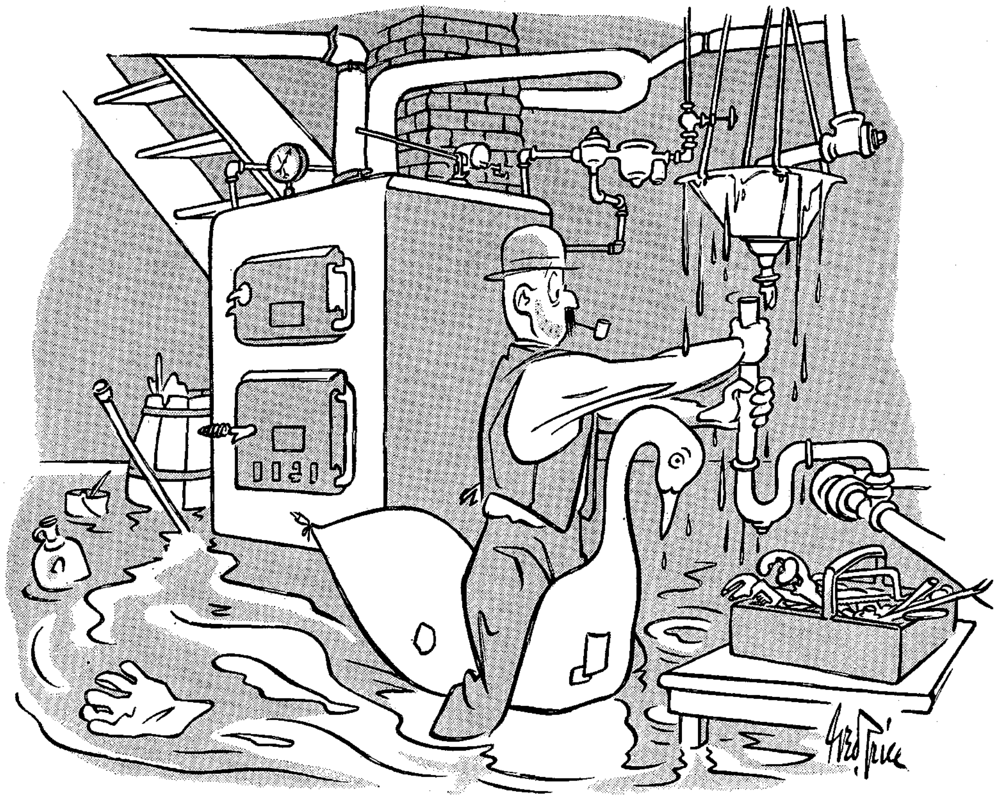
"Oh," Mrs. Graves said. "Do you think you should have, Lois?"

"Nuts," Lois whispered. "Don't pay any attention to that old gorilla. She's just mad because she wanted to sit on the aisle and I told her these seats were taken."

With a whirl of her skirts and a rustle of silk, she was gone.

MRS. GRAVES put her hand on her husband's sleeve. "It was thoughtful of her just the same."

Mr. Graves opened his program and fished in his pocket for his glasses. "I don't believe I've ever seen 'The Tempest.' What's it about?"



"I'm sure I don't know," Mrs. Graves answered. "I've never even read it. Judy's playing Stephano. It's a boy's part." She held her program two feet away from her eyes and frowned. "Here it is. Here's her name. Judith Graves."

Mr. Graves adjusted his glasses. "Stephano, a drunken Butler," he read aloud.

"Well!" Mrs. Graves exclaimed. "Well!"

A sharp memory of a talk he had had with Judy a week before flashed into Mr. Graves' mind. "Daddy," she had asked, "how many drinks do you have to have before you get drunk?" And he had answered, "It all depends. A person might get drunk on one drink, and then again it might take twenty." "I suppose," Judy had persisted, "if you were used to it, it would take twenty." He had said he imagined it would. And Judy seemed satisfied.

Mrs. Graves looked at him anxiously. "I suppose they know what they're doing. Giving a part like that to a little girl, I mean."

"Oh, sure," he said.

She glanced at her program thoughtfully. "I think it would have been nice if they had decided to give 'The Mikado.' They planned to at first. Except there weren't enough girls who could sing. Here's Fuffy Adams' name. She's going to be Trinculo, a Jester."

"I saw Pete Adams when we came in. He's putting on weight."

"They rented the costumes. Even the wigs."

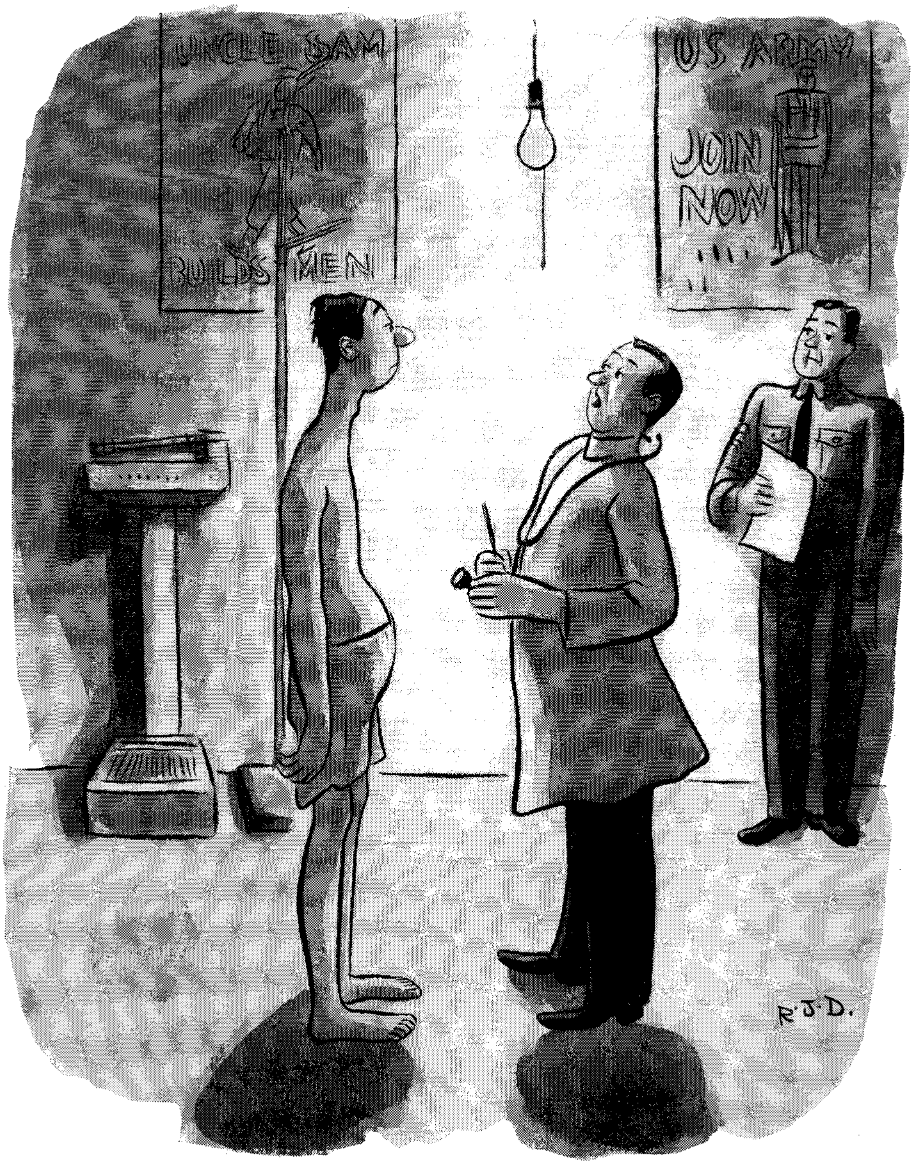
"Have you seen Judy's costume?" Mr. Graves asked.

"No," she answered. "They only got them yesterday, in time for dress rehearsal. I haven't even heard her lines. She said them for Hilda, but it was the night we played bridge with the Conovers. I heard her in the kitchen, though, and she seemed to be shouting."

"I wouldn't worry."

"Oh, I'm not worrying. After all, Miss Lucy Smith is coaching them, and she must know what she's doing."

THERE were signs of excitement among the children in the first rows, and at a signal from a slender, faded, blonde woman who appeared from a door at the left, fifteen of them arose and marched up the stairs onto the stage. They stood there swallowing nervously, their arms hanging limply at their sides. Their dresses had become mussed



"We can't use you now, but you might come around again if there's an invasion."

and their eyes were glassy. The blonde woman, a Miss Avery, sat down at the piano and struck an opening chord.

"It's the school song," Mrs. Graves whispered. "I suppose we ought to stand."

According to the program, the words to the school song had been written by a Miss Dorothy Brewer, '09, but the tune was "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton."

Mrs. Graves watched the young faces of the Junior Glee Club tenderly, and her heart melted within her. They started to sing slightly off key, but the sound of their own voices gave them reassurance, and the words rang out clear and sweet:

The mem'ries of school days will never grow old,
So raise high the colors, the green and the gold.

For no reason at all, her eyes smarted, and she fumbled in her evening bag for a handkerchief.

Our dear Alma Mater, our own Carlton School,
May she evermore flourish and over us rule.

As the song ended there was a burst of applause, which stopped abruptly as Miss Avery swung into the opening bars of "The Star-Spangled Banner." The audience joined enthusiastically in the singing.

"I imagine the play will begin now," Mrs. Graves said, rearranging her evening wrap on the back of the seat. "I wonder when Judy comes on. It would be funny if we didn't recognize her, wouldn't it?"

"We'll know her all right," Mr. Graves said.

The girls of the Junior Glee Club marched back to their places and the lights grew dim. The curtains parted, showing a black backdrop. There was a flash of lightning from above and the sound of tinny thunder. The play had begun.

"They've got the stage awfully dark," Mrs. Graves whispered. "Can you see Judy?"

"I think this crowd are supposed to be sailors. They look as though they're pulling at ropes."

The voices of the girls were lost in the rolls of thunder, and the curtain fell.

"Well, that was short, anyway," Mr. Graves said. "The next scene is on an island."

The curtain rose again; the backdrop had been lifted and the stage was larger. In the direct centre at the rear was an opening surrounded by unbleached muslin that had been dyed gray with green spots to represent a rocky entrance to a cave, and to the right of this stood a small spruce tree in a tub. From the wings came two figures, both strictly feminine, although one of them wore a long, gray, matted beard, a shaggy white wig, black tights, and a doublet. "Prospero," Mrs. Graves said. "And that's Miranda with him. The Burchell child."

Miranda had on a black wig bound with a fillet. It was made of the blackest hair Mrs. Graves had ever seen, and from under it Polly Burchell's face peered, small and round. She walked with the slow, forlorn gait of an overworked chambermaid in a second-rate hotel, but as she began to speak she came to life and gestured with her arms. When she finished her lines, she lapsed into a coma and stared out into the audience during the time Prospero took up the plot. The scene was long, and Mrs. Graves was glad when Ariel danced from the wings. Ariel's tunic was embarrassingly short, and she seemed to be suffering from an acute form of St. Vitus's dance.

"What's the matter with her?" Mr. Graves asked.

"I imagine Miss Smith told her to keep moving, the poor little thing. She's a sprite, you see."

The play dragged on. As each character appeared for the first time, there was a burst of applause from relatives and school friends. Mrs. Graves sat tensely, waiting for Judy's entrance. But Act I ended and there had been no sign of her.

"She probably has just a small part," Mrs. Graves said when the lights went up. "The girls *do* mutter, don't they?" She clapped halfheartedly. "I don't see how Judy can be a *drunken* butler. After all, it's supposed to be an almost deserted island, and there couldn't very well be any liquor on it. At least, I don't see where it would come from. The ship is wrecked. Besides, I don't think Judy would know how to act drunk. As far as I know, she's never even seen anyone very drunk."

"Of course she hasn't," Mr. Graves said. "A little high, maybe, but not boiled."

THEY waited for her entrance until Act II, Scene 2. A small, fat Caliban, dressed in what looked to be a fur union suit, and Fuffy Adams as Trinculo were talking together when Mrs. Graves heard a voice singing in the wings. It was the first completely audible voice in the performance, and it was Judy's. She reeled onto the stage, a bottle in her hand. Her smooth, dark-brown hair was covered with a straw-colored wig, the tip of her nose was painted a bright red. Her clothes were awry and she looked as tight as an owl.

"This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here's my comfort," she shouted, and, lifting the bottle to her lips, she took a healthy swig.

The children in the audience broke into delighted laughter, and Judy, hearing them, lifted the bottle again and staggered across the stage, throwing a heavy arm around Fuffy Adams, who giggled with abandon.

The force of Judy's entrance took Caliban off guard and struck her dumb. She forgot her rôle of savage and deformed slave and stood by as quietly as a baby panda in her furry suit, watching Judy's antics. Each time Judy lifted the bottle to her lips the laughter from the lower grades got louder. Over the noise, Judy's voice rang out, blurred with drink, loud and insinuating. She spun around, crying, "Prithee, do not turn me about. My stomach is not constant." And as an added touch, she put her hand on her small, firm stomach and hiccoughed.

When the curtain fell, the applause was deafening. It continued until Judy stood alone on the stage. She lifted the bottle to her lips and reeled again.

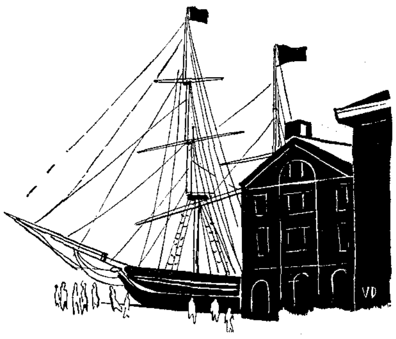
Mr. and Mrs. Graves were silent as the lights went on. Finally, Mrs. Graves spoke. "I can't believe it. I can't imagine what's got into her." She looked at her husband and saw that he was smiling.

"You could hear her, anyway," he said.

"Oh, you could hear her all right."

They sat through the next three acts and watched Judy faithfully portray various stages of intoxication; she fought, she laughed senselessly, she was sad, she lapsed into self-pity, and her last line, spoken in a maudlin whine—"O! touch me not. I am not Stephano, but a cramp"—brought down the house.

She gave a superb performance. She took four curtain calls and her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright. The flowers that Mr. Graves had sent were delivered over the footlights, and she stood holding them in one hand while she clutched the bottle with the other.



MRS. GRAVES slipped her wrap over her shoulders. "I wonder where Lois is. I hope she isn't minding too much."

"Judy was good," Mr. Graves said. "She was damned good."

They walked up the aisle. At the door, Pete Adams stopped them and clapped Mr. Graves on the shoulders. "Best thing I ever saw, the act your daughter put on!" he cried. "Reminded me of you, Harry." He wiped the tears from his eyes and coughed convulsively. "Congratulations, Grace! Congratulations!"

Mrs. Graves caught sight of Miss Lucy Smith and glanced hastily away. But Miss Smith bore down on them. She was a plump, white-haired woman, and she was smiling. "Wasn't Judy marvellous?" she said. "I had no idea she had it in her. She didn't act at all like that at rehearsals. To tell you the truth"—she lowered her voice—"I thought she made the other girls seem a trifle *wooden*."

The door to the basement opened and the members of the cast streamed out. In the centre of the group was Judy. She had taken off her wig and her soft hair fell to her shoulders. She carried the property bottle in one hand and her face was streaked with makeup. In her eyes shone a look of utter joy

THEY WERE ALL LIKE GENIUSES

The lunchroom bus boy who looked like Orson Welles,
Romeo, Brutus, and a man from Mars in his two eyes,
the bellhop who was Joe Louis to the life,
the Greek fruit peddler who in church on Sundays
was a lightning-struck dead image of J. P. Morgan,
the Italian barber who in a mirror was more like
John Barrymore than Barrymore himself,
the Woolworth demonstration cold-cream girl
who was Garbo at a glance, only more real,
the shoe clerk who in midnight rain outside of Lindy's
should have been Clark Gable,
the Second Avenue ex-Baptist minister
who was born to have a face like Cordell Hull's—
why do they look at me like that,
why do they stare,
                                        sleepwalking through my dreams?
What was the big mistake?

They looked like power and fame,
like love, like everything you need;
and you would think their looks would put them where
they could dictate a letter or run a bank
or kiss a microphone or float a yacht or sleep in
a genuine imitation Marie Antoinette bed
or get somewhere before they die
instead of dropping into dreams too deep
to tell themselves who, what, or where they are
until a fire turns them out into the street
or a shot is heard and the police are at the door.

—HORACE GREGORY

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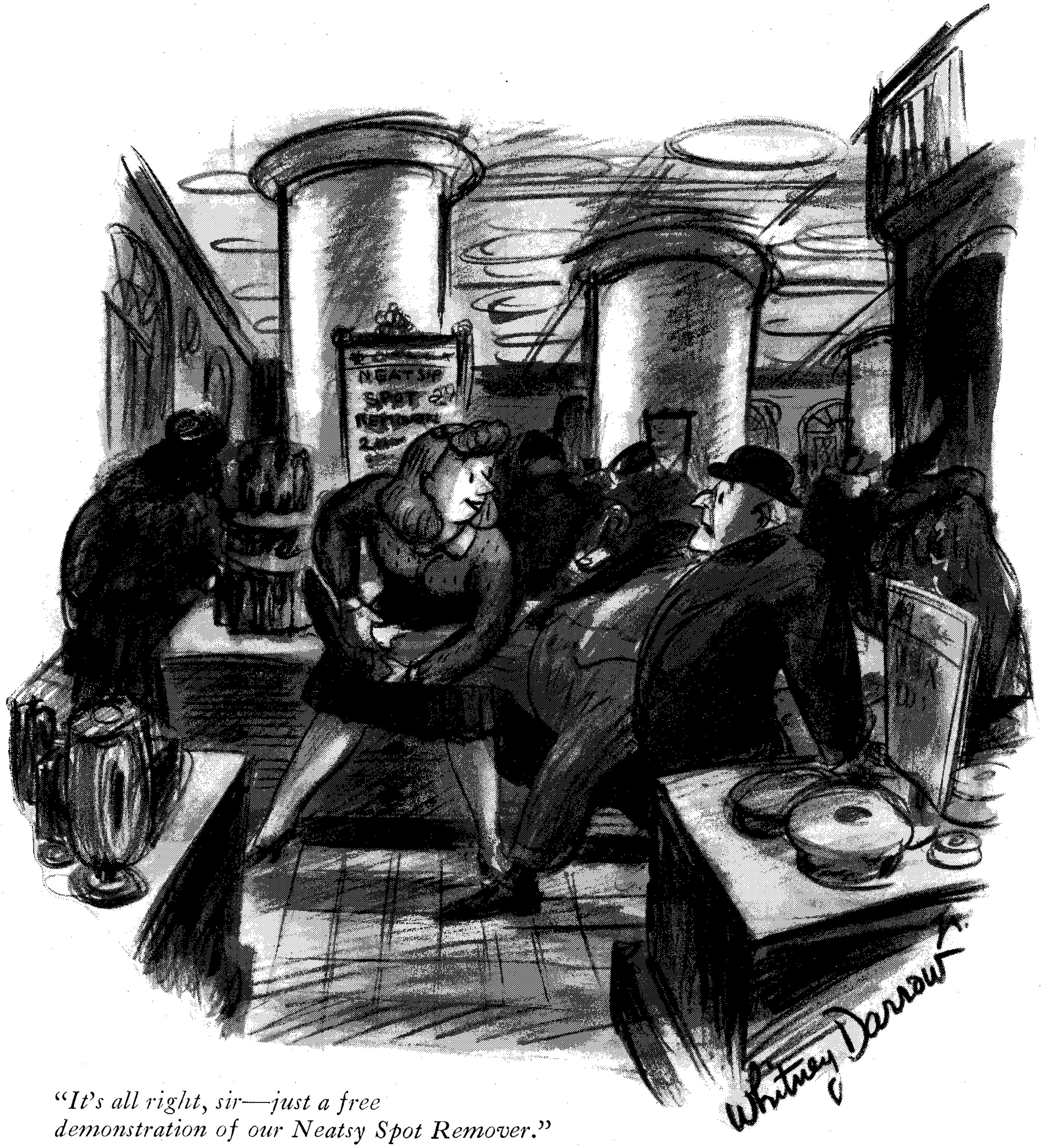


"It's all right, sir—just a free demonstration of our Neatsy Spot Remover."

• •

and pride. With her, holding tightly to her arm, was Lois, who caught sight of her father and mother. "Here she is!" she called. "Here's Judy! Talk about your Moscow Art Theatre for real swell acting!"

Judy ran toward them and Mrs. Graves caught her in her arms. She smelled of grease paint, perspiration, and moth balls, and she was trembling.

For an instant she buried her face against her mother, and Mrs. Graves knew that she was close to tears. "You were lovely, Judy darling," she whispered.

"You were great!" Mr. Graves said, and patted her head roughly.

Children crowded around them and teachers and parents stopped to congratulate them. Judy seemed to be living in a dream. She leaned closer to her mother and then shook herself free. "Here," she said, and handed the bottle to her father. "Miss Smith says I can keep this for a souvenir. Hold it for me, will you, while I change my clothes?"

Mr. Graves took the bottle, which was made of papier-mâché, and tucked it proudly under his arm. "You run along," he said. "We'll wait here for you. And take your time. There's no hurry."

—SALLY BENSON

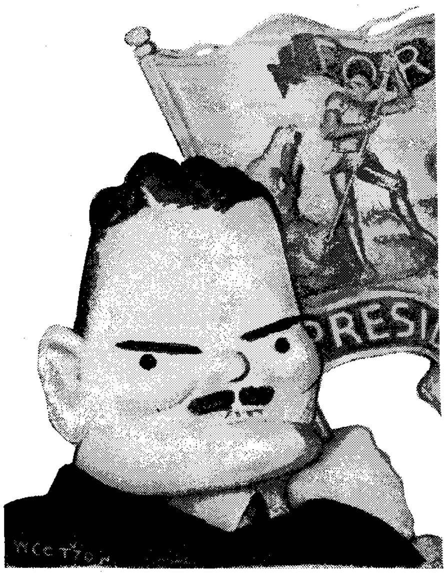
•

And how about Bing Crosby? He came right from Spokane. I was raised on milk from the same dairy that provided his folks with milk.—*The Mirror.*

Must give you the shivers all over.

PROFILES

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGNET



Thomas E. Dewey

IN a great many ways, Thomas Edmund Dewey is an impressive Presidential candidate. He was born in a typical American town (Owosso, Mich., pop., 14,496) and he came of sound American stock (the hero of Manila Bay was his grandfather's third cousin). In his virtuous youth, he belonged to the Boy Scouts, sang in the choir, and peddled the *Saturday Evening Post*, winning a bicycle. At one time he spent the summer working as a hired hand on a farm, and at another he learned to set type on his father's newspaper. He went to the local public schools and was never late or absent a day in his life. After he was graduated from the University of Michigan and had taken his LL.B. at Columbia, he was admitted to the bar, and presently emerged, at the age of thirty-three, as a fighting prosecutor and the terror of the underworld.

Obviously all this is in the most acceptable tradition—the saga of a more virile and melodious Coolidge, without the snobbish taint of Amherst or the sad comedy of the electric horse. Fortunate as he was in this personal background, however, he was even more fortunate in the times that produced him. Whatever else it accomplished, prohibition got the world ready for the coming of Dewey. The intense melodrama of the twenties accustomed people to the idea of an aristocracy of crime, to a superheated vision of America ruled by an outlaw nobility of vast and incalculable powers. Beer barons and vice lords were a dime a dozen; almost every thug was at least a king. In New York, there were kings of vice, poultry, dope, fur, policy, and artichokes, to mention a few, and each of them commanded a band of desperadoes capable of dealing with the United States Marines. It was wonderful. Even more wonderful were the names that some of these monsters and their mates obligingly bore. In addition to such celebrated figures as Lucky, Waxey, Dixie, Legs, and Lepke, there were Spasm Ison, Cokey Flo Brown, Stone-Faced Peggy, Jenny the Factory, Crazy Moe, Abadaba, Gashouse Lil, Six-Bits, and Blue Jaw Magoon.

From almost the beginning of his political career, Dewey tangled with this demoniac royalty, and he made the most of it. If the voters were already inclined to believe that they were taking part in a moving picture, he did little to disillusion them. His private and public conversation always emphasized the menace of the underworld, omnipresent, almost omnipotent, crouched for a leap. "What do *you* know about the Unione Siciliana?" he asked a startled interviewer, and when it turned out that the man knew almost nothing, he described the fate of a prominent writer who offered to sell *Liberty* a story about its machinations and was shot down like a dog for his pains. "Never been in the papers!" whispered the District Attorney, rolling his eyes wildly. "No indictment. A terrific business! If you had seen men blanch as I have at its mere mention—its mere *mention*—you would know what terror it holds." He was no less alarming when addressing millions. "He has a Japanese butler," he said over the radio, referring to the king of something or other, "who—serves—him—well." He has prosecuted few cases in which he was unable to suggest that there were nameless forces at work, and this has sometimes irritated his critics. "No matter if it was only rolling a lush," said one of them in his homely way, "Dewey could always make it look wonderful on the record."

WHILE there are many things in favor of the District Attorney, almost an equal number oppose him. Physically, he is not majestic, or even especially bizarre, which is probably the next best bet. He is five feet eight and a half inches tall and he weighs a hundred and fifty-seven pounds stripped. His teeth, with centre gaps in both the upper and lower sets, are his most unfortunate feature; his eyes, next to the mustache and the voice, his most arresting. These are brown, with small irises surrounded by a relatively immense area of white, and Dewey has a habit of rotating them furiously to punctuate and emphasize his speech, expressing horror and surprise by shooting them upward, cunning by sliding them from side to side behind narrowed lids. At climactic moments, he can pop them, almost audibly. Lloyd Paul Stryker, who has had less occasion to admire them than most, says that they are the only piercing brown eyes he has ever seen.

Dewey has a jutting jaw, high cheekbones, a slightly bulbous nose, and thick eyebrows. His face, on the whole, has a compressed appearance, as though someone had squeezed his head in a vise. His suits are custom-made but uninteresting, and always seem a little too tight for him, although the Merchant Tailors and Designers Association of America chose him this year as one of the twenty-five best-dressed men in America. Altogether—smallish, neat, and dark—he looks like a Wall Street clerk on his way to work; unlike the late and magnificent Harding, he is a hard man to imagine in a toga.

Dewey is also unfortunate in the fact that people too close to him are usually either entertained by his super-cinema technique or else irritated by his proud, peculiar ways. One crisp hostess has said, "You have to know Mr. Dewey very well in order to dislike him," and the reporters in the Criminal Courts Building usually speak of him lightly as The Boy Scout or, more simply, just The Boy. One man, who frequently boycotts Dewey's press conferences for ten days at a stretch, explains his absence airily. "You got to rap The Boy on the knuckles once in a while," he says.

Lawyers, politicians, and others whose careers are directly affected by Dewey's activities are apt to be more portentous. An attorney for the Civil Liberties Union has compared him with Mayor Hague, though conceding Dewey a good deal more class, and a Republican leader, noting the candidate's petulant behavior at a Party dinner, observed gloomily to Mr. Kenneth Simpson that they seemed to have a problem child on their hands. He has been accused of bullying hostile witnesses and coddling favorable ones, demanding exorbitant bail, wire-tapping, condoning the use of perjured testimony, and even (in the case of Dixie Davis, who was allowed to leave the Tombs some eighty or ninety times in the course of three months to go up to a lady's apartment and change his shirt) of conniving at adultery. In this case, Dewey's answer was frank, if not precisely responsive or even in the best possible taste. "Well, gentlemen," he told the jury, "if Davis did not have . . . desires, he wouldn't be human . . ."

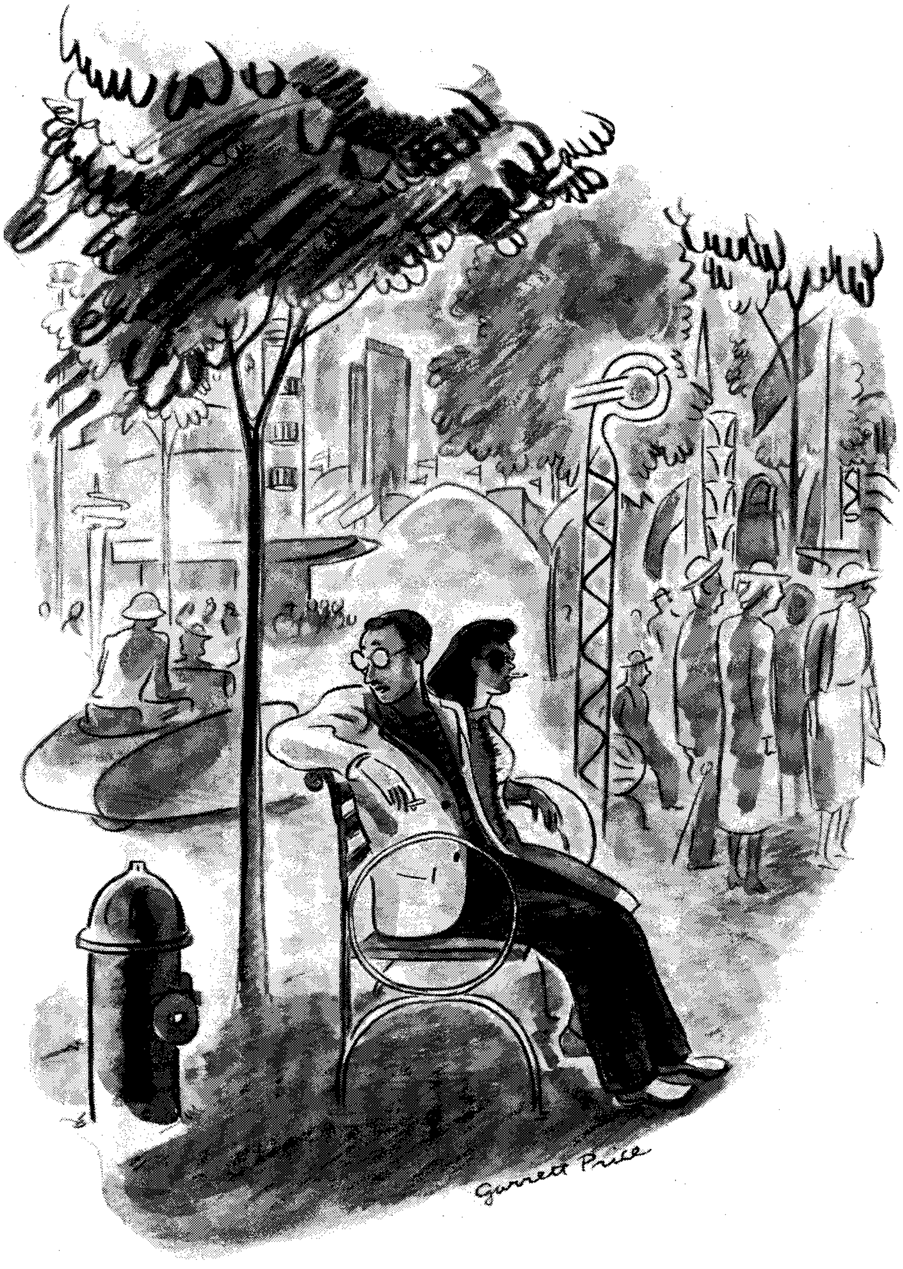
Some hecklers even go to the length of complaining that the leading contributors to the Dewey campaign fund represent more wealth and special interest than seem quite consistent with his notorious enthusiasm for the underprivileged. Among these well-heeled angels are, it is claimed, Ruth Hanna McCormick Simms, a President-maker by inheritance and a Dewey Cabinet member by inclination; John Foster Dulles, a senior partner in the law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, counsel to some of the biggest corporations in the country, including the North American Company, International Nickel, and Brown Brothers Harriman (Mr. Dulles might turn up as Secretary of State); Roger W. Straus, vice-chairman of the board of the American Smelting & Refining Company, who might land an ambassadorship; Artemus L. Gates, president of the New York Trust Company; S. Sloan Colt, president of the Bankers Trust Company; Robert H. Thayer, who has Standard Oil connections; and Francis Dwight Bartow, vice-president of J. P. Morgan & Co. Up to now, it is estimated that they have been largely responsible for raising between $250,000 and $300,000 for private Pullman cars, publicity, rental on campaign headquarters, and all the other expenses necessary in presenting a candidate appetizingly to the public.

Dewey's most serious handicap, however, is the fact that he was born as recently as March 24, 1902. It is difficult for a great many people to think seriously of a candidate who was sixteen years old at the end of the World War, ten when the Titanic went down, six when William Howard Taft entered the White House, and thirty-one before he could buy a drink legally at any bar in the United States. If he happened to be elected, Dewey, of course, would be the youngest President in history, four years younger than Theodore Roosevelt, thirty years younger than William Henry Harrison, and about sixteen years below the average age of his predecessors at the time of their inauguration. Mrs. Dewey, who will be thirty-eight on February 7, 1941, would not, however, be the youngest First Lady—Dolly Madison was thirty-six when she entered the White House and Mrs. Cleveland was a tot of twenty-two.

Critics, in an attempt to make these cold figures a little more picturesque, have pointed out that he is only eight months older than Lucius Beebe, the fashionable pamphleteer, and seven weeks younger than Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, the aviator—two national phenomena who, although of almost equal prominence, are not generally regarded as quite ready for the Presidency. Dewey's detractors also like to quote Secretary Ickes' comment that the District Attorney of New York had finally thrown his diaper in the ring.

Beyond a slight and comprehensible annoyance, it is doubtful if the candidate pays much attention to these brickbats. Nobody believes that Thomas E. Dewey is better qualified to be President of the United States than Thomas E. Dewey. Last fall many Republican heavyweights were asked to sign a resolution which read in part:

> Convinced that he possesses above all other leaders in the country today the ability, temperament, training and ideals which the next President of the United States must have, we have determined to co-operate in the movement to elect Thomas E. Dewey President in 1940.
>
> This movement has in every sense originated with the people themselves. Mr. Dewey's record has inspired new efforts on behalf of good government throughout the country. It has evoked a spontaneous de-



"It beats me why they didn't have Geddes do something about these fireplugs."

> mand everywhere for his election to the Presidency. In him the people see a new hope for a better America.
>
> He has experienced judgment on public questions. He has vigor, executive ability, sincerity and devotion to duty. All these qualities have been proved by exceptional performance in the public service.
>
> New York will be a pivotal state in the 1940 national elections. We are convinced Mr. Dewey will carry not only New York but also the country at large next year against any opponent.... We extend to all citizens a cordial invitation to join us.

According to the best authorities, this document was not only circulated by the candidate, who would whip it out of his pocket like an automatic when he had his victim cornered, but was also written by the man of experienced judgment himself.

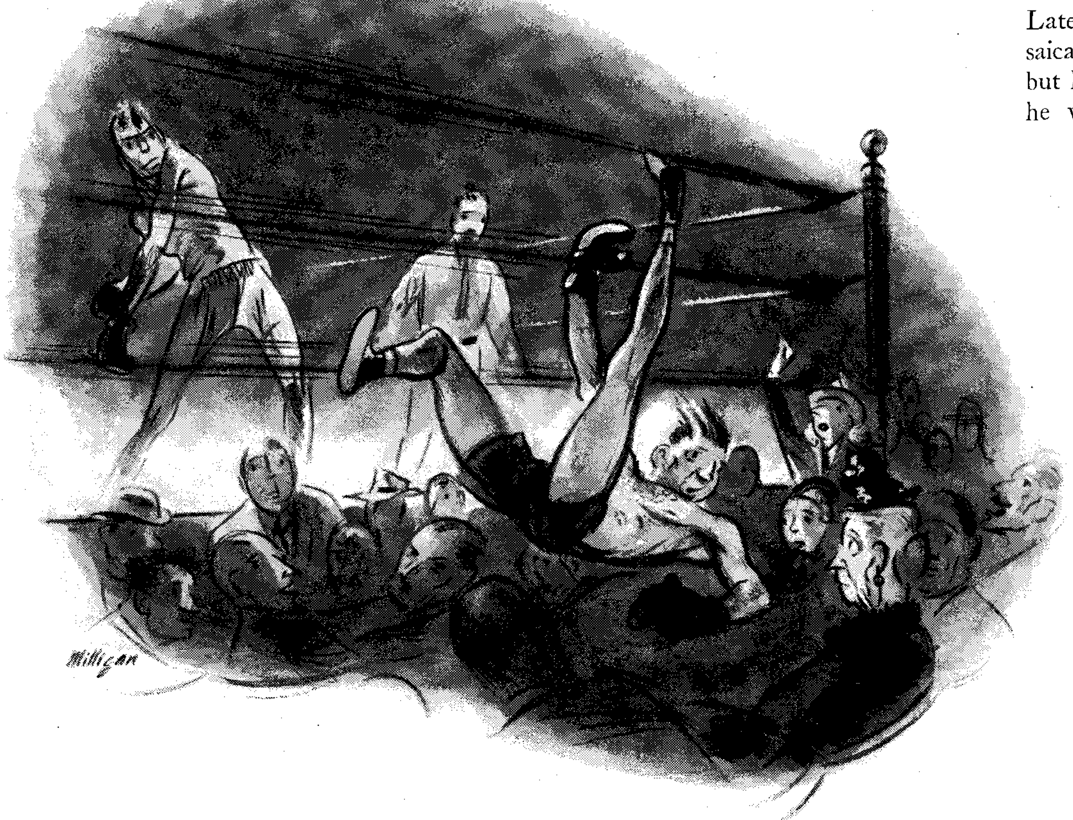
This version, picturing Mr. Dewey drafting himself almost singlehanded, differs a little from the District Attorney's own account of what went on. Shortly after his defeat by Governor Lehman, he says, "they" began to badger him to run for the Presidency. Dr. Gallup made a few soundings and discovered that he was far ahead of all other Republican Presidential possibilities. "It looks like I'm in for it," Dewey recalls saying to himself rather ruefully at the time. "If that many people want me elected, it is my duty to give them a chance." He held out for a while, but when the procession of supplicants began to clog the halls of his office, he saw that it was no good; he shouldered the cross.

The cold fact seems to be that Dewey became the nominal choice of the New York Republican Party for one of those reasons which make practical politics such a fascinating study for the layman. For years the New York delegation had gone to the national convention with its members hopelessly split, some favoring this man, some that. Last year the better minds decided that this was all nonsense and that it would be a good idea if everybody went to Philadelphia agreed on one man. Then, if *he* didn't go over on the first couple of ballots, the state chairman would be in a position to handle his delegation as a solid block in further negotiations. What happened, it seems, was that the dummy candidate decided to run in earnest, on a fine, expansive scale worthy of William Jennings Bryan. "We drafted this monkey," says one humble worker in the vineyard, "and, by Jesus, he took it serious."

This would not be a particularly alarming situation for the New York strategists if the primaries in other states hadn't made it clear that a good many romantic citizens were also inclined to take Dewey serious—so many, in fact, that at the moment it is quite possible that he will go to Philadelphia so firmly established as the People's Candidate that the boys in the back room, who would almost prefer to run Mr. Beebe, will have to climb on the band wagon. Incidentally, they will not be able to tempt him with the lesser rôle of the Vice-Presidency. Dewey says emphatically that he is not interested in anything but the White House, explaining to one interviewer that it would be impossible for him to live suitably in Washington on $15,000 a year. "I can't afford it," he said. "It costs money to be a Vice-President."

WHAT Dewey would be like in the White House can only be deduced rather arbitrarily from his history up to now. His early life in Owosso, as previously noted, was suitable but dull, and so were his years in college, where he won singing and debating contests, got an adequate B grade in his studies, but was on the whole practically indistinguishable from his contemporaries. Dewey's actual career, it might be said, dates from the summer of 1925, when, on a bicycle tour of France, he decided to grow a mustache. It turned out to be a dream—bushy, dramatic, an italicized swearword in a dull sentence. From then on, things began to happen. Later that year, he went to work prosaically for a law firm in New York, but he rose rapidly and by 1931, when he was twenty-nine, he was earning $8,000 a year. Furthermore, according to Rupert Hughes, whose biography of Dewey compares very favorably with some of Albert Payson Terhune's hymns to the collie, he "was handling most of the litigation in his office." This statement is rather crossly denied by fellow-employees of the period, but there may be prejudice here, and anyway he was doing all right.

The big break, however, came when he served on a case with George Z. Medalie and impressed him so vehemently that when Medalie took the post of United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, he offered Dewey a job at a salary around $3,500 as one of the sixty assistants on his staff. Dewey, whose indifference to money is such that he can remember offhand how much he



"Hello, Momma."

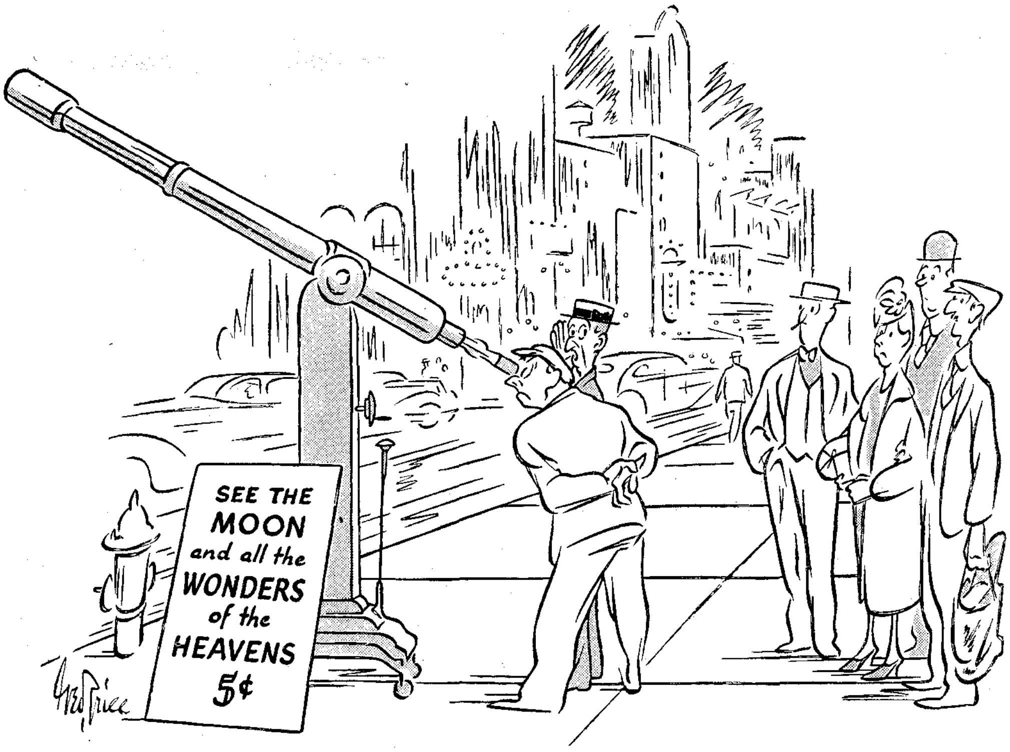
was making at any given day in his life, even for singing in choirs, politely declined that, as well as a subsequent bid of $6,000. He finally accepted only when Medalie had raised the ante to $7,500 and the position to that of chief assistant.

In the two years and nine months that followed, the United States Attorney's office successfully prosecuted such middle-sized kings of the underworld as Legs Diamond and Waxey Gordon, and a lot of minor nobility, including James Quinlivan, a vice cop whose moral fervor had netted him $80,000 in three years, and James J. (Cupid) McCormick, the clerk in charge of the Marriage License Bureau, where, it seems, the pickings were also very nice.

In 1933, Medalie resigned and for five weeks, until Martin Conboy succeeded him, Dewey was in charge of the office. During this period the newspapers casually referred to him as the Acting United States Attorney, a title to which Dewey objected vigorously. In a letter to the editors, he advised them that they'd better omit the word "Acting," and they did, so, when he went into private practice a month later, he was able to call himself a former United States Attorney. Once again, Dewey had made something look good on the record.

Dewey says he was immensely successful in private practice, estimating the take at between $50,000 and $75,000 a year, a figure which even his best friends consider imaginative. Except for this financial item, nothing much developed in the eighteen months he worked for himself, although they marked his first encounter with Lepke, a genuine crowned head, and his satanic prime minister, Gurrah. In this case the victory seems to have lain with the forces of evil, since the baking company which had employed Dewey to straighten out its labor difficulties was still paying tribute to Lepke and Gurrah when he retired. Talking of this now, the candidate pops his eyes and says, "Isn't it awful? They were so scared, they were even afraid to tell *me*."

The next step up the ladder, and a big one, was his appointment as Special Prosecutor, which came about in July, 1935, after the grand jury had finally broken with District Attorney William C. Dodge and asked Governor Lehman to appoint somebody to investigate racketeering and vice in New York. At the instigation of Medalie, who by this time regarded his protégé as one of the fanciest bloodhounds in the business, the Governor chose Dewey, though not before four other prospects had refused the job. His salary, which he set himself, was $16,695, the same as the District Attorney's. The expenses of his office, during the years 1935, 1936, and 1937, were $793,502.92, of which $117,994.63 came under the useful heading of "contingencies."


SEE THE MOON and all the WONDERS of the HEAVENS 5¢

"Now in a loud voice, Joe—'Those winged creatures are angels, I take it.'"

Dewey established his first offices in the Woolworth Building, where he set up elaborate defences against the hosts of darkness, including a twenty-four-hour police guard inside the building, secret entrances, and a special untappable cable connected directly with the main office of the Telephone Company. After examining some four thousand applicants, he picked four chief assistants, sixteen assistants, ten accountants, and nine investigators. Then, with the Governor and the Mayor, he called on the public to come forward with information on racketeering, assuring witnesses of protection. The first, and rather discouraging, fish to fall into this net was a nineteen-year-old boy whom Dewey's agents caught breaking windows, but soon the big ones began to come along.

The biggest unquestionably was Lucky Luciano, who, in the eyes of casual newspaper readers, soon came to bear the same relation to organized prostitution that the late John D. Rockefeller once bore to petroleum. Luciano's tentacles were everywhere, his income was fabulous, there wasn't a sporting lady in New York who didn't shiver in her chemise at the mention of his name. Rupert Hughes, giving a little shudder himself, called him "the deadliest and most evil genius in the whole country."

There are those, even among his enemies, who claim that Luciano never got a dollar from prostitution in his life, and it is known that he was doing nothing more deadly than making book at Saratoga when he was surprised to learn that Dewey had crowned him King of Vice. Nevertheless, sex being what it is, the trial was a tremendous artistic success. In addition to revealing the gay and provocative names which most of the girls had thought up for themselves, the testimony was gratifyingly explicit and gave the public a good working picture of the technical structure of a pretty complicated business. A lot of the entertainment also lay in the relations between Mr. Dewey and his staff and the witnesses who eventually won the case for the prosecution. From the beginning, the young women were treated with exceptional tenderness and chivalry, even though one of the investigators persisted in wearing gloves throughout the trial and several of them were rather ungallantly mystified when their clients insisted they were virgins. As the girls began to come through with the right kind of testimony, they were shown even more consideration. They were set up in apartments and hotels around town, given spending money, taken to the movies, on shopping trips, out to cocktails, and even to night clubs. This last practice, however, fell into disrepute when one of them, in the company of an assistant prosecutor, was observed by the opposition having a fine, though somewhat incoherent, time at Leon & Eddie's on Fifty-second Street. This incident went on the record, where it did not look good at all.

It was after the trial, though, that the prosecutor really showed that his heart was in the right place. In order to protect them from the vengeance of any possible surviving vice kings, two of the girls were given a trip abroad, spending four months in England and France with all expenses paid. Two others took a studio in New Rochelle and got $50 a week each for ten weeks while a writer from *Liberty* interviewed them. They also got $500 bonuses. With this money, the ladies bought a car and went to California, where they opened a filling station, whimsically christening it The Rooster. Contented letters came back to the prosecutor's office, reporting that business was fine. "We're selling more gas already than the other two stations near us," wrote one of the partners. "Regards to Mr. Dewey."

While the money kept coming in, everything was lovely between these far-flung witnesses and Uncle Dee, which was their pet name for the scourge of the underworld. When it stopped, however, and the Dewey office was unable to help *Liberty* sell their life stories to Warner Brothers for a movie, the girls began to get rough. In the middle of March, 1937, Luciano filed a motion for a new trial with affidavits from Nancy Presser, Mildred Harris Balitzer, and Cokey Flo Brown, in which they repudiated their previous testimony. Miss Presser said that she had spent most of her time in the prosecutor's office drinking liquor and listening to people shouting that they "had to get Lucky." Miss Brown went even further. Her testimony against Luciano was all made up, she said. Why, she had never laid eyes on the man in her life.

In spite of the fact that the motion for a new trial was denied, this ingratitude was discouraging, and so was the common report that most of the ladies had gone back to their regular work as soon as the heat was off. Mr. Hughes, it is true, wrote that one of them had "become a blooming bride after a year of hard work and clean living," but less roseate authorities were pessimistic. In fact, Samuel Marcus, counsel for the Society for the Prevention of Crime, was able to dig up Stone-Faced Peggy at an address on West End Avenue, where, with six assistants, she was established in a penthouse from which she was sending out cards to her old clients, announcing the arrival of "the latest fall neckware." This enterprise, according to Mr. Marcus, was partially financed with money Peggy earned as a Dewey witness.

The rest of Dewey's term as Special Prosecutor never rose to the dramatic level of the Luciano trial. Restaurant, poultry, and baking empires were overthrown, but, generally speaking, it was dry stuff, with no sex appeal and not much gunfire. It was not until December 31, 1937, when Dewey took office as District Attorney, that the fun began again. Richard Whitney, Jimmy Hines, Fritz Kuhn, and Lepke were all men of substance in one way or another, and lent themselves well to florid treatment both by Dewey and the newspapers.

The Hines case—the only one, incidentally, which the District Attorney prosecuted in person—was probably the best, with its rumors of bodies done up in concrete and sunk forever in the East River; its suggestion, always agreeable to the public, that every member of Tammany Hall is on the payroll of the underworld; and its remarkable cast of characters, including the beautiful Hope Dare, who handled Dixie Davis's laundry, and the fantastic Abadaba, who could do quadratic equations in his head.

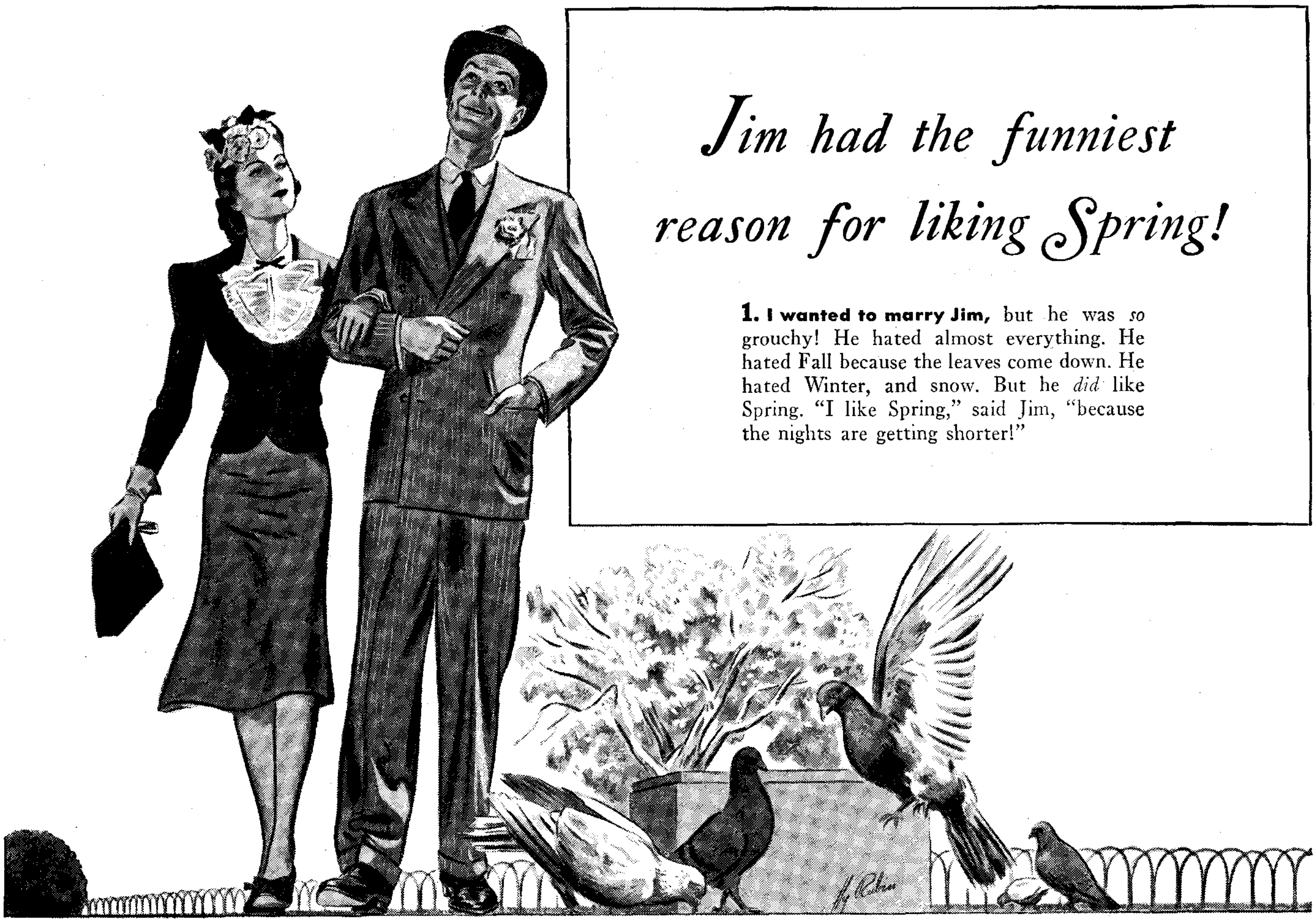
In this case, too, Dewey was conspicuously gentle with the witnesses for the People. Not only was Davis permitted to leave his cell and go visiting whenever he felt like it, but later, when the first effort ended in a mistrial, he and two other witnesses, George Weinberg and Harry Schoenhaus, were removed from the Tombs—they had been complaining about the heat—and shipped out to a country club on Long Island, where they learned to play badminton. When that got tiresome, the District Attorney fixed them up with a private house in White Plains. It was here that Weinberg ungratefully shot himself with a cop's gun, to the irritation of the owner of the property, who claimed it had a bad effect on real-estate values.

For everybody except Weinberg, who was dead, and Hines, who got from four to eight years, the case ended happily. Davis was given a year, but the sentence was shortened on the ground that he had theoretically served half of it while held as a witness; Schoenhaus got a suspended sentence; and the District Attorney's office, which apparently had a persistent enthusiasm for belles-lettres, encouraged Hope and Dixie to write their memoirs for *Collier's*. They got $6,300 apiece. The policy game, according to reliable reports from Harlem, is still running just about the way it always was.

The Whitney and Kuhn cases also had their points (Lepke was rather an anticlimax because of the annoying circumstance that the G-men got to him first), but defalcation and propaganda are never as interesting as vice and gambling, and relatively they attracted less attention. Dewey's expenses as District Attorney from January 1, 1938, to the present have been $2,146,509.03, including $201,183.44 for "contingencies."

While all this was going on, Dewey heard the call to run as Republican candidate for Governor in the fall of 1938. He devoted over a month to the campaign, but was defeated by Lehman by a margin of approximately 67,000 votes. Undeterred by the fact that he had won only one elective office in his life, Dewey made formal announcement on December 1, 1939, that he was a candidate for the Republican nomination for President of the United States. Since then there hasn't been much of interest happening in the District Attorney's office, and during the past six months the boss has been absent some sixty-five days, though still, of course, on the payroll.

PEOPLE who have watched Dewey perform in court sometimes wonder how the same technique would work in larger fields. His manner before the bench is as exasperating as it is in pri-



Jim had the funniest reason for liking Spring!

1. I wanted to marry Jim, but he was *so* grouchy! He hated almost everything. He hated Fall because the leaves come down. He hated Winter, and snow. But he *did* like Spring. "I like Spring," said Jim, "because the nights are getting shorter!"

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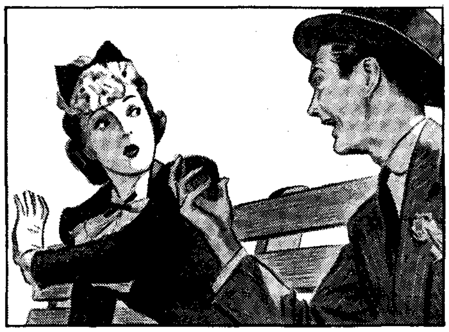
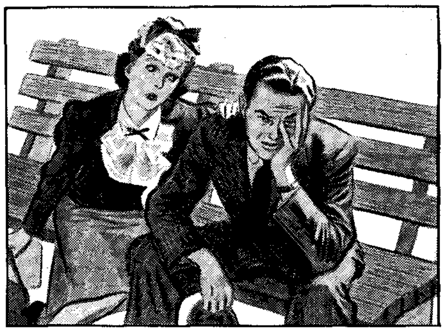
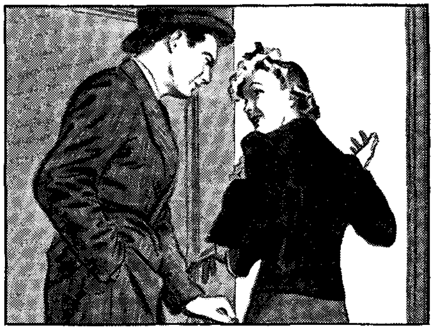


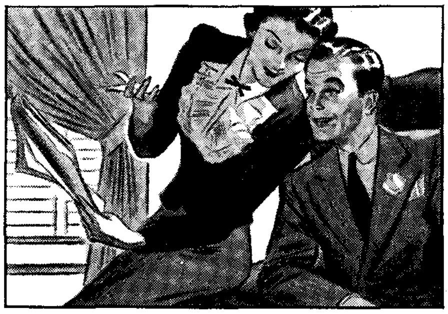
2. "He's gone crazy!" I thought, backing away. But: "I don't sleep well," he explained. "Long winter nights are terrible! But in the spring and summer the nights are shorter, and I don't have so long to lie awake!"



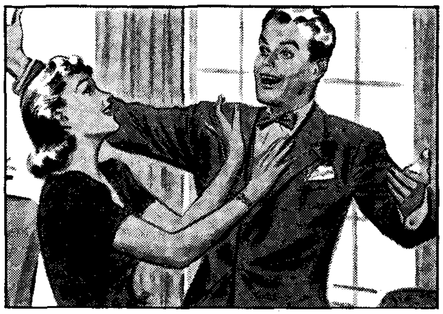
3. "What keeps you awake?" I wondered. "I'm not sure," he said. "Some people tell me it's coffee. But if it is, that's just too bad 'cause I'm a man who can't get along without it. I just *love* coffee!"



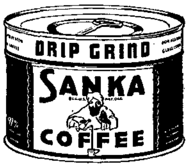
4. "It's not the coffee," I told him: "it's the caffein. Have you tried Sanka Coffee? It's delicious, and it's 97% caffein-free so you drink it and sleep!" "Who says I can drink it and sleep?" he grunted!



5. I found a Sanka ad. "Look," said I, "the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'."



6. That impressed him. So much so that he tried Sanka. No reason for not marrying the man now! He's as chipper as a June bug, claims he sleeps like a top, and seems to be in love with the whole world—especially me!



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Bert LAHR Ethel MERMAN
In a New Musical Comedy
DU BARRY WAS A LADY
COLE PORTER SONGS
with BETTY GRABLE—BENNY BAKER
46 ST. THEA., W. of B'way. Cl. 6-6075
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"IMMENSELY FUNNY"
says Atkinson in Times of
Gladys George
IN
LADY IN WAITING
with ALAN NAPIER
MARTIN BECK Theatre, 45th St., W. of 8th Ave.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Decoration Day & Sat. 2:40.

vate. A distinguished attorney, who suffered from it painfully in the Hines trial, says that the District Attorney seems to feel that any lawyer who would stoop to defend a man indicted by the Dewey office must either be a crook himself or else corruptly allied with criminal interests. If a ruling is unfavorable to the People, Dewey will rise from his chair, slow and aghast, the blood mantling his neck, and cry, "Do you mean to say that the Court will not allow the District Attorney of New York County," etc., etc. During the first Hines trial, while the policy broker Spasm Ison was on the stand, Dewey sat slumped in his chair, pretending to read a Harlem dream book. Occasionally, without rising, he would drawl, "I think I'll object to that," and once, to Justice Pecora's indignation, he varied this formula. "I suppose it won't do any good," he said wearily, "but I think I'll object."

It is also part of his system to make the jurors feel that they are part of the prosecution, not a difficult feat with a blue-ribbon jury, which usually imagines that it has been divinely appointed to convict, anyway. When opposing counsel scores a point, Dewey turns to the jury and beats his breast to let them know that the People are being crucified. When an attorney for the defence says anything derogatory about him or any member of his staff, he objects thunderously to "this insult to the representatives of the People of New York," a classification, of course, including the jury. Sometimes, when things aren't going too well for his side, he is apt to stifle a yawn and saunter out of the courtroom for a smoke and a chat with the reporters.

Dewey's most annoying mannerism, however, is drinking water. He is one of the greatest water drinkers of our time, estimating himself that he gets away with more than three quarts a day, and he has learned that it is a wonderful way to harass the opposition. While Stryker was examining key witnesses against Hines, Dewey made many leisurely trips to the water-cooler near the jury box, filled himself a Lily cup, and ambled back to his table, looking bored to the edge of imbecility. This finally worked on Stryker to such an extent that the next time Dewey got up to get a drink, he waved him back to his chair, poured out a cup himself, and carried it politely over to the prosecutor's table. There can be no question that The Boy has mastered the art of getting on people's nerves.

After the second Hines trial, Dewey

The MESSRS. SHUBERT present
JIMMY DURANTE · RAY BOLGER
KEEP OFF THE GRASS
JANE FROMAN · ILKA CHASE
The New Musical—Cast of 100
BROADHURST THEATRE, 44th St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30. MATINEES Wed. & Sat., $1.10 to $2.75

"★★★★"—BURNS MANTLE, News
ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
in
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD'S
New Play
"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT"
ALVIN, W. 52 St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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Alice FAYE • Henry FONDA • Don AMECHE
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Any Day Any Seat to 1 P.M. 25c ROXY Children Under 12 Always 15c
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Starts Thurs., May 23
Deanna DURBIN
in
"IT'S A DATE"
—plus—
"TWO GIRLS ON BROADWAY"
Lana TURNER
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PARADISE
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GONE WITH THE WIND
GWTW will not be shown except at advanced prices . . . at least until 1941.
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ALL SEATS RESERVED
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UNITED ARTISTS RIVOLI Broadway at 49th Street
DOORS OPEN 9:30 A. M. • MIDNITE SHOWS

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HELD OVER—2nd WEEK
Vivien LEIGH • Robert TAYLOR
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It Takes 33 Separate Brews to Make a Single Glass of This Delicious Beer!

As thousands of beer lovers set down a cool, clear glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon, they say: "Gosh, how do they do it?"

Well, one swift answer is...33 *Blends!*... Not one, or two, or five, but 33 separate "brews" from 33 separate kettles!

Each brew is as fine as choicest ingredients and Pabst's 96 years of experience can make it!

But brewing is a *natural* process, and Nature never yields two brews that are exactly alike even with the same formula and strict scientific control. That's why Pabst goes to so much extra work and expense to bring together 33 separate brews in perfect blend–dictated by the Blue Ribbon formula.

As in the finest champagnes, coffee, tobacco, it's expertly balanced *blending* that gives Blue Ribbon its unvarying goodness.

The result is: America's Premium Beer... with a smoothness that is unique . . . and a taste that is always the same.

Sometime today, have the pleasure of meeting Blue Ribbon.

A BRAND NEW BONNET WITH A BLUE RIBBON ON IT

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BLUE RIBBON
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It's the **BLEND** *that Betters the Beer*

Try **Pabst Blue Ribbon** *and Prove it*

First in the Homes of America — and the Largest Selling American Beer in the Rest of the World!

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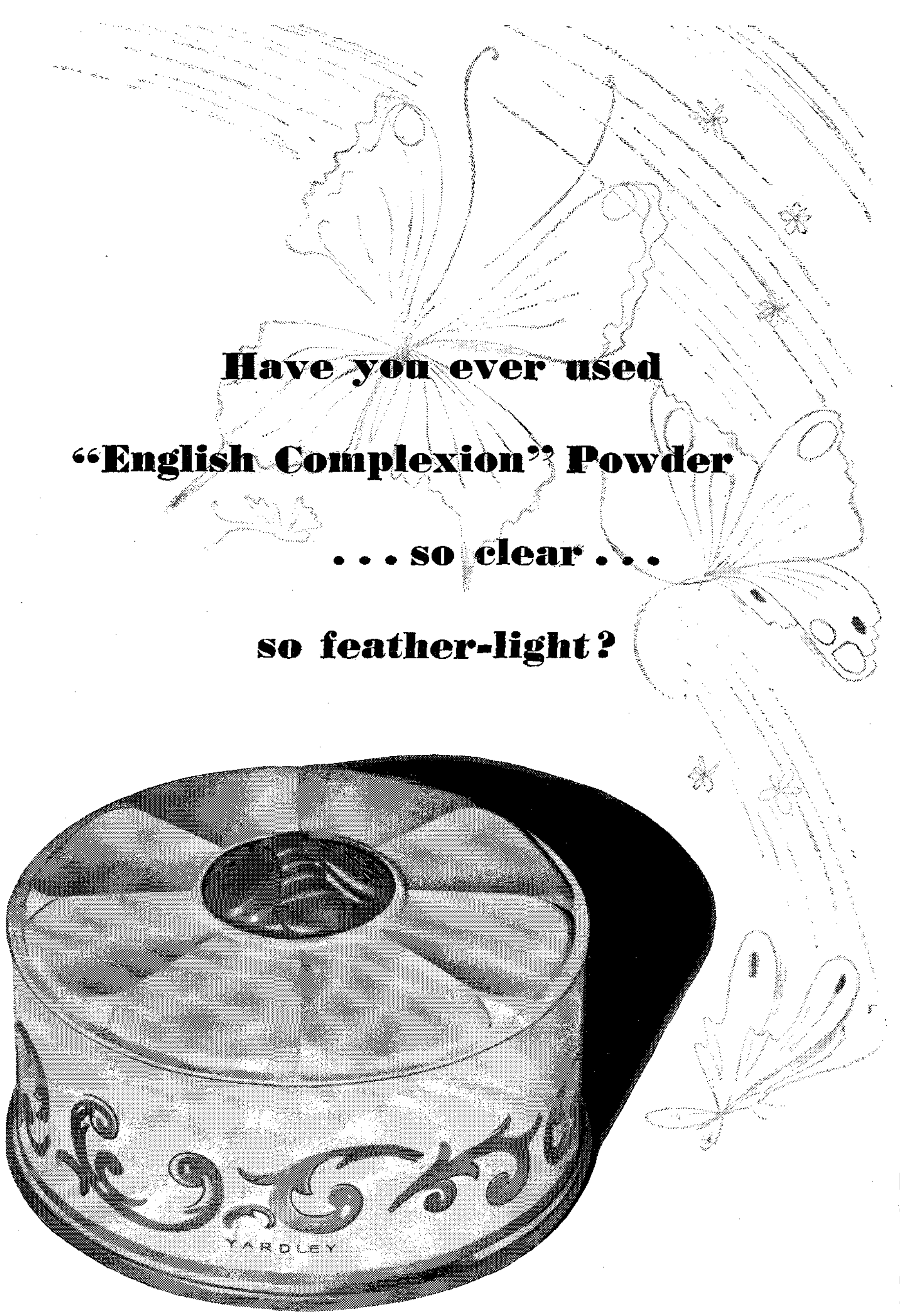

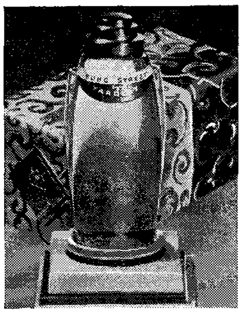

YARDLEY'S mist-blown "English Complexion" Powder is famous for a flawlessly fine texture that is most flattering. Because glamourous beauties from all countries of the world wear "English Complexion" Powder, YARDLEY has devised a shade to please every one . . . be you a warm-skinned Latin from Manhattan, or a cool young blonde from California. Delicately fragrant with "BOND STREET" perfume. At YARDLEY, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York, and at all good drug and department stores. **$1.10**

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"BOND STREET," *perfume of brilliant sophisticates, in sealed packages, $2.50, $4.50, $8.50, $13.50, in finer shops.*

If you will send 35 cents in stamps or coin to YARDLEY, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York, you can obtain a generous box of "English Complexion" Powder and a lovely little trial flask of "BOND STREET" Perfume. Write your name and address in margin and check shade desired. ☐ English Peach. ☐ Deep Peach.

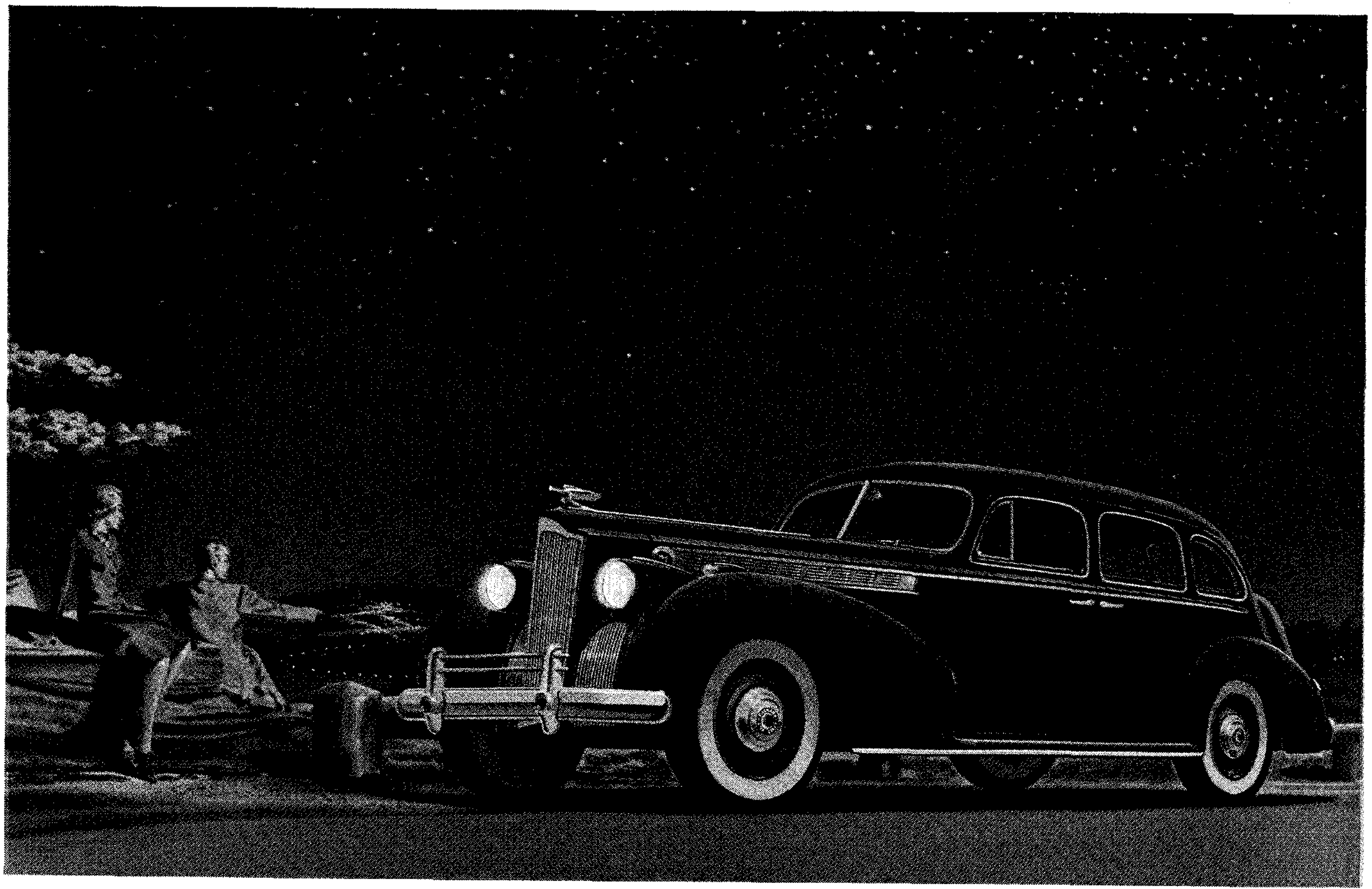
announced that he didn't propose to go into court again until after the election, but his technique is almost as effective in private life. His vanity is enormous, a fact of which he is aware and even rather proud (he once refused to appoint an otherwise capable man, saying seriously, "Why, he's as arrogant as I am"). When he was chosen to run for District Attorney on a ticket with LaGuardia, the Mayor suggested that it might be wise if he didn't have much to say to the papers until they had planned their campaign. "I can't do that," said Dewey. "My public will want to hear from me." Recently, when somebody asked him if he wasn't afraid that John T. Cahill's mounting reputation as a United States Attorney might come to eclipse his own, Dewey was reassuring. "No, I don't fear that," he replied earnestly. "After all, the public knows there was only one Lindbergh."

Last year, a former United States Attorney named Green was nominated by the Republicans to run against Mayor Kelly in Chicago. Green was the prosecutor who sent Capone to Alcatraz for income-tax evasion, and consequently he had a local reputation as a gang-buster almost equalling Dewey's. Since his campaign against the corrupt Kelly-Nash machine was based on the need for divorcing crime from politics, the same war whoop that Dewey had been finding so useful in the East, Green's backers thought it would be helpful if the New York prosecutor came to Chicago and made a speech endorsing their man. Dewey declined after some thought. "There's only one thing that would pull Green through," he said, "and that's if I went out there." "But if I did," he continued, "everybody would know what had happened. I think the people of Chicago would resent having me come out there and elect their Mayor."

Dewey reached his peak, though, in the reply that went back to Anthony Eden, who, on his trip here in December, 1938, said that he would like to meet New York's celebrated crusader. The man who tried to arrange the interview got a brief telephone call from Dewey's office. "I have your message to Mr. Dewey," a voice said. "He has asked me to tell you that he will be glad to meet Mr. Eden if he will call at the District Attorney's office on Centre Street."

THE advent of the Deweys would certainly mean a new era of simplicity in official Washington society. Mrs. Dewey, who once sang in a road

Passport to "seventh heaven"

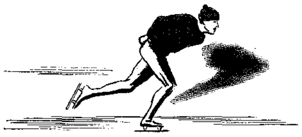


ILLUSTRATED: PACKARD SUPER-8 ONE-SIXTY TOURING SEDAN, $1647* (WHITE SIDEWALL TIRES EXTRA)

For you who like to own a car you can love, cherish and take pride in . . . the keys to this new Packard Super-8 One-Sixty will be a passport to the "seventh heaven."

Those keys will set in motion performance . . . power . . . nimbleness . . . comfort . . . that you never thought possible.

Humming softly beneath its long, low, racy hood is the most powerful 8-cylinder motor being put into *any* American passenger car today! 160 horsepower! *More horsepower per pound of car weight* than *any other* car on America's highways.

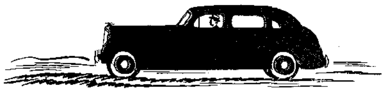


And this new Packard One-Sixty is as nimble as a star skater on smooth ice! Its pickup is uncanny! In less than 21 seconds it sweeps the speedometer needle from five to 60 miles an hour!

ST. LOUIS 52 MI.

It's stingy with gasoline, too. In miles-per-gallon, it runs almost nose-to-nose with cars weighing *hundreds of pounds less,* and with *20 to 25 less horsepower!*

You have to ride in this new Packard One-Sixty to learn what riding comfort can really be like! Rough roads, bumpy roads, rutty roads . . . you take the worst of them in stride . . . even at high



speeds! And through it all, the handling ease will astonish and delight you.

And last—but far from least—this great car costs even less than last year's Packard Super-8!

Your Packard dealer will gladly bring this car around to your door. We hope you will take the wheel yourself . . . for from that moment on, you'll never be satisfied with anything less than a new Packard One-Sixty!

Prices—Packard 110, $867 and up; Packard 120, $1038 and up; Packard Super-8 160, $1524 and up; Packard Custom Super-8 180, $2243 to $6300.*

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

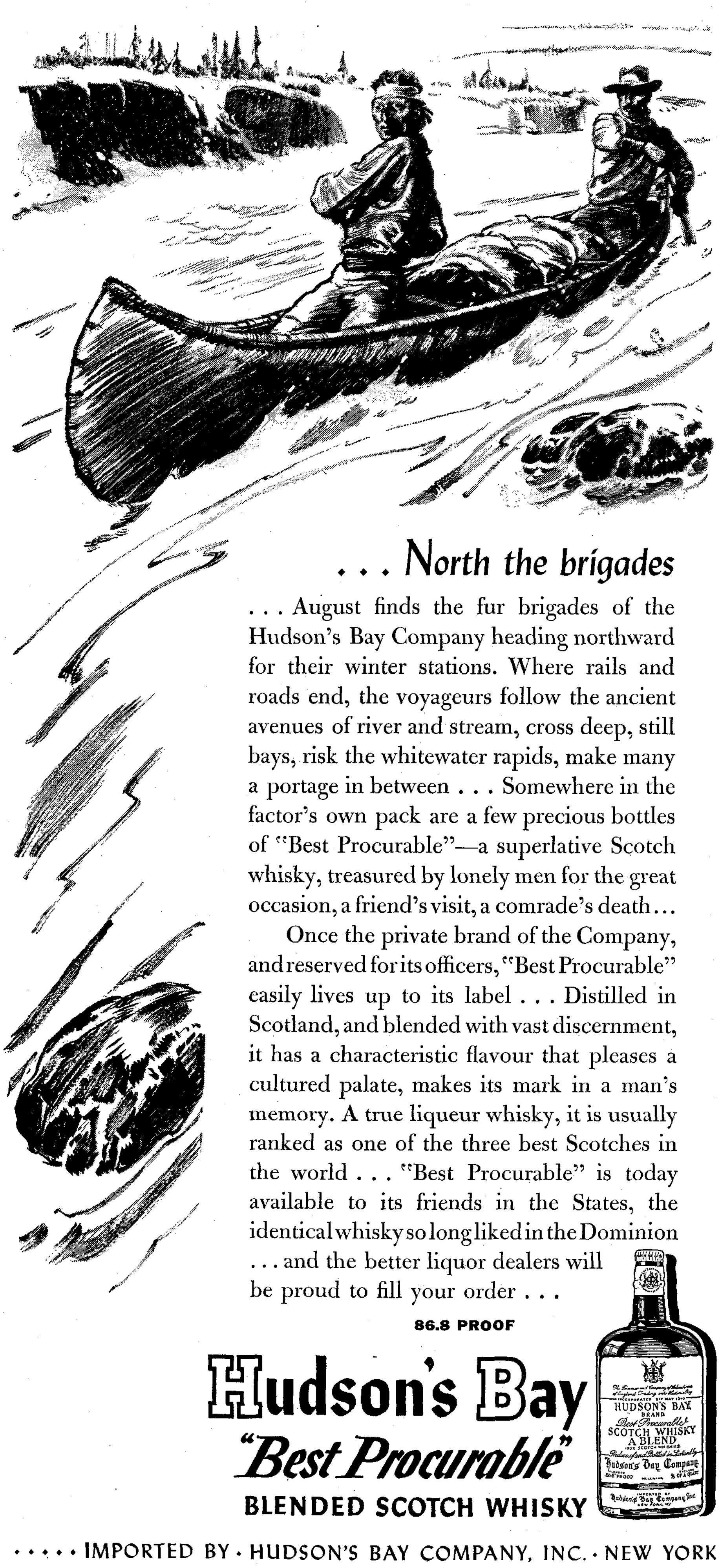
MADE FOR CONQUEST
L'ORIGAN BY COTY

company of "George White's Scandals," is probably not temperamentally opposed to a little gaiety around the place, but lately she has grown increasingly conscious of her responsibilities as the candidate's wife. Political topics are taboo with her and she is fairly cautious on all others, so conversation is something of a strain.

Dewey himself is simply a man with no time for comedy or other irrelevancies. His life outside his work is a little like the interval between rounds in a prizefight—a period of rest, therapy, and reflection about what to do next. He gets up at the same time every day, eight-thirty, and eats the same breakfast. His lunch, which he usually has at his desk, never varies either, consisting of fruit salad, a chicken sandwich on white bread, milk and coffee, cheese and crackers. He lets himself go at dinner, but not recklessly. He limits himself strictly to one package of cigarettes a day and, since repeal, two highballs at a sitting. During prohibition he never drank or allowed alcohol in his house. If he was offered a drink at a party, he would smile tolerantly and say, "No, you go ahead and have a drink if you want one. That's your business. None for me." He plays penny-ante poker with a nickel limit, and usually wins. His chauffeur, who used to have a job driving an old lady around, is right at home with him, because Dewey hates speed and objects to anything over fifty miles an hour, even in the open country.

The candidate is a great man for getting his sleep and always bundles Mrs. Dewey up at eleven-thirty and takes her home, no matter what's happening. He hasn't been inside a night club since his appointment as Special Prosecutor. To make up for this, the Deweys organized a private dancing group among their friends, hired an instructor and a small orchestra, and met regularly at one another's apartments for dancing parties. They did this for a season or two and then gave it up. It may have been too exclusive.

Dewey is terribly down on sculpture, but he says he likes all the other arts and is sorry he hasn't the time to get at them any more. He used to go to the opera quite a lot (he admires Wagner especially) and to the Sunday concerts at Town Hall almost every week. That's out now and so is the theatre. The only play he saw this season was "Ladies and Gentlemen," with Helen Hayes, whom he likes, though not as much as Ina Claire. When it comes to books, he reads history, biography, and mystery stories, volunteering that he's read just



. . . North the brigades

. . . August finds the fur brigades of the Hudson's Bay Company heading northward for their winter stations. Where rails and roads end, the voyageurs follow the ancient avenues of river and stream, cross deep, still bays, risk the whitewater rapids, make many a portage in between . . . Somewhere in the factor's own pack are a few precious bottles of "Best Procurable"—a superlative Scotch whisky, treasured by lonely men for the great occasion, a friend's visit, a comrade's death . . .

Once the private brand of the Company, and reserved for its officers, "Best Procurable" easily lives up to its label . . . Distilled in Scotland, and blended with vast discernment, it has a characteristic flavour that pleases a cultured palate, makes its mark in a man's memory. A true liqueur whisky, it is usually ranked as one of the three best Scotches in the world . . . "Best Procurable" is today available to its friends in the States, the identical whisky so long liked in the Dominion . . . and the better liquor dealers will be proud to fill your order . . .

86.8 PROOF

Hudson's Bay
"Best Procurable"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

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THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

To the Hills!

You're off to that storied land of woods and water.
Look in at our Camping Floor before you start.
That Ranger Tent above is made of waterproofed green Aberlite with sewed-in ground cloth, ventilator, hooded canopy and screening.
6 to 7 ft. long. $27.50.

SPEEDMASTER STOVE—portable single burner for gasoline. Fuel cannot spill. Made with heavy brass, nickel-plated fount. $5.95.

SKYLINE SLEEPING BAG—Light, water-repellent sailcloth filled with northern water-fowl down. $22.50.

NICK-NACK BAG—for small necessities. Large front pocket. Made of brown duck. Adjustable shoulder strap. $3.

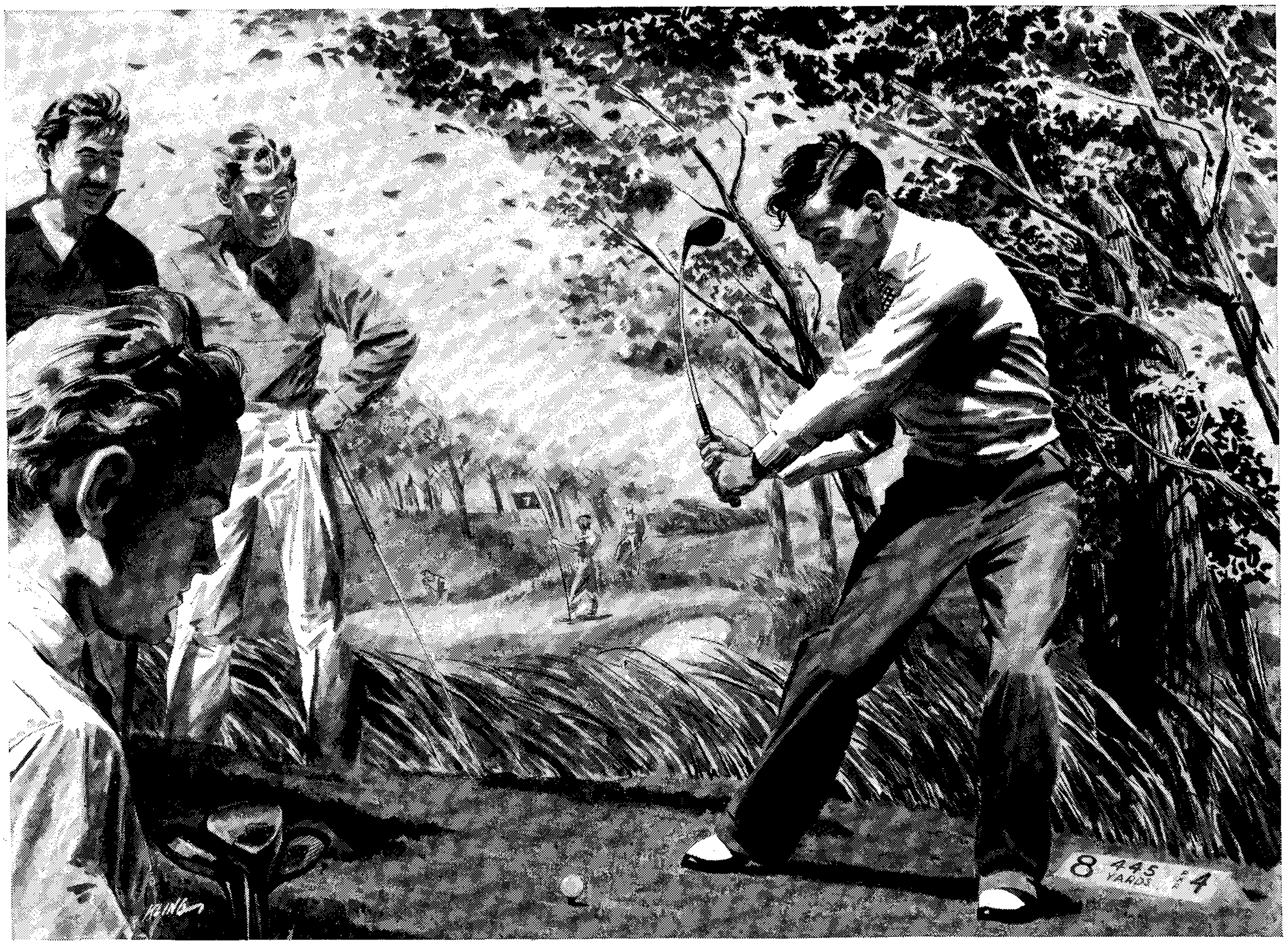
MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

CHICAGO: VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE, 33 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE

about all of Edgar Wallace. The only books currently visible in his office are *Who's Who in America* and "Debate Outlines on Public Questions." Dewey has even given up his own singing except for rare duets with his wife and a rich, baritone solo now and then in the bathtub, where he sings the Prologue to "Pagliacci," but he still gets to church. When interviewers ask his press secretaries how often he manages to get there, they say, "Not as often as he'd like to—about once every month or so." When they ask Dewey the same thing, he thinks it over for a while and answers, "Not as often as I'd like to—about once every month or so." Incidentally, while the candidate has only two official publicity men, at salaries of $6,500 and $5,000 a year, practically everyone in the office these days is coöperating with the Republican Party, including many of the Assistant District Attorneys. Considered on a man-hour basis, it is probable that the people of New York are spending $500 a week to send their prosecutor to the White House.

In winter the Deweys live in an eight-room apartment at Fifth Avenue and Ninety-sixth Street, which has nothing remarkable about it one way or another. Their elder son, Thomas, Jr., who is seven and a half, goes to a private school, although both his parents can hardly contain their admiration for the public-school system. John, four and a half, hasn't started yet. For the past three years, the family have been spending their summers on a 300-acre farm near Pawling, which Dewey bought last year. Before that they went to Tuxedo, until Dewey discovered that his neighbors led a "manicured existence." "Between you and me," he says, "that Tuxedo crowd is a bunch of snobs. I want my children to grow up with farm children." At Pawling, Dewey gets up early to go riding with Lowell Thomas, who more or less sets the social and intellectual pace for the colony. After that, he has the standard breakfast and then plays golf, shooting around a hundred, usually with Carl Hogan, a Madison Avenue furniture dealer and probably Dewey's closest friend; Kenneth C. Hogate, publisher of the *Wall Street Journal*; and Ralph Reinhold, publisher of an architectural magazine called *Pencil Points*. He plays earnestly, watching his opponents like a hawk so they won't try to chisel on their scores. Sometimes he plays softball with Thomas's Nine Old Men. He used to pitch, but he always tried to strike out the batter, and, as the game is played mostly for fun, they shifted him to second base. There is quite a lot of visiting



The average golfer fights the wind

INTO A *SCREAMING WIND!*

It is shortly after noon on a blustery Saturday. Out at the Golf Club a fiendish wind whistles up the first fairway. It bends the young poplars that screen the players' bench and whips the loose trap sand into spinning tops of dust.

Two "business-men" golfers look out over the course.

"Man, look at that wind," says one. "I'm licked before I start, today. I'll be all over the course, lose a dozen balls and not get in till midnight. I wonder why it is I always *fight* the wind."

"You *press*, Bill, same as I do," replies his companion. "On a day like this I'm lost in a maze of inhibitions. The harder I try the worse I get and I usually end up a wreck. Let's get up a table of bridge."

In the locker room two other "business-men" golfers are talking. "How're you coming, Joe; nearly ready? There's a stiff wind out there today and we're hitting straight into it on the first hole. There'll be no four-iron on your second shot today. You'll have to take the old two-iron and *really hit it* to get home."

"That's okay with me Jerry—today. A couple of years ago a day like this would have had me down. Now I get more fun outsmarting a tough wind than playing on a calm day. Let's get going. I'd like to get in a few practice shots before we start out."

• • • •

There you see two sides of the great game of golf. The player who *knows how* to play the wind gets a thrill out of every minute of it—just as he does when matching his skill against any other weather hazard.

There's no game in the world like golf—when you take time to *learn how* to use your clubs. And there's no game that pays such big returns for so little time devoted to study.

Have you consulted your Golf Professional lately? He will help you select *the proper clubs for you.* He will teach you correct form and how to use each club correctly. If you are an advanced player he will remodel your game *without re-making* it.

Learn to play golf correctly. Then you won't have to be a golf wallflower on bad days. And you'll get a thrill out of this grand game that you've never had before. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.

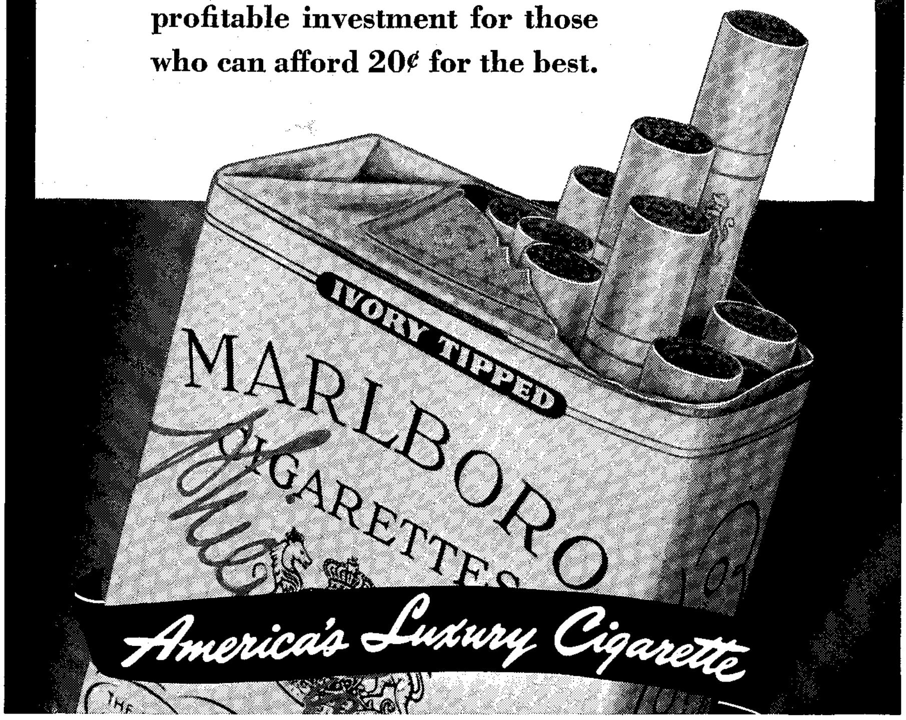
Give your natural ability a chance

Take Lessons from Your Golf Professional

INVESTMENT:

So little difference in price. So vast a difference in tobacco! A profitable investment for those who can afford 20¢ for the best.

IVORY TIPS
protect
the lips.
Also
plain ends.



A PRODUCT OF PHILIP MORRIS

Mr. Denis Conan Doyle

is a member of the world's
most popular after-shave club

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Your membership is invited

Son of the author of the Sherlock Holmes stories, Mr. Denis Conan Doyle is a noted world traveler, lecturer and writer. He says:

> **"Aqua Velva is one luxury I insist on taking everywhere. I have found nothing so cooling and refreshing—and it leaves my face softer and smoother than anything else I have tried."**

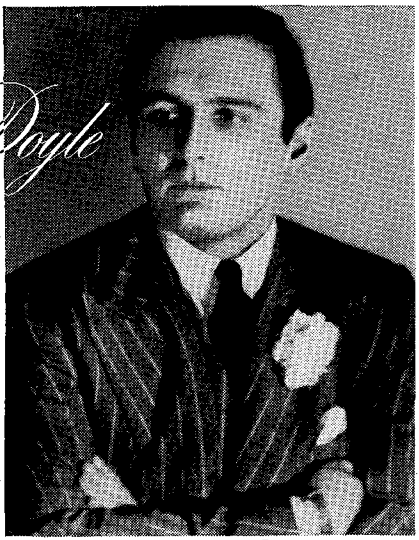
Denis Conan Doyle

Join the many distinguished men who enjoy Aqua Velva after shaving. Tangy and stimulating . . . cool as ocean spray . . . Aqua Velva is the world's most popular after-shave.

Electric shavers—use Aqua Velva *before* and *after* shaving for finer results.

Aqua Velva is a product of Williams, makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years. Try it today!

TO JOIN OUR CLUB, send us your name and address. We'll send a generous trial bottle of Aqua Velva. Write The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. AA-11, Glastonbury, Conn. Offer good in U. S., Canada only.



Williams
Aqua
Velva
AFTER SHAVE
lotion

around at Pawling, but no cocktail parties or other rough stuff. Altogether, it is a simple, earnest, and healthy way of life. How it would look to the British Ambassador or someone like Mrs. Longworth, there is no way of telling.

DEWEY's speeches have been described as the best that money can buy, and they are delivered in a voice that even Mr. Stryker has been obliged to admit is "quite an organ," but up to now nobody seems exactly sure what he has been talking about. Generally speaking, he is apparently for everything that's good and against everything that's bad, which naturally includes most of the activities of the administration. In spite of this vagueness—Raymond Clapper has written in the *World-Telegram* that most of the Dewey policies are about as mysterious as love—his campaign has been an astonishing success. As a candidate, if you care to listen to his admirers, he is a cinch for the White House. They see him as America in microcosm—the small-town boy who demonstrated to the people not only that the cities were as wicked as they had dreamed but also that wickedness is helpless when confronted with rustic purity. He is the hope of the world, the Plumed Gang-Buster. Berton Braley, a poet who once accompanied the Ford Peace Ship to write odes to Mr. Ford, has summed the District Attorney up lyrically:

> Let Dewey do it! And Dewey did.
> Dewey's "magic" was simply that
> He did the job he was working at!
> But do we duly do honor to
> The work of Dewey? We do! We do!

To his critics, this picture seems a little too rapturous. Some have complained that a man who spends a good part of his first year in office running for Governor and even more of his second and third running for President can't exactly be described as doing the job he is working at. Robert Moses, a forthright man, said frigidly that it seemed to him Mr. Dewey had "no manifest experience or probable qualification for the job," and Mayor LaGuardia, returning thoughtfully from a visit to "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," dismissed all the current Republican aspirants with the word "phooey." The Arab in William Saroyan's play called "The Time of Your Life" probably came closest to getting at what a good many people have been trying to say about the Boy from Owosso in his reiterated refrain: "No foundation. . . . No foundation. . . . All the way down the line."

—WOLCOTT GIBBS
and JOHN BAINBRIDGE

A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN

GEORGE's candy and cigar store was having an unusually quiet evening. He passed the time making chocolate syrup behind the counter while Manny Hirsch, who ran numbers for him, sat on the pinball machine putting the slips in order.

"This is a bad spot for a store," George said. "How you gonna make a living squeezed in between a schoolyard and a Salvation Army flophouse?"

"You tell me," said Manny. "You been doing it twenty years. If I had your dough, I'd retire and take the next boat back to Greece."

Then the boys came in. They filed singly through the narrow door: McNeill, Gillis, Castellano, Bloom—seven or eight of them. The ones who couldn't find seats joined Manny around the pinball machine. Their average age could not have been over nineteen, but two of them were smoking cigars. McNeill carried a ragged old softball.

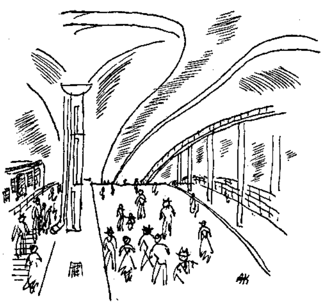
"All of a sudden I'm honored," George said. "Not a dime in the bunch of you."

"We got chased from the schoolyard. That lousy flatfoot Rizzuti," Bloom said.

"I'm ashamed of my nationality," said Castellano. "Dago bastard. Where the hell is a guy supposed to go on a Friday night?"

"Ever think of going to work?" Manny asked.

"Maybe we don't want to go to a CC camp," McNeill said. "That don't mean every two-by-four patrolman got a right to chase us off public property. If he done that down Houston Street, they'd tear his arm off and beat him to death with it. I don't see why we stand for it up here. My old man pays taxes."



"He ought to pay a nuisance tax on you," Manny said.

"Shut up, Hirsch. Where the hell is a guy supposed to hang out after nine? Do they want us to go to bed with our Teddy bears? They don't want you in the Park, they chase you off the corner, next thing you know they'll be telling you what size shoes to wear. Who's he think he is—Mussolini?"

"This is a good country," George said. "You boys don't know what you got here. Another year of war on the other side and you'll all be working."

Manny Hirsch pointed to one of the signs above the counter: "Don't Talk War." George had printed it himself about a month before when two customers got into a fist fight and broke the side of his showcase. Now he shrugged and returned to mixing the syrup. The boys looked set for a long stay.

"Why don't a couple of you take some chairs and sit out front on the sidewalk?" he said. "This supposed to be a place of business. I got to have room for some customers."

Castellano and two others took chairs and set them around the newsstand outside.

McNeill placed a nickel on the counter and squeezed the softball into one of his pockets. "I'm a customer," he said. "Give me a milk shake."

"That reminds me," said Manny. "I was talking about you to a guy from Jersey City runs a semi-pro club there. Said he'd give you a tryout. If you're going to play softball, why not pick up three bucks for the evening? This is his card."

"Thanks," McNeill said. "I think I'll look him up."

"What do you mean, you think?" George said. "Go ahead, maybe you'll gonna be champion, beat Joe DiMaggio, get your picture in the paper. I'll paste it in the window. Who can tell? This is a wonderful country."

"Not with that bastard Rizzuti around, it ain't," McNeill said.

George placed the milk shake on the counter. "I don't know what's the matter with young people today," he said. "You got no ambition."

"I got an ambition," Bloom said. "I got an ambition to get the hell out of New York."

"Get out and do what?"

"Get out and get out. Nothing. Get out and get my teeth sunburned."

"Three dollars for playing softball," George said. "In Greece a man works two weeks for that. In Greece you buy a suit of clothes for three dollars."

"Why'n't you go back there?"

"You don't understand. I like it here. You wouldn't kick neither if you knew what was good for you. In Greece, Rizzuti could lock you up if you looked at him cockeyed. Go offer me six million for my citizenship papers. See if I take it."

"Go offer me five thousand for mine," Manny said. "Offer me three. Watch me sailing off to Greece and every other place. Jeez, imagine me in Madagascar with a country full of nudniks who don't know from a hole in the ground. Man, I'd get my three thousand back in six months just off pinball machines like this one. Sounds like a pipe dream, don't it? They laughed at Owney Madden."

Bloom said, "Who laughed at Owney Madden?"

"They all laughed."

"I'm still laughing," George said.

"Offer me fifteen hundred. Offer me a thousand. Man and boy, would I show them what matzoth balls are made of? Ask me, would I? Don't tell me I got no ambition. If I had your bank roll, I'd multiply it so fast we'd have an armored truck going all day. Why don't you loosen up, George? Why don't you loosen up and blow me to a Turkish bath tonight? Massage some of your fat off." Manny had been working up to that for some time, and when he saw George go silently back to the chocolate syrup, he took his coat and left.

IT wasn't the same without Manny. The boys on the sidewalk took to reading detective magazines off the rack and looking at the pictures in *Life*. The boys inside played a few listless rounds on the pinball machine. George made several attempts to get rid of them, even forced Bloom to sweep up. Then Rizzuti came by and knocked on the door. George opened it.

"Get these guys in off the sidewalk," Rizzuti said. "Salvation Army people complained about the noise."

"We got a right to sit here," Castellano said.

"Sure you got a right. All the same, you're getting the hell in. Listen, George, either you keep these lunks inside or send them home where they belong."

Rizzuti waited until the boys had carried their chairs in. He didn't know whether to disregard their mutterings or catch what they were saying and actually run a couple of them in for abusing an officer. He was morally certain that the group, or some part of it, was responsible for the increasing number of petty larcenies on his beat. The previous night a whole case of milk had been lifted off a wagon.

"Rizzuti, I gonna give you a piece from my mind," George said. "These boys are citizens of the United States same as me and they got a right to sit out there as long as they want to. One

TINTED to blend with your skin!

Summertime DUSTING POWDER

Suave, new Dusting Powder *tinted* a heavenly Dresden color to *blend* with your skin . . . so that you *look* as *soignée* as you *feel* after your bath! (Also in cloud *white!*) Summertime Dusting Powder, scented with Summertime Fragrance, in huge box with luxurious puff, $1.00. At fine stores. *Also salons below:*

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Charles of the Ritz
NEW YORK

of them Salvation Army drums makes more noise than the whole bunch together. Whose store front is it, anyway? Why don't you go catch Al Capone? He's loose again. Why don't you go catch Hitler? Just for that, I gonna keep open another half-hour, give these lunks a place to sit. They ain't no lunks. If I got the time, I go see McNeill play softball before I buy tickets again for your lousy firemen game."

"Keep talking," Rizzuti said. "Now I'll know where to look for the neighborhood fence. No chairs on the sidewalk, that's all I got to say." He went away.

"What's a neighborhood fence?" George said.

"Look at him cross that gutter," McNeill said. "Like he owned it. Down in Houston Street they'd cut his heart out and send it to the Precinct in a tin can. Down in Red Hook they'd rip the brassière off his sister and choke him to death with it. *We* sit here and take his guff."

"Leave his sister out of this," George said. "How you know? Maybe she's a nice girl. That don't mean I got to take his guff. You hear me give him a piece from my mind? Whose store front is it, anyway?"

"In Red Hook," said McNeill, "they'd break his teeth out, one by one, and hammer them into his skull."

—EDWARD NEWHOUSE

•

For the next five minutes there was no entry. The battle was on. Then:

"13.45 hours: Second single fighter dropped in flames."

A minute later the diary noted that the formation had come down to 10,000 feet. The report added: "Visibility good. Rear gunner reports one more M. E. 110 (Messerschmidt pursuit type) shot down."

"13.50 hours: Another M. E. 110 seen falling out of control."

"13.51 hours: Battle over. Rations consumed. All quiet."

Butterflies sometimes fly at birds that have invaded their domain.—*Cleveland Press.*

Don't they just!

•

A MANTLE FALLS IN SPRING

Tom Gill . . . more than any other present-day writer of romantic fiction dealing with the great outdoors, deserves the mantle worn so long by the late Zane Grey.—*From the spring catalogue of G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

Prediction for 1940: The mantle of the late Zane Grey will fall on Ernest Haycox, of "Stage Coach" and "Union Pacific" fame.—*From the spring catalogue of Little, Brown & Co.*

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Relax this summer on our 40,000 acre cow outfit. Ride, shoot, fish, swim in Wyoming mountains with select, restricted group. 19th season.
For information write ANDREW ANDERSON
A BAR A RANCH, ENCAMPMENT, WYO.

MY PLAN

I WAS dragged to a luncheon the other day at which one of the head radio executives of the country got up and made a speech, giving away some of the secrets of the broadcasters. The networks, he said, had to be mighty careful of what sort of predicament the characters on the daytime serial programs were allowed to get into. For instance, he said, if they should rashly depict a lonely lady, bedridden, threatened with eviction unless she immediately raised $1,000, the mail and the wires would immediately produce much more than that amount from sympathetic, if balmy, listeners.

Probably the officials are right, but before they put the ban on, I believe they should make one big stab. They should build up, by several weeks of 4 P.M. magic, the character of Merle, a lovely golden-haired little girl of twelve, daughter of a widowed, unemployed concert *tousseuse.* Finally, Merle falls ill of a dreadful ailment which can be cured only by Dr. Jensen, the famous Copenhagen surgeon. He, however, is held prisoner in Denmark, and only the end of the war with the defeat of Germany will release him for the operation. Experts are called in—here there are exciting background noises of adding machines—and it is announced that the sum of $40,439,532,411 will be required: $40,439,500,000 will be required to lick Germany; $32,400 is Dr. Jensen's regular fee; $11 will go for the purchase of a second-hand bicycle for Merle's use during convalescence. The total sum, it could be pointed out in a dramatic appeal, represents only $308.29 per capita for the people of the United States, all of whom, of course, are listening. There would be, if our radio man is to be believed, no doubt of the success of the fund.

Once the money was at hand—a matter of a day or two—there would be no need of going to war, Merle being pure fiction. The network would merely hand the money over to the Treasury; the figure is the amount of the National Debt at the end of the last fiscal year. The series would close abruptly with the announcement of a nationwide search for the little girl who most resembles Merle in perfect health. —C. O.

•

I number among my friends an actress who retired to rear four children, two schoolteachers and the proprietor of a small grocery store.—*Reader's Digest.*

It's a cinch she'd *have* to retire.

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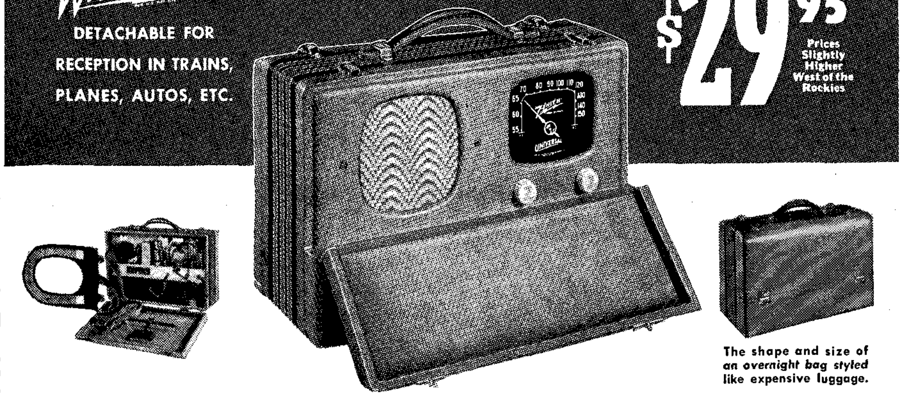


The shape and size of an overnight bag styled like expensive luggage.

The ONLY PORTABLE RADIO Guaranteed to Play Where Other Portables *Fail* . . . or Your Money Back

Engineers of the Zenith Radio Corporation *again* give you a most remarkable invention . . . the *Patented* Detachable Wavemagnet in a portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Under all ordinary circumstances it works without outside aerial . . . without outside wires or ground.

LISTEN WHILE YOU TRAVEL . . . PLAY . . . OR WORK

Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out reception.* The secret of why it works while others fail is in the *Patented* Detachable Wavemagnet, which is exclusive with Zenith.

Check up on your next train trip. See how many Zeniths are playing *well* . . . and how many other makes *fail* to do so. Your money back if *Zenith* fails.

And that's not all! At home, in the office, in hotels, if you want to save your battery, plug into any light socket . . . 110 volt AC or DC. That will automatically disconnect your battery and save it for outdoors or travel.

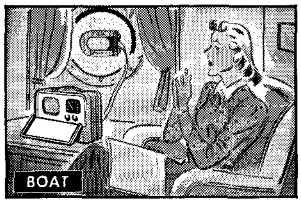
Has storage space for earphones (extra equipment) for use at ball games, fights or enroute where you want privacy in reception *without* loudspeaker. Headphones are excellent, too, for the hard of hearing.

UNDER NO OTHER NAME BUT ZENITH . . .

. . . can you obtain this radio or a portable that *is, has,* and *does* so many things! *Patented* Wavemagnet—built-in yet *detachable*—combination battery *and* lighting current operation—loudspeaker *and* earphone reproduction—adjustable to varying conditions—reception at home or travelling. Don't buy until you see and hear the Zenith Universal Portable at authorized Zenith Dealers everywhere.

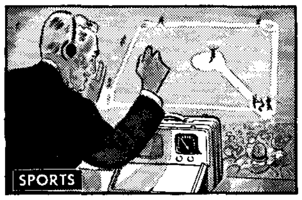
De Luxe Edition in genuine cowhide . . . priced slightly higher than regular airplane cloth cover.

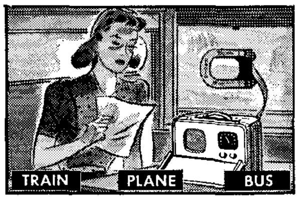
A NEW INVENTION



AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD ZENITH LONG DISTANCE RADIO

IT'S DIFFERENT





NEW APARTMENTS

More in Less

As I suggested last week, Lenox Hill isn't the only place to go to find those forward-looking apartment houses where everything possible is done to make life simple for you. They're cropping up everywhere and renting fast too, especially the choice ones. The assumption is that you won't mind paying rather handsomely for less space than you may be accustomed to, if you also get all manner of conveniences, an indulgent management, and freedom from the headaches of having servants around the house when you don't need them. A sound theory, I suspect.

This week I'll start down near Washington Square and zigzag north. If anything, the buildings on this half of my itinerary are more startlingly modern than those I've already mentioned on upper Park and Fifth. Most of them share with the more conservative uptown ones the joys of concealed radiators, master aerials, Venetian blinds, maid service (at your expense, naturally), soundproof this-and-that, and Muzak, and then plunge ahead to such fanciful extras as street doors with electric eyes, like those hypnotizing affairs at Penn Station, and darkrooms for photographers.

The management of 20 Fifth Avenue (9th) is proud of providing two exposures for all but its smallest units—the two-roomers, which start at $960. There are as many as five rooms in some of the apartments, and the top rental is $3,000. No matter what you pick, you'll have a stall shower, steel cabinets and an exhaust fan in the kitchen, generous closets, and a large gallery, or hall. The only real fireplaces are in the penthouse apartments, but they've built sturdy false ones with mantels into the others, evidently assuming that people like to lean against them. There isn't as much light as there might be in the apartments on the north side of the building because of the vast wall of the Fifth Avenue Hotel right across the way, but if you're out all day and sleep late Sundays, that won't matter. The other exposures are good and bright.

No. 50 Park Avenue (37th) ought to turn out to be pleasantly grand, what with windows and carpeted floors in all the public halls, a sun deck on the roof, valet service, and so on. The south apartments look out on the Union League Club, as dressy a view as you could hope to find, and the adjacent buildings are low on all sides, so you need have no fears about air and outlook. No fireplaces, but I find I don't miss them so much these days, which leads me to suspect that more spirit and imagination are being put into designing small apartments than there used to be. The apartments have from two to five rooms, and some of the larger ones sprawl like mansions. Rentals start at $960 and stop at $3,700.

Lindley House, at 123 East 37th Street, has apartments of two and three rooms only, which naturally limits the variety of its layouts, although step-down living rooms help liven things. They do a lot to make you comfortable and happy here: fast elevators, a roof terrace, good closets, dressing rooms, and cooking gas covered by the rentals. Don't overlook the two large storerooms in the basement, one for dead storage and one for stuff you want to be able to put your hand on. I was more than impressed by the windows, each of them with a trick pane which can be slipped out so that the window washer, by sticking his hand through the opening, can operate safely from the inside. Rentals start at $780 and go to $1,900.

You'll find that electric eye opening the door for you at the Bromley, at 139 East 35th Street. Pure gravy, too, because there'll be a doorman on duty twenty-four hours a day. As if the eye weren't excitement enough, they are installing elevators which you operate yourself and which fly up and down at the rate of 350 feet a minute, or some such exhilarating speed. Here, too, is a photographer's darkroom (fully equipped, mind you) and, for goodness sake, if you're shy on camera technique, the management will send you to a photography school up on Fifty-seventh Street—all for nothing. The WPA could do no more. Apartments in this little glimpse of the future rent for from $720 to $2,160 for from two to four rooms. Maid *and* linen service, too, if you want it.

They not only thought of everything in designing Lexington House, at 141 East 56th Street, but they've actually provided it—darkroom, sun deck, free cooking gas, radio outlets, Muzak, a maids' lavatory on each floor, mail chutes, and racing elevators. The apartments have from two to four rooms and, as usual, there are some with terraces. All have that fine new kind of casement window with a ventilating device to provide fresh air without drafts. Rentals are from $780 to $2,600.

No. 240 Central Park South, at Columbus Circle, is a twenty-eight-story world all by itself. There are two buildings—one on 58th Street and the other on C. P. S.—connected by a passageway and a row of shops, both with gardens on top of them. The management shouldn't have any trouble renting those corner apartments with balconies, especially at this season, when the Park below is bursting with buds. When I was there, Columbus Circle, too, was bursting—with orators and their audiences standing around limp American flags. I understand, though, that plans are under way to cut down on the speechmaking.

There are wood-burning fireplaces in most of the apartments above the sixth floor, even the one-roomers, and as you may have gathered by now, that's really something. There's a terrace and a solarium, both public, on the twentieth floor, and a corner up there will be set aside for children, which is the first notice I've seen taken of those phenomena. The apartments are from one to four rooms and rent for from $840 up, all the way to $4,500 for the most delirious eyrie.

Probably I should have included 170 East 77th in last week's installment; it's far enough up, anyway. It faces that lovely tennis club (open to the public) on the Goelet property, whose inviting red courts no player could resist. You may care less for the rear view at the moment (some tenements and a school), but wait till you hear. The management of 170 is painting these rear buildings white and adding a touch of planting. I hope they won't banish all the clotheslines, though; I like wash in the wind.

Think of being smart enough to surround facing terraces with one-way glass so that though you can see out, you can't see into your neighbor's home and he can't see into yours. There isn't a layout I didn't like; even the two-roomers with only one exposure have a balcony running outside from living room to bedroom. Beside these, there are three- and four-room arrangements and an interesting one called a junior four. Rentals are from $1,020 to $2,200.—K. C. B.

●

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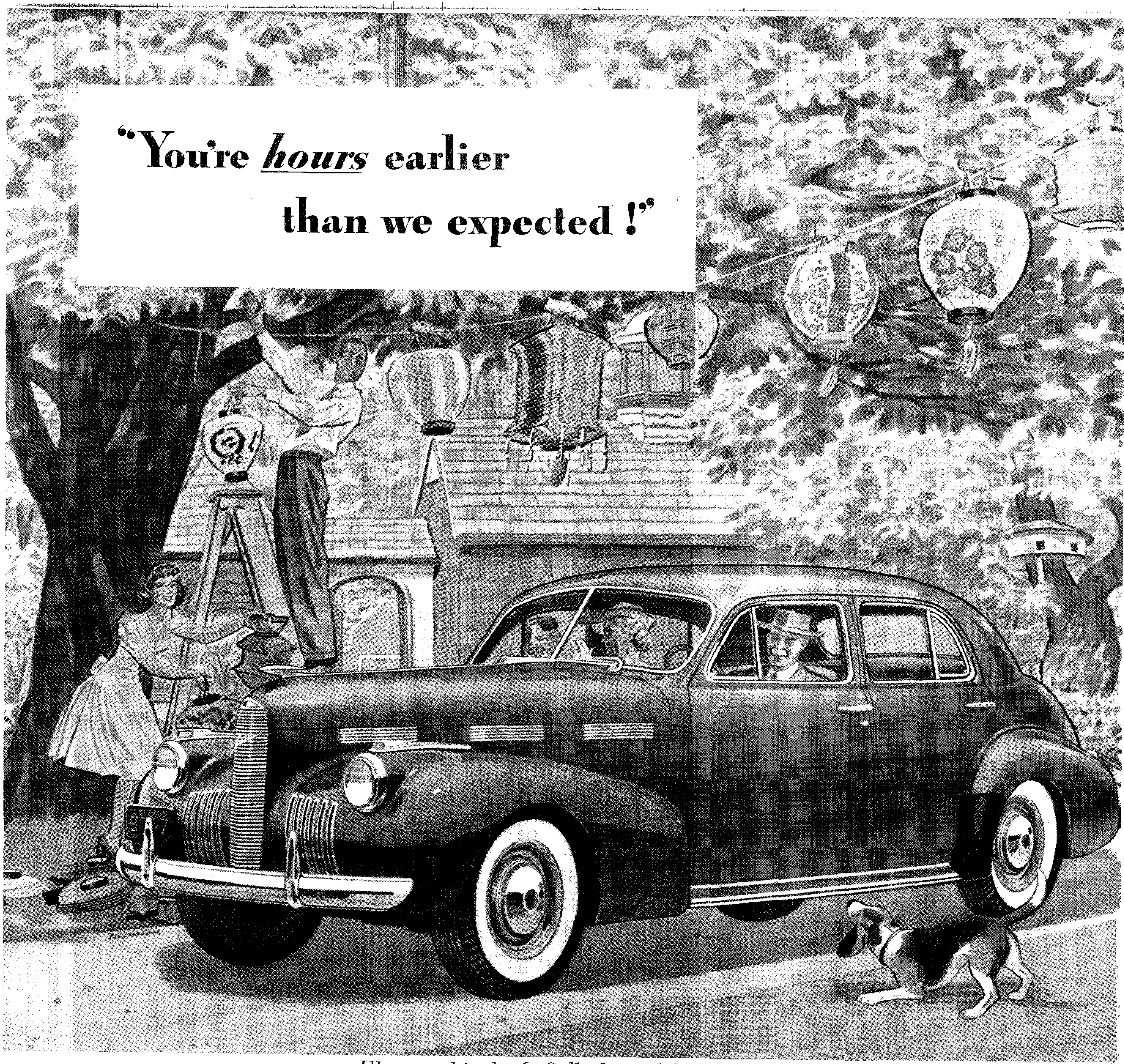

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The engine won't tell you—performance is uniformly smooth and silent all around the dial.

And fatigue won't warn you; there isn't any! LaSalle's progress is so steady and level that you *rest* as you ride. And handling is so easy that day-long driving is no more tiring than a run downtown used to be!

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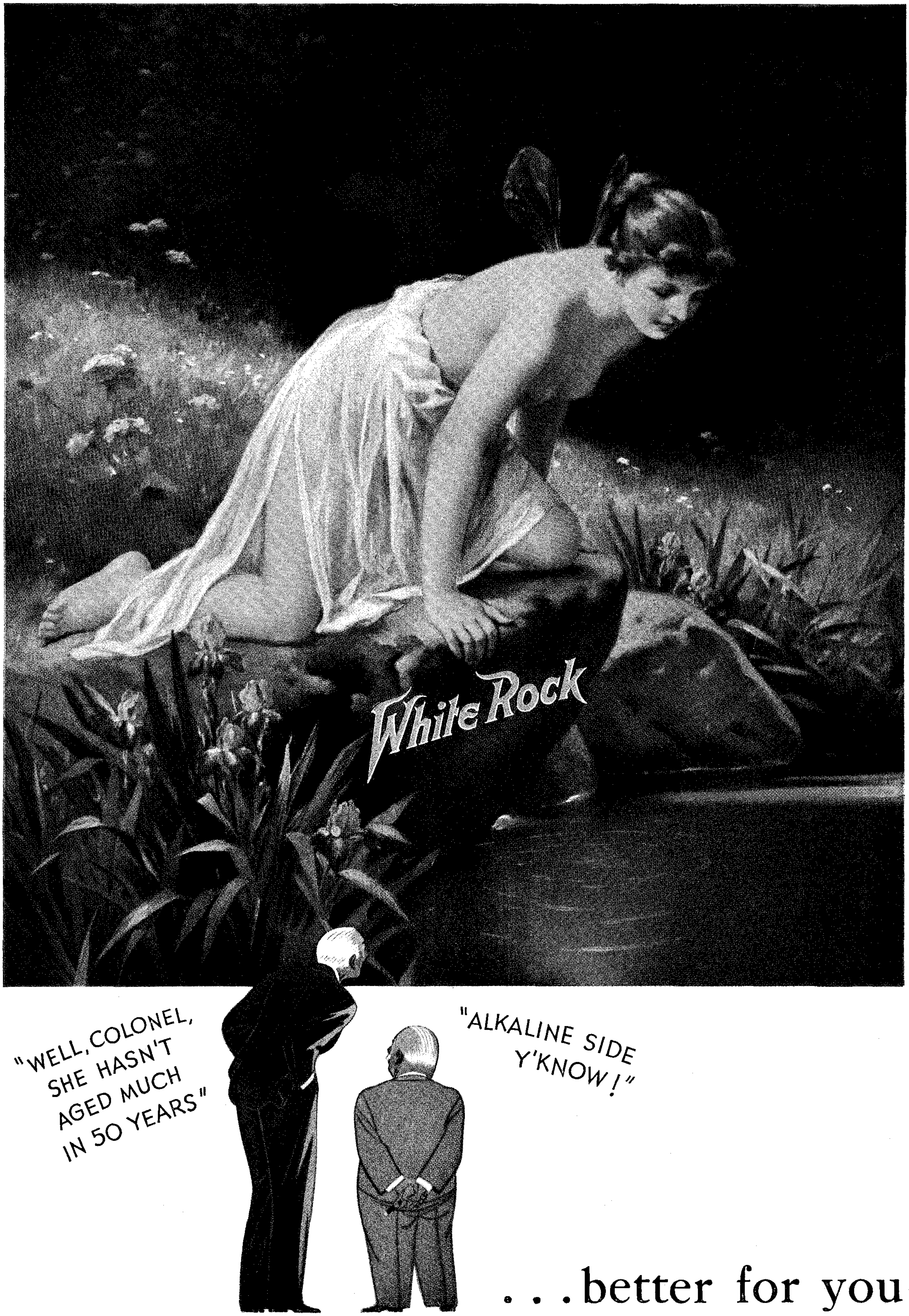
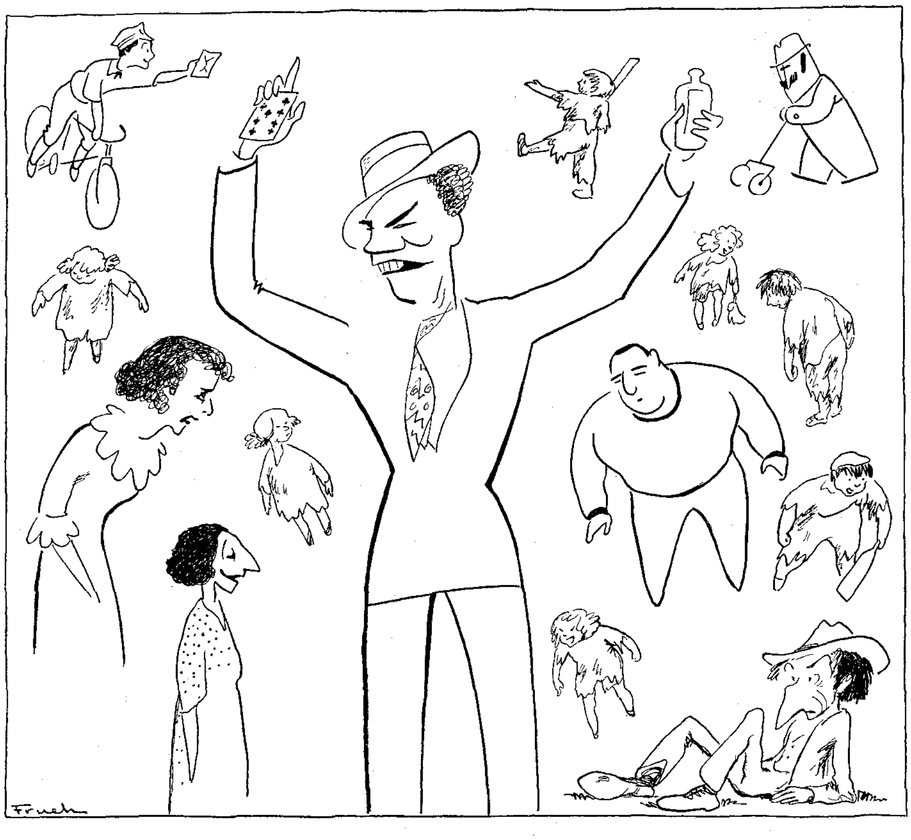

White Rock
"WELL, COLONEL, SHE HASN'T AGED MUCH IN 50 YEARS"
"ALKALINE SIDE Y'KNOW!"
. . . better for you

THE THEATRE

MIRACLE ON THE MEADOW

IT is hard to say just what a dramatic critic is supposed to be up to out at Billy Rose's Aquacade, that tankful of damp but exquisite American womanhood at the Fair. I can report that Mrs. Rose, recently the bride of the man who launched a thousand head colds, swims better than the average fish, being able to go just as fast on her back as she can on her front, and that she is handsomely supported by Buster Crabbe and roughly five and a half tons of what Mr. Rose still persists in calling aquafemmes, aquagals, and aquadudes. There are gigantic and wonderfully incomprehensible pageants or something played out against towers that threaten the Flushing sky, and songs, comedy sketches, and diving exhibitions that look at least as expensive as the Kohinoor.

Telling you all this, however, conveys very little of the real quality of the Aquacade, which is a baffling combination of great pictorial magnificence and rather winsome absurdity. The former probably reaches its peak in the marvellously synchronized maneuvers in the water, with the swimmers forming themselves into the most intricate designs without either drowning or missing a beat of the music; the latter was personified for me by a young woman in evening clothes, who stood in a puddle sullenly waving a small golden tennis racquet, not ten feet from the end of my nose. It made rather an attractive picture—the critic so warm in his overcoat, the actress so cold in her puddle—and it will remain one of my pleasantest memories of the Aquacade, if not indeed of the entire Fair.



“LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG”

Starting off down by Walter Huston's right leg, the lady with the pointed nose is Doro Merande, mother of all the tough little children; just above her, Jessie Royce Landis, a spinster; top left-hand corner, Peter Fernandez, a kindhearted Postal Telegraph boy; top right-hand corner, Angi O. Poulos, an American citizen; big man below him, Alan Reed, a wrestler; tired man on the ground, Arthur Hunnicutt, a “Time” subscriber. They are all in William Saroyan's new fantasy at the Plymouth.

I have no idea whether this year's production is better than the one we saw in 1939. Mr. Rose, inadequately described in his own program as a man who dares to dream great dreams, says it is, and I am willing to take his word for it, nothing in my career up to now having equipped me to compare prodigies.

I couldn't, I'm afraid, make a great deal out of “American Jubilee,” which is down the street a couple of hundred yards from Mr. Rose's little swimming pool. It is a cavalcade, or possibly a bouillabaisse, of American history based, by some mad process of selection, on the activities of Washington, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Jenny Lind, Lillian Russell, and Diamond Jim Brady. You are allowed to look at early automobiles, Rough Riders, ladies in hoop skirts, and other tender memories of our national youth, but none of them, it seemed to me, was as moving as the sight of Joe Jackson once again taking apart the most exasperating bicycle in the world. In spite of the presence of such handsome and talented people as Paul Haakon, Wynn Murray, Lucy Monroe, and Ray Middleton, and the rendering of pretty songs composed by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz, I am obliged to say that “American Jubilee” struck me as a stately imbecile.

“Streets of Paris,” an abbreviated version of last year's Broadway revue, is appearing at the World's Fair Music Hall. Gypsy Rose Lee, never a dressy or standoffish girl, has been added to the cast, presumably in line with the new spirit of informality.

IT is a tribute to George M. Cohan's position in the theatre that he can bore the critical brothers till their toes curl up, and get nothing from them except respectful sympathy. Written and performed by almost anybody else, “The Return of the Vagabond,” Mr. Cohan's sequel to “The Tavern,” would probably have got the same kind of embarrassing attention that Eliza got from the bloodhounds. As it was, the notices, while nothing a man would be likely to keep under his pillow, merely said that “The Tavern” was a wonderful play, that George M. Cohan was and is a wonderful man, and that, after all, God is about the only public character who doesn't make mistakes.

I have no intention of denying any

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*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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of these propositions, and would only like to add a couple of them. The first is that, while it may easily be a mistake to write a sequel to anything, it is almost fatal to try it with a fantasy, "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" notwithstanding. The second is that one William Saroyan is unquestionably enough for the theatre in any civilized nation. Since "The Return of the Vagabond" isn't with us any more, there is no point in telling you what all the shooting was about this time, or who was mixed up in it.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

CATALOGUE

Cats sleep fat and walk thin.
Cats, when they sleep, slump;
When they wake, stretch and begin
Over, pulling their ribs in.
Cats walk thin.

Cats wait in a lump,
Jump in a streak.
Cats, when they jump, are sleek
As a grape slipping its skin—
They have technique.
Oh, cats don't creak.
They sneak.

Cats sleep fat.
They spread out comfort underneath
them
Like a good mat,
As if they picked the place
And then sat;
You walk around one
As if he were the city hall
After that.

If male,
A cat is apt to sing on a major scale;
This concert is for everybody, this
Is wholesale.
For a baton, he wields a tail.

(He is also found,
When happy, to resound
With an enclosed and private sound.)

A cat condenses.
He pulls in his tail to go under bridges,
And himself to go under fences.
Cats fit
In any size box or kit,
And if a large pumpkin grew under one,
He could arch over it.

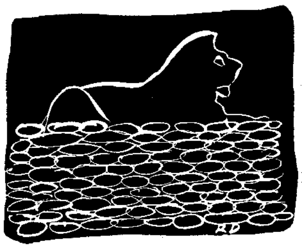
When everyone else is just ready to go
out,
The cat is just ready to come in.
He's not where he's been.
Cats sleep fat and walk thin.

—ROSALIE MOORE

LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 19 (BY CABLE)

THE last week has been a bad one, though not so bad as it may have appeared at a distance. The calmness and cheerfulness of the ordinary citizen aren't in themselves new or surprising, for to be long on both those qualities is part of the national character. Unless it is stiffened by a realistic comprehension of what it may be required to face, such an attitude is possibly as irritating to objective observers as the blithe unconcern of someone taking his usual constitutional along a cliff which everyone else knows is in danger of falling. What is new here is that last week many Britons for the first time felt the ground shake underfoot, and still remained calm and cheerful.



It is now clear to the man in the street, reading his paper as he goes home to the neat suburban villa which may soon be matchwood, like the villas near Rotterdam and Brussels, that Hitler is out to win in the next six or eight weeks by any means he can, several of which will be bad for the population of this island. Even the hitherto unbelievable fact that it really isn't an island any more and that invasion from the air is quite in the cards wasn't unbelievable after a bit. The fact has been accepted, along with the realization that Hitler will bomb London when it suits him, without worrying over the certainty that Allied bombers will immediately take off for Berlin. From the cold-blooded way in which parachute troops have been employed in Holland, it is suspected that the Führer must long ago have conquered his emotional distaste for the thought of dead Germans, a distaste which so interested Sir Nevile Henderson.

FOR the first day or two after the invasion of the Netherlands and Belgium, many people expected raids to start right away—possibly on London, certainly on English ports and airdromes. Now it is thought that the German fliers will wait until they have consolidated themselves cozily in their new Dutch bases, or until the full moon wanes, although, as a matter of fact, they have already shown a pronounced distaste for night flying.

Whatever people believe, they do not expect to be left in peace much longer; neither do they cherish any comfortable illusions about the situation at the moment. There is only one thing of which they are certain and that is that they and France mean to hang on and to win even though it will take, as Mr. Churchill has warned them and as they are beginning to believe, "many, many long months of struggle and suffering." If they are able to check Hitler's notion that a German victory can be accomplished in a few brilliant weeks, this dogged long-term way of thinking may turn out to be their best bet. The Prime Minister's short and trenchant speech, in which he told Britons that he had nothing to offer them but blood, toil, tears, and sweat, struck the right note with the public because it was the kind of rough talk they wanted to hear after months of woolly optimism.

ON the whole, Mr. Churchill's appointments have been popular, not the least being that of Lord Beaverbrook to the newly formed Ministry of Aircraft Production. It is hoped that the Puckish-looking little peer and publisher will make the figures of bomber production rise as successfully as he has the circulation of the *Express*. The appointment of Anthony Eden as Secretary of State for War pleased his supporters, who have clung to him loyally through a period of temporary political eclipse; his appointment, and that of Duff Cooper to the Ministry of Information, roused the German wireless to a fury of denunciation against the "British warmongers." Possibly the Eden promotion was no less unpopular in Rome, a thought which doesn't trouble the British nowadays, since they are convinced that Italy will be in the war before long anyway, possibly by next weekend so as to make a neat tieup for historians with the date of her entry into the first World War—May 24, 1915.

One of the results of the Churchill government's new energetic prosecution of the war, or so people like to think, was the sudden announcement that all German and Austrian men between the ages of sixteen and sixty were to be interned, a precaution which most Britons feel should have been taken long ago. Another order has restricted the movements of all aliens, enemy or otherwise, living in certain districts—mostly the East Coast counties, where Fifth

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Column saboteurs might be most useful in the event of invasion. Although people are sorry for respectable Scandinavian, say, or French residents who have probably lived here for years and suddenly find themselves forbidden to drive a car, ride a bicycle, or go out after eight in the evening, there's a general feeling that the government hasn't gone far enough with its internment of enemy aliens, inasmuch as it's possible that a man of sixty-one may be a perfectly effective agent. There are, moreover, even one or two people who remember a lady spy named Mata Hari.

IT didn't take long to get the machinery for receiving refugees going again; in the last few years there have been such terribly frequent opportunities for practice. When the trains came in last week, the loads of homeless people were sorted out in centres that had been used for the reception of Jewish children from the Third Reich. The newcomers were labelled, fed, advised, and taken to temporary billets by workers who had been through all the heartrending routine before with unhappy people from Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and Poland.

There's deep sympathy here for Holland and Belgium in their desperate plight, but, with the new realistic facing of the facts, people can't help remembering how Mr. Churchill's speech of a few months back, warning neutrals to take action before it was too late, was received with screams of anger and virtuous protest by those he was talking to. It is felt that if Belgium and Holland had had the moral courage to throw in their lot with the Allies right away, Brussels might not be in German hands or Queen Wilhelmina in London at this minute.

Perhaps it's worth recording that the British attitude toward the hope of American intervention is now one of weary but complete resignation to the belief that in this war the Yanks will not be coming. "Nothing will bring them in this time," people say cynically, and they are apt to grin as they read the latest solemn protest from the White House against German violence. To Britons living close to the facts of existence in Europe today, such protests sound like a note sent over by the neighbors complaining of the way a homicidal lunatic is carrying on in someone's garden, when it's obvious that a band of men with good stout ropes would be understood by the killer better than any amount of elegant phraseology. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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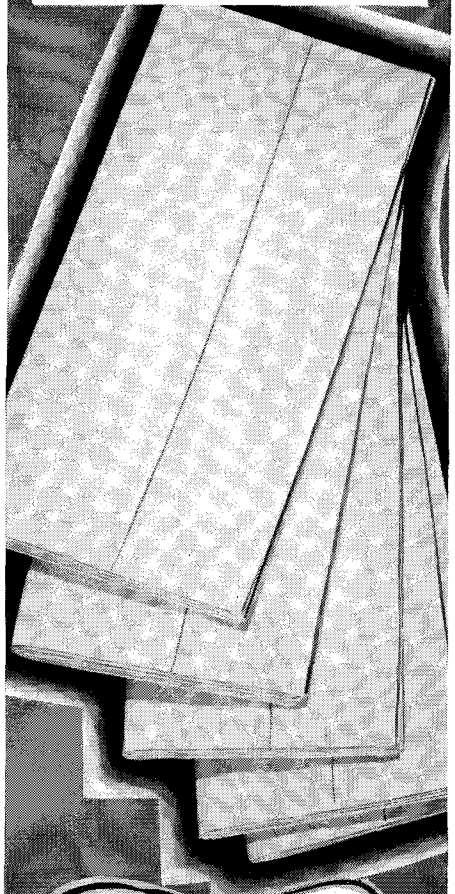

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•

Young King Leopold dropped the alliance with France in 1936 and kept his pledge to Germany that Belgium would remain neutral. It was the act of a perfect gentleman and of the world's worst guesser.

•

One weakness of the democracies is their habit of inventing things. America devised the airplane and the submarine, and Britain thought up the tank.

•

At this writing, Mussolini has a large army carefully watching the Alps. If the Swiss, with their insensate greed for power, try to start anything, they will find Italy prepared.

•

Senator Taft earnestly begs the voters to keep their minds on their homework. Now is the time to balance the budget, change the Wagner Act, and reorganize the WPA.

•

Those of us who are puzzled and dismayed by the state of the universe find ourselves in the best of company. Einstein admits that he does not understand the mystery of the cosmos, either.

•

Two Connecticut financiers who helped raise money for the enterprises of Coster-Musica have been acquitted of wrongdoing. The jurymen probably felt that it was bad public policy to punish bankers for saying "Yes."

•

Rush D. Holt's anti-Third Term drive has met with a sad casualty. The Democrats of West Virginia have decided against a second term for Rush D.

•

The reform wave in Brooklyn has reached down as far as Reles, or Kid Twist. He has assisted in many murders, but is now considering the idea of leading a better life.

•

All Americans should follow the splendid example set by Shirley Temple. Having acquired a competence, she steps aside to give some young person a chance. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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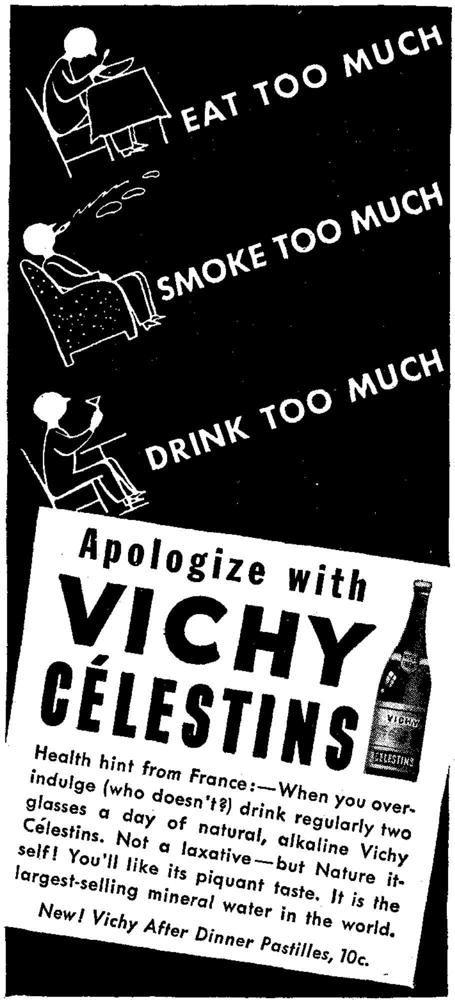
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LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 18 (BY WIRELESS)

THE Académie Française, working away on its great dictionary of the French language, this week completed its studies of the verb *"aimer."* At an auction gallery on the Rue Drouot, a fine 1734 edition of Molière sold for 12,500 francs. Sirens sounded at four o'clock yesterday afternoon, and hundreds of mothers led their children out of the Tuileries Gardens, where the young ones had been playing in the sun, to the shelters under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli; the children carried sand pails and sailboats, few of them cried, and the mothers did not hurry them unduly, for it is an axiom here that you must not frighten a child. No firing was audible, but the government reported this morning that sixteen bombers had been sighted, headed for Paris, and that four had been brought down.

The increased frequency of *alertes* and the near-blackouts in the evenings are the most obvious outward signs of the new seriousness of the war; truck-drivers and shopgirls and cobblers go about their business with the same calm as the Academicians. People, naturally, worry about friends or relatives in the thick of a battle which the newspapers describe as the greatest in history, but this is such a universal and troubling preoccupation among Parisians that it is regarded as unnecessary and inconsiderate to talk about it.

Another phenomenon of the present turn of the war is the comparatively large number of automobile drivers who head in the wrong direction on one-way streets and receive only courteous admonitions from the usually caustic police. The drivers are Belgian refugees, unfamiliar with Paris's complicated traffic regulations. Some of the Belgians' cars are small and old, with mattresses and household goods strapped on their roofs; others are sleek Chryslers and Minervas. The wealthiest refugees, having the most powerful cars, got here first, and Paris hotels were soon filled with characteristically large Belgian families. The children in such families seem to think of the exodus as a junket, while their parents worry about what they are going to do for a living when their cash runs out.

The poor, and therefore most numer-

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ON THE BOARDWALK • ATLANTIC CITY

ous, refugees are those who come by train. Among these are waxen-faced mothers dragging drowsy babies, and very old couples who remind you of New Englanders—respectable, reserved, and exasperated—lugging cowhide suitcases and parrot cages, and repeating, after an interval of twenty-six years, the great trek they made in the previous war, when they were already middle-aged. There are blonde doxies from the boulevards of Brussels who, when the fright and fatigue of the journey are over, stare hopefully around at the great city which they have read about in serials, and there are, of course, a great many nuns.

Committees for the welcome of Belgians meet them at the Gare du Nord and distribute billets for lodging and coupons for food. No men of military age get off the incoming trains, but there is a steady stream of soldiers northbound out of Paris—men who have been on sick leave and *permissionnaires* held here until the authorities could locate their corps in the great, suddenly imposed melee. The soldiers, like the refugees, are weighed down under duffels and cooking utensils and wine bottles, and many of them, also like refugees, carry little dogs. They go back, these components of various corps, without the lift that comes from mass enthusiasm, but as sure of themselves as riveters going to work.

THE real war cry of France in these difficult moments is "*Les salauds!*"—which means the Germans and is, as you probably know, emphatic and impolite. The impact of the Germans, especially the rapidity of the advance across the Meuse and the great striking power of the armored divisions, undoubtedly impressed the French, who had become so used to thinking themselves safe behind the Maginot Line they had forgotten that the northern frontier was protected only by the much more fragile barrier of two neutral countries and the bodies of men. The French, however, have never been frightened; the 1914 veterans in Paris say, with confidence, that though the Germans always strike hard to begin with, they sooner or later slow up, while the French hang on and on.

Last Thursday, though it was marked by a comparative lull on the front, was a day of black rumors among foreigners and café strategists in Paris: the Germans, people whispered, were practically in the suburbs. The rumors failed to affect the ordinary Frenchman, nor did they upset the experts, who say they are

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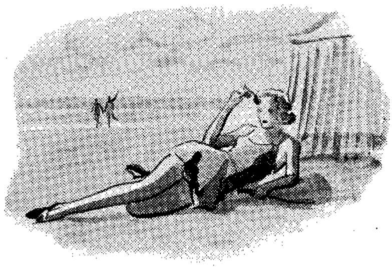

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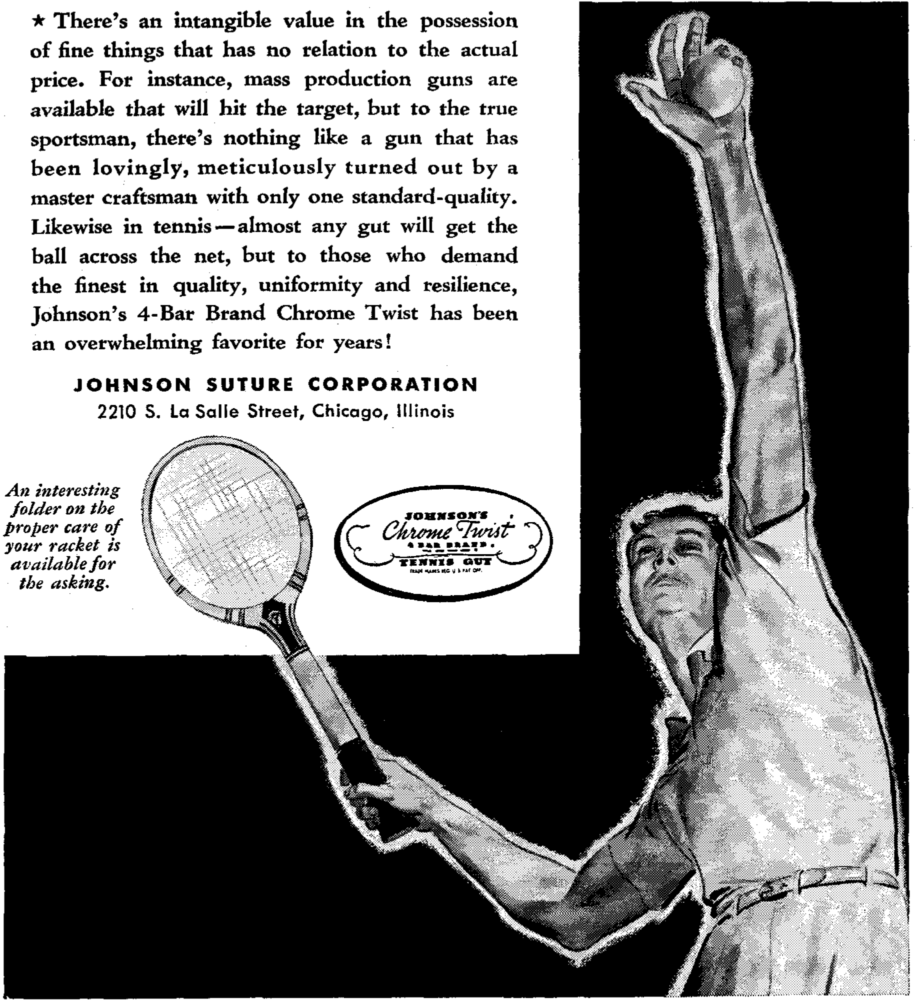
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"rather optimistic" that the drive is losing momentum.

"THE events" is the current phrase for the horrors north of here—in France and in the Low Countries. Nobody speaks of a crisis or a defeat, or even of an offensive. "Because of the events," the French say, "the autobuses are not running today" or "Because of the events, police are carrying rifles." The rifles are for use against parachutists or Fifth Columnists, and the police, who are more likely to be provincials than Parisians, are deadly serious about such precautions, which is a good thing. A young Japanese Embassy attaché told a friend that it was nice to be a Japanese, since no policeman could possibly suspect him of being a parachutist.

As pathetic in some respects as the refugees are the bewildered statesmen of recently neutral countries, who visit Paris on their way to or from London and give press conferences in which they try to explain that the disasters encountered by their governments are the result of an attitude of excessive good will—an attitude which, they don't bother to point out, used to save a lot of money on their armament budgets. Mynheer van Kleffens, the Netherlands' Minister of Foreign Affairs, recounting with real emotion the story of the war that lasted four days, virtually asked the rest of the world to protect the great wealth which the Netherlands had accumulated in the Indies and had been too high-minded to spend in order to create an effective fighting force. When Parisians hear things like that, they are inclined to remark that had each democratic power contributed to collective security in just proportion to its potentialities, the dictators could have been reduced to impotence before this war ever started.

—A. J. LIEBLING

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THE GALA OUSTING

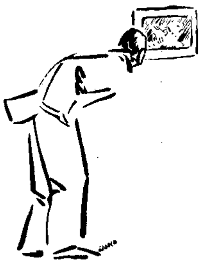
[*From the Richmond* (*Va.*) *Times-Dispatch*]

DANVILLE—Chief of Police James H. Martin is to be ousted from the post he has held for the last 12 years Monday, it was learned on high authority yesterday. The majority membership of the Police Commission made their determined course clear Friday at a meeting of the commission, but before registering their decision desired that the police chief be given an opportunity to be heard.

Regent C. Page will preside, refreshments will be served and each member is entitled to bring a friend, Tom Finke, chairman of the entertainment committee, announced yesterday.

THE ART GALLERIES

Mexicans, Americans, Italians, and Dutch



IT'S no easy thing to portray a nation's art, but it's infinitely harder to display its culture, its aesthetic "personality," as well. That, however, is what the Modern Museum has done in its big, new Mexican exhibition, and in view of the size and the scope of the affair, it is really a notable achievement. Twenty centuries are covered, from the so-called "archaic" stone and pottery sculptures of the pre-Maya eras to the paintings of Orozco, Siqueiros, Rivera, and others of the modern Mexicans, and from the periods in between there are examples of just about every type of artistic endeavor, both schooled and unschooled, that the creative impulse can give rise to.

You'll see textiles and wickerware, serapes and sombreros, homemade clay candelabra for cottage votive shrines, decorations of tin and tinsel for village chapels, and great, gilded rococo ornaments for the metropolitan churches. You'll see a group of "picture writings," done on deerskin and painted with amazing minuteness and precision (you remember, perhaps, that the Aztecs had no alphabet, despite their advances in other fields), and a modern saddle with a silver pommel and its skirts and cantle all covered with a profusion of leather rosebuds; you'll see a set of painted wooden masks, used in church processions in the eighteenth century and wildly unchristian in appearance, and a series of "feather mosaics," made of the colorful plumage of birds and resembling small tapestries, from the sixteenth. You'll see, in brief, about as copious and varied a display of the workings of one people's artistic instinct, and of the means by which it has found expression in form and color, as could well be imagined.

Not everything is of equal excellence. In two thousand years' time any people must have its ups and downs, and in Mexico the "official" art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, largely Spanish baroque in its inspiration, produced what is unquestionably some of the worst painting and sculpture the world has yet seen. (I'll mention but one such piece in the show—a head of San Diego De Alcala, with, so help me, real teeth and real eyelashes embedded in the sculptured wood.) There's too much of the purely tourist-bazaar type of pottery, too, in the modern section, and as you work your way through the three floors and the garden occupied by the exhibit, you may on many occasions feel that if less lavish hands had been in control, it would have been better for everybody.

Through it all, though, there are certain underlying threads of interest, and since these can be traced both back to the earliest works and up to the latest, they give the show an extraordinary sense of continuity. Those religious masks that I spoke of a moment ago: though they're dated centuries after the great stone gods of the Aztec ritual, in all their important characteristics of design they're directly in line with them, and now, two hundred years later, one again finds their basic harshness and angularity repeated in the paintings of Orozco and other contemporary artists. There are also more subtle linkages. Strong color, bold forms that even in their most plastic utterance retain something of the rocky solidity of the early sculptures, a simple dignity of concept which is essentially Indian, and an equally Indian tendency to accept death unemotionally and hence to portray it with a mingling of stoic calm and savage realism which is at times somewhat jarring to our modes of thought—these are some of the elements running through the show. They pervade it so powerfully and so continuously that they induce, in the end, a feeling of real respect for the strength and the indestructibility of the Mexican nature. Despite invasions, oppression, and exploitation, the Mexican's soul is still his own, and the art that is the purest expression of a people's soul remains very much as it always was. When a native craftsman today turns out even so workaday an object as a child's clay penny bank (see the weirdly charming collection of fish- and animal-shaped ones in the folk-art section on the second floor), it's artistically a blood relation of the plumed and befeathered monsters his ancestors carved generations ago in honor of Quetzalcoatl and for the glory of Coatlicue. There ought to be a lesson in that for some of those overwrought totalitarians overseas.

I shan't try to do much listing of individual items; the show is so all of a piece. But there are a few things to call to your attention. Don't miss, in the pre-Spanish section, the beautifully smooth, broadly handled stone "Head of an Eagle Knight;" among all the involved hieratical figures of gods and goddesses, it stands out as a curiously simple, nobly human piece of work. In the folk art is a group of nineteenth-century naïve paintings—including a Rousseau-like "Execution of Maximilian"—that's worth hunting out. And though the collection of contemporary paintings may linger longest in your memory by reason of the astonishingly bad Riveras it contains (one is a magazine-cover portrait of Dolores Del Rio, another is a sausage-shaped "Kneeling Dancer," and the rest are, if anything, worse), there are a couple of swell Orozcos—his brown "Zapatistas" and the surging "The Attack"—and a big, grim Siqueiros of a stony-faced Indian, called "Ethnography," which show what heights of vigor and imaginativeness the modern Mexicans are capable of. I liked, too, Antonio Ruiz's glossy "Street Meeting" as well as his semi-surrealistic "Malinche's Dream;" and Francisco Goitia's study of two weeping women, called "Tata Jesucristo," has a good deal of strength and moving sincerity behind its apparently crude design.

PIERRE MATISSE is showing a set of new mobile and stabile sculptures by Alexander Calder. The mobiles, of course, are the pieces that move, and the stabiles are the ones that don't; it seems to me that in both forms there is a considerable advance over this artist's previous work. Most of the pieces are larger, for one thing, and though this doesn't always help the stabiles (one, a huge, hippogriff-like monster, is particularly unwieldy-looking), in the mobiles the increased size adds weight to the moving parts and hence endows them—as they sway to and fro or swing in their balanced arcs—with a slow ease and dignity of motion in pleasant contrast to the lighter and airier early ones. There's a fresh inventiveness about many of the pieces, too, and a truly three-dimensional, sculptural quality that I found encouraging. One mobile I liked was made up of a series of straight rods so linked that in motion they open out like a fan and then come together again, with an effect as of pleating space, and a couple of the smaller stabiles—one vaguely flower-shaped and the other somehow animal-like in its alert little curving structure—are completely charming.

FERARGIL has a set of oils by Ryder, Lawson, and Eilshemius which, for its size (only twenty-seven paintings are shown in all), gives a peculiarly broad and inclusive view of the range of these three men's talents. There is an odd, early Lawson called "On the Rialto, City of Mexico," done in the baldly real-

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BROOKS COLLAR-ATTACHED SHIRTS as illustrated (top to bottom) are: Polo (buttoned down collar); Golf (round-cornered collar); and Tennis (pointed collar). The Polo and Tennis Shirts are made of specially imported Scotch Cheviot in a choice of plain colors, $5—and in either white or blue domestic Cheviot, $4. The Golf Shirt, in addition to plain blue or white Cheviot, ($4 domestic, and $5, imported) is also made of imported Cheviot in many striped patterns ($6). Golf and Tennis Shirts in broadcloth, $4 to $6.

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istic style with which he began his career, and the eight other pieces in his group cover practically all the aspects of his Impressionist phase, from the pleasantly misty, blue "The Garden" to the later, more sharply assured, stippled style of his "Mirror Pool, Florida." Eilshemius has an unexpectedly cool, calmly handled "Skyline, Evening" mixed in with such thoroughgoing expressions of his romantic mood as the "Blue Rocks and Sea" and the charming, whizzing "Skater." The Ryders are especially fine—particularly "The Fortress, Yarmouth," with its long horizontals, and the tiny but strongly organized scene of shipwreck and storm called "Tragic Night."

FIVE Italians and nine Dutch artists, all roughly of the Renaissance period, are the feature at the Schaeffer Galleries, and the list includes such names as Palma Vecchio, Tintoretto, and Veronese in the first group and Hals, Ruisdael, and Rembrandt in the other. All the examples are fine, too. One of the Rembrandts, for instance, is that masterly "Portrait of Petronella Buys," with its plain, bony face and amazingly lacy ruff; the Hals "Fisherboys" is one of his sunniest and gayest; and the Palma Vecchio "Portrait of a Venetian Nobleman," plump and shrewd, is a small masterpiece of fine painting and penetrating vision. The Tintoretto, however, steals the show; a portrait of the Medician Ambassador Guadagni, done late in the artist's career, it is an important and powerful painting in its own right. Note the massive effect of the draperies and the proud poise of the head against the dark background. This painting is perhaps even more interesting as a measure of the influence Tintoretto had on El Greco. The long hands, the gray lighting, the attenuation of the face and features are all elements El Greco later made part of his design, but they appear here too, and they illustrate again the great debt the Spanish artist owed to the earlier man.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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UH HUH DEPARTMENT

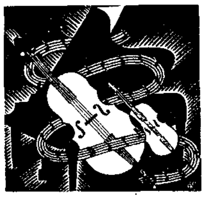
[*From Facts in Review, a publication of the New York German Library of Information, April 15, 1940*]

Among the large number of international sports events scheduled for the 1940 season are several important football matches between Germany and other countries.

At Copenhagen on June 9, a German team will play against Denmark at the invitation of the latter.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Americana and Mexicana



APPARENTLY there won't be any formally organized season of symphony concerts and such at the World's Fair this year, but there'll be plenty of music out there for the Elmers who want it. There have been special events involving celebrities like Miss Lily Pons and Lawrence Tibbett, there'll be many more of them, and almost always "somewhere bands are playing," as they say in "Casey at the Bat."

Several of the exhibits have introduced musical features that are scheduled to run practically all the time. In the Ford Building, there's an attractive auditorium in which you may see and hear a twelve-times-daily show consisting of "Symphony in F" (F is for Ford, presumably), which is an entertaining short in Technicolor with music, demonstrating how a motorcar is born; "A Thousand Times Neigh," which sounds like a horse opera, and is one, in a literal sense; and a fashion show about which this department can say only that the young ladies are no reason for leaving before the display is over.

"A Thousand Times Neigh" is grand stuff. It's a ballet, by the American Ballet Caravan, synchronized with singers who sound well and are wonderfully distinct. The production tells the story of the auto's rise as a horse might view it. It's no tragedy, though. One learns that horses will always be important at Saratoga and in riding to hounds. The music is by Tom Bennett, whose work is familiar to radio listeners, although his name isn't always announced with his compositions and arrangements. Mr. Bennett has turned in a vivacious, amusing, and unpretentious score that develops smoothly with the fresh choreography of William Dollar. Go see it, and get there well ahead of the showing you have in mind, if you want to see it from a seat.

Before or after the doings inside the Ford Building, you might stop in the garden outside to hear Ferde Grofé's New World Ensemble of electric-keyboard instruments, which is in its second season at the exhibit, every afternoon and evening, except Mondays. If Mr. Grofé and his quartet don't play a waltz medley that begins with "The Merry Widow," put in a request for it. It's especially neat arranging.

THE program of Mexican music at the Museum of Modern Art will keep up a two-a-day schedule through May 29th. It began last week under the direction of Carlos Chavez, and now Eduardo Hernández Moncada has taken over for the balance of the run. Since these concerts are linked with a showing at the Museum of twenty centuries of Mexican art, you may hear arrangements of music from the sixteenth century to nowadays. Though the programs are intended to be educational, the music is good listening, because charming tunes and fetching rhythms run all through it. A handsome booklet, edited by Herbert Weinstock, will explain practically anything you'd want to know about the music and Mexican instruments. —ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

Much Home-Grown Music And Much Else, Too

YOU might assemble for yourself a fairly imposing library of American music from the recent record releases. The catalogue would include Roy Harris's striking third symphony (Victor set M-651), by the Boston Symphony, directed by Serge Koussevitzky; Howard Hanson's skillful second symphony, by the Eastman-Rochester orchestra, led by the composer (Victor set M-648); and a variety of other Americana, most of it with folk-song or pop-song influences. John Powell's Sonata Virginianesque—played by Eddy Brown, one of the most active of recording violinists right now, and Mr. Powell, who assists at the piano—is a solid treatment of attractive themes (Royale 1870-2). Mr. Brown, with pianistic assistance from Jascha Zayde, offers an ingenious transcription of "Turkey in the Straw," coupled with a sentimental edition of MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose," on Royale 1874, and the Royale people have further native samples in "Moods of a Moonshiner," composed by Lamar Stringfield, who plays the solo flute in this suite (Royale 601-2), with four excellent string players as associates. "Moods of a Moonshiner" has an appealing folk-song quality. The part called "On a Cliff" is especially effective; the rest sounds well, but wouldn't suffer from a little distilling.

Leo Sowerby's "Comes Autumn Time" reaches the record catalogues by way of Mr. Hanson and the Eastman-Rochester Symphony (Victor 2058), after a long career on concert programs. It's pleasant music, but there are more representative Sowerby works the disc-makers could have put on records. The same performers have themselves a time with "Joe Clark Steps Out," a Carolina folk song smartly scored by Charles G. Vardell, Jr., and the scherzo from William Grant Still's Afro-American Symphony (Victor 2059). Don't be alarmed by the violence of the cymbal crashes, which are more of an upheaval than the compositions.

The Boston "Pops" Orchestra, none less, has recorded the "Tiger Rag" (Victor 4466). The playing is too serious, but the Robert McBride arrangement is a whambam. The celebrated rag has for its partner a bouncing Virginia reel arranged by Valbert P. Coffey, brightly intoned under the guidance of Arthur Fiedler.

This list should also include Paul Robeson's magnificent singing of the stirring and unconventional "Ballad for Americans," by John La Touche and Earl Robinson (Victor set P-20).

ONE of the most interesting of recent arrivals on records is Dimitri Mitropoulos, a conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony, who directs his group on a number of Columbia releases. His version of Beethoven's sixth symphony (Columbia set M-401) demonstrates a firm command of his orchestra and dramatic force—more force than need be applied to this symphony. Mr. Mitropoulos works out brilliantly in the Liszt-Busoni Spanish Rhapsody (Columbia set X-163), with Egon Petri as a superlative piano soloist. The music is mostly razzle-dazzle and a good show.

Constant Lambert, also comparatively new hereabouts as a recorded maestro, takes charge of the London Philharmonic for a performance of Weinberger's "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree" (Victor set M-654), which makes available two well-played productions of this composition. The other is the Cleveland Orchestra presentation (Columbia set X-161).

THE veteran recorders have been rapidly adding to their achievements. Arturo Toscanini's latest offering is Beethoven's first "Leonore" overture (Victor 15945), played by the B.B.C. Symphony. It's good, all right! Sir Thomas Beecham has directed the London Philharmonic in Mozart's "Haffner" symphony for Columbia (set M-399) and in a series of works making up the sixth volume of the Sibelius

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Society albums for Victor (set M-658). The "Haffner" is delightful. The Sibelius set contains a first-rate "En Saga," a "Valse Triste" that says enough on that subject, and some less familiar Sibelius items—all excellently performed. Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony have done a handsome performance of Schumann's first symphony, somewhat majestic at points where it might have been youthful, but an expert exposition of an ingratiating work. Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony do well with Schubert's C-major symphony, although this album (Columbia set M-403) isn't a "must" replacement for any of several other issues.

A FEW chamber-music specials: Beethoven's "Spring" sonata for violin and piano, played by Jeno Léner and Louis Kentner (Columbia set M-404); Smetana's "From My Life" quartet, by the Curtis String Quartet (Columbia set M-405); and the odd "Grand Quartet" in E-major of Paganini, played by the York String Quartet (Royale 586-8).

Piano extra-extras: a second volume of Chopin mazurkas, played by Arthur Rubinstein (Victor set M-656), and Debussy's "L'Isle Joyeuse" and "Pagodes," done by Walter Gieseking (Columbia 69841-D).

Something unusual for collectors of singing is "An Album of Shakespearean Song" (Columbia set M-402), clearly and expressively sung by Mordecai Bauman to accomplished harpsichord backgrounds by Ernst Victor Wolff.

RCA VICTOR has opened a kind of bargain department by issuing a series of ten- and twelve-inch records called the Black Label Classics. The discs sell for seventy-five cents and a dollar respectively. The catalogue consists partly of recordings that have been replaced in the Red Seal lists by later performances of the same music and partly of material that was recorded some time ago but not put on the market. These aren't old discs that have been sitting around the shelves; the pressings are new ones, made from fresh matrices. Of course, the records haven't the rich tone of more recent recordings, but the pressings are excellent. The careful investigator will find some attractive buys in the bunch.—R. A. S.

•

PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.

[*Headline in the Lowell* (*Mass.*) *Sun*]

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THE RACE TRACK

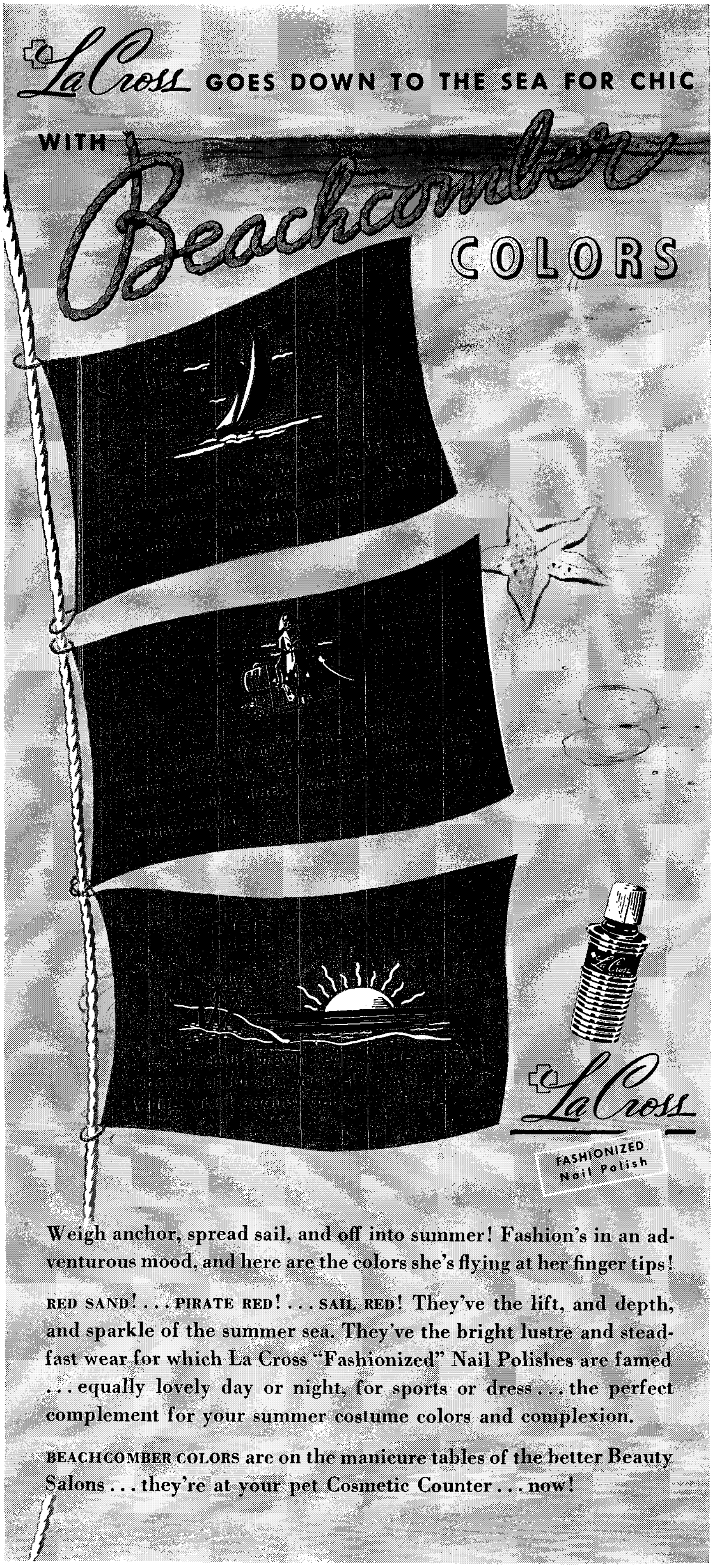
Feet of Clay

EVERY now and then, a horse comes along with apparently all the attributes of greatness, but somehow isn't as good as he should be. Usually, his limitation is that he can't run equally well on all kinds of tracks. So, if you idolize him, you go through life making excuses for him, as for a problem child, or if you just bet $2 on him, you eventually dismiss him with "Why, that dawg!"

It's hard to say how much was contributed to Bimelech's defeat in the Withers Mile by the condition of Belmont Park's race course, by his trainer (critical horsemen questioned the wisdom of running the colt in a short race when he'd been in long ones so recently), by his jockey (there is a school of thought which, on principle, blames the rider for everything), or by Bimelech himself. The Withers was the Kentucky Derby all over again. Roman made the pace for three-quarters of the way, at which point Bimelech challenged frantically, and in the stretch an outsider—this time it was Corydon, who paid $87 in the mutuels—came up with a great rush and won rather easily.

Corydon is owned by Mrs. Payne Whitney. He is well bred, by St. Germans out of Sylvan Song, but up to now that's about all you could have said for him. Last year he ran fifteen times and won only one unimportant race, at Keeneland in the autumn. In his only previous start this season he was second to his stablemate, Century Note, at Jamaica. He was slow to get going in the Withers, but finished so stoutly that I wouldn't be surprised if he were well fancied for the Belmont Stakes. It was the first time Mrs. Whitney has won the Withers. Her horses, in fact, really made a day of it; earlier in the afternoon Galsac took the steeplechase and Air Post won a race for two-year-olds. If Third Degree or Hash had been first in the Domino Handicap, she'd have had a perfect score.

I find it hard to blame the track entirely, as his stable does, for Bimelech's collapse. If the going wasn't fast, it was so close to it that it could hardly have mattered. I thought that the crowding Bimelech got when Smith, his rider, sent him between Roman and Corydon



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had more to do with the outcome, and perhaps the boy thinks so by now. Ed Bradley, pink-cheeked and imperturbable, remarked that it took his colt twenty-six seconds to run the last quarter, and that obviously isn't Bimelech's form. Even so, Bimelech's still my horse.

HIGH BREEZE looks like the best two-year-old out so far. He is a big, handsome colt by Ariel, with high speed and almost perfect action. Tony Pelleteri bought him at Saratoga last August, paying only $2,100 because the colt had an ugly-looking scar on his off fore-ankle. Whatever caused the scar hasn't affected High Breeze's running; he has won both of his starts in a gallop. Nothing could have been much easier than his victory in the Jockey Club Plate on Saturday. In the paddock at saddling time, Alfred Hennen Morris, who leased High Breeze for the race, said to Meade, who rode him, "Those are new silks you're wearing. Don't get them dusty." Meade had no trouble in carrying out his riding orders. Though the jacket Meade wore was brand-new, the Morris racing colors are the oldest seen on the tracks nowadays; they have been in the family for about eighty years. The colors, which are all-scarlet, were registered by Alfred's grandfather, Francis Morris, who raised the famous Barbarity Stable horses at Throggs' Neck in Westchester. One of them, Ruthless, won the first running of the Belmont Stakes, in 1867.

The biggest, and best-looking, two-year-old filly I've seen is Sonny Whitney's Traffic Court, who ran in the Jockey Club Plate. If looks were all, she'd be another Top Flight, plus. I wasn't surprised when Marshall Field's Mrs. Punch was beaten in the Fashion Stakes earlier in the week. She's such a little filly.

EVERYONE seemed pleased with the racing at Belmont Park, even with the steeplechasing. Among the major triumphs was Eight Thirty's in the Toboggan Handicap. Although he looked somewhat roly-poly, he carried 127 pounds easily and ran six furlongs down the Widener Course in fast time.

Victor de Pauw

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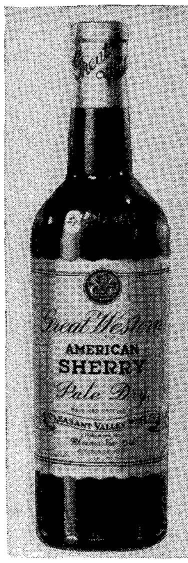

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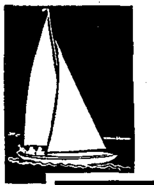

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CANOE PLACE INN
HAMPTON BAYS, LONG ISLAND

My guess is that he'll win the Metropolitan Handicap on Saturday. As for that, you might make a profitable double with High Breeze in the Juvenile Stakes and Eight Thirty in the Metropolitan.

Opening days are a lot of bother. Too many people who don't know where to go or what to do are always rushing about. Last week you could hardly pay attention to the horses, what with all the mannequins from dress shops, and telecasting equipment, and so on to stare at. It's not true, though, that a casual visitor, after sitting out in the paddock most of one afternoon, asked a Pinkerton guard, "When are the races going to begin?"

There were the same old complaints one hears every year that the Widener Course is too long and too far from the stands. Maybe you don't know that forty years ago there was a straight course, like the Widener, through the infield of Morris Park track. It was called the Toboggan Slide, and that's how the Toboggan Handicap got its name.

I daresay the only people disappointed with the opening—certainly the directors weren't—were those who gaily predicted a million-dollar handle in the tote. That didn't come until last Saturday. The pari-mutuel arrangements are positively luxurious. As one old horseplayer remarked, if there were a few glass-topped tables and leather chairs in the clubhouse betting ring, it would look like the uptown branch office of a Wall Street bank. As a matter of fact, the red-brick and white-trim Colonial décor of the credit department, a room just off the clubhouse ring, does remind me of one such branch. The credit department is an innovation that will also operate at Aqueduct, Empire City, and Saratoga. The word "credit," however, is used with reservations. It means merely an accommodation the track offers to big bettors; anyone who doesn't want to carry a lot of cash around may make a deposit there and bet against it.

Saturday, twenty-one accounts were opened. Joe Donoghue, who used to work for Ed Bradley at Palm Beach, is in charge of the department. The other afternoon, a playful member of the Beach Club down there dropped in and asked, with a fine display of innocence, "Where's the chemmy game?"

—AUDAX MINOR

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*Headline in the New Orleans Times-Picayune*]

BERLIN VIEWS BRITISH CABINET AS ANTI-NAZI

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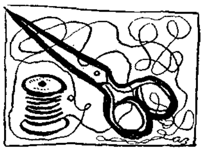
FEMININE FASHIONS



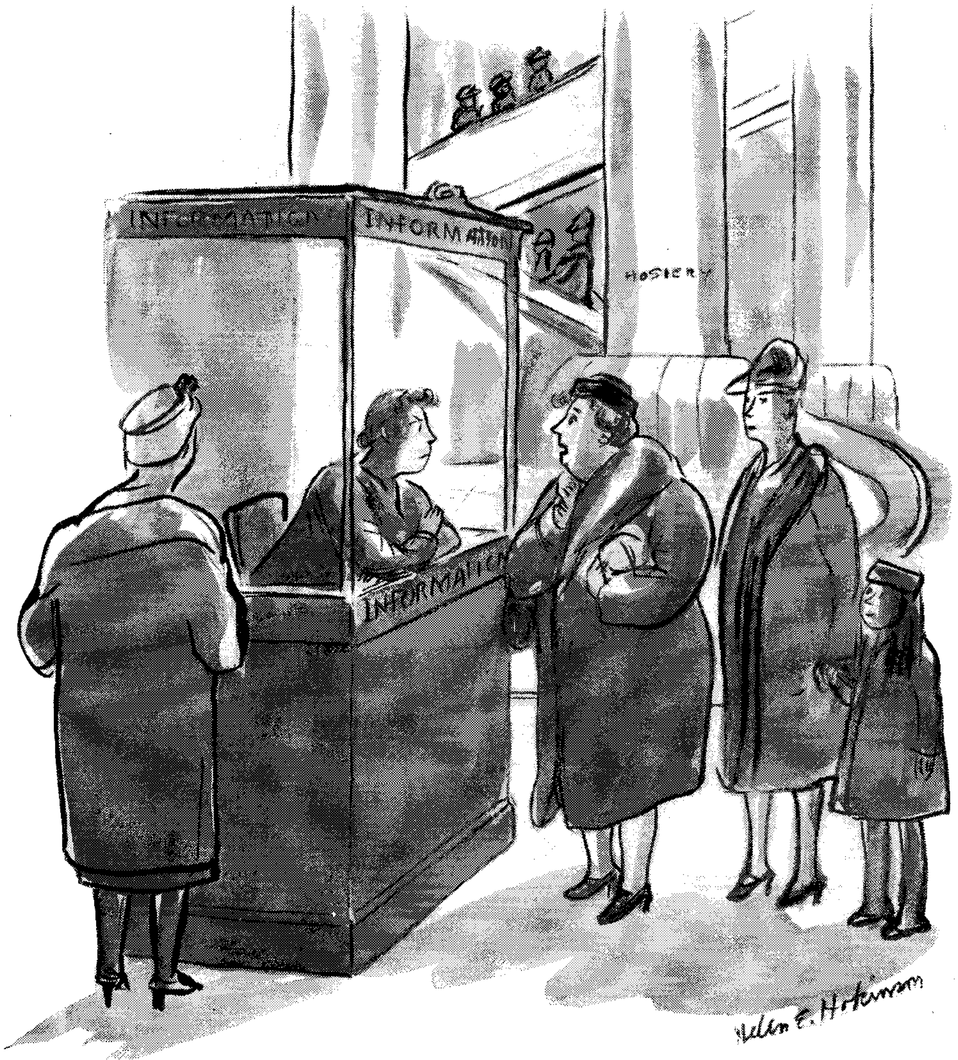
STILL the male sex rages against the taste of its natural enemy, woman. Anyone who says that the American man is not persistent should look at his record of championing seemingly lost causes. For decades he ranted furiously against women's hats, getting nowhere at all until this season, when a compromise in the form of broader brims appeased him, though only temporarily. He has raged against red fingernails, those "bloody talons," until he has only enough voice left to whisper a compliment to an occasional woman who may be giving her nails a rest from varnish by going in for a month or so of buffing. Now it is wedge soles that men are raising a howl against, undaunted by the knowledge that women will probably not give them up, and I, who have been a woman all my life, should be standing solidly with my sex, throwing taunts in the howlers' faces. I should be reminding the opposition of the many years it denounced women for suffering in teetering shoes that were too small for them and made them take mincing, uncomfortable steps.

My heart, however, is not in it. Shoes that appear too big may make your ankles look slender, but they also suggest a deformity; though they provide the base necessary for a more graceful walk, they are seldom, with the exception of play shoes, flexible, and I consider flexibility essential to comfort. So I, too, battle on the losing side. I once yelled against the clack of open heels, and women promptly adopted them even for wear on slushy streets. Now, though most wedge-soled shoes have such a club-footed look that I vaguely expect to see crutches displayed on the same counter with them, they are here to stay at least a while, I fear. Nevertheless, I still insist that they'll never make a well-cut pump seem dowdy.

There will be no war between the sexes, however, over nylon stockings. Oh, they are beautiful, as even a man can't deny. The texture and the glasslike smoothness of the stockings make them feel wonderful on your legs, and the weave gives them an extra sheerness and you more lissome limbs. All that you have to do is to remember not to be annoyed at du Pont because the claws of loving puppies can cause runs in these stockings, too, and to keep trying the various brands of nylon hosiery until you find the one that best suits your legs. You can get nylon stockings now all around town.

LADIES of the bourgeoisie who plan to just spend the summer at the beach with the children often find that the only daytime clothes they need are highly informal play things and a print dress for a rare sortie into town to shop. No one knows better than Hattie Carnegie, though, that those New Yorkers who make a career of being smart require clothes with a fine urban touch for innumerable hot-weather occasions. She has come forward with a number of suggestions (most of those I noted were in her ready-to-wear department) that will look equally well at lunch in the Colony and the Fair's Terrace Club or at race meetings, tennis matches, and all the rest.

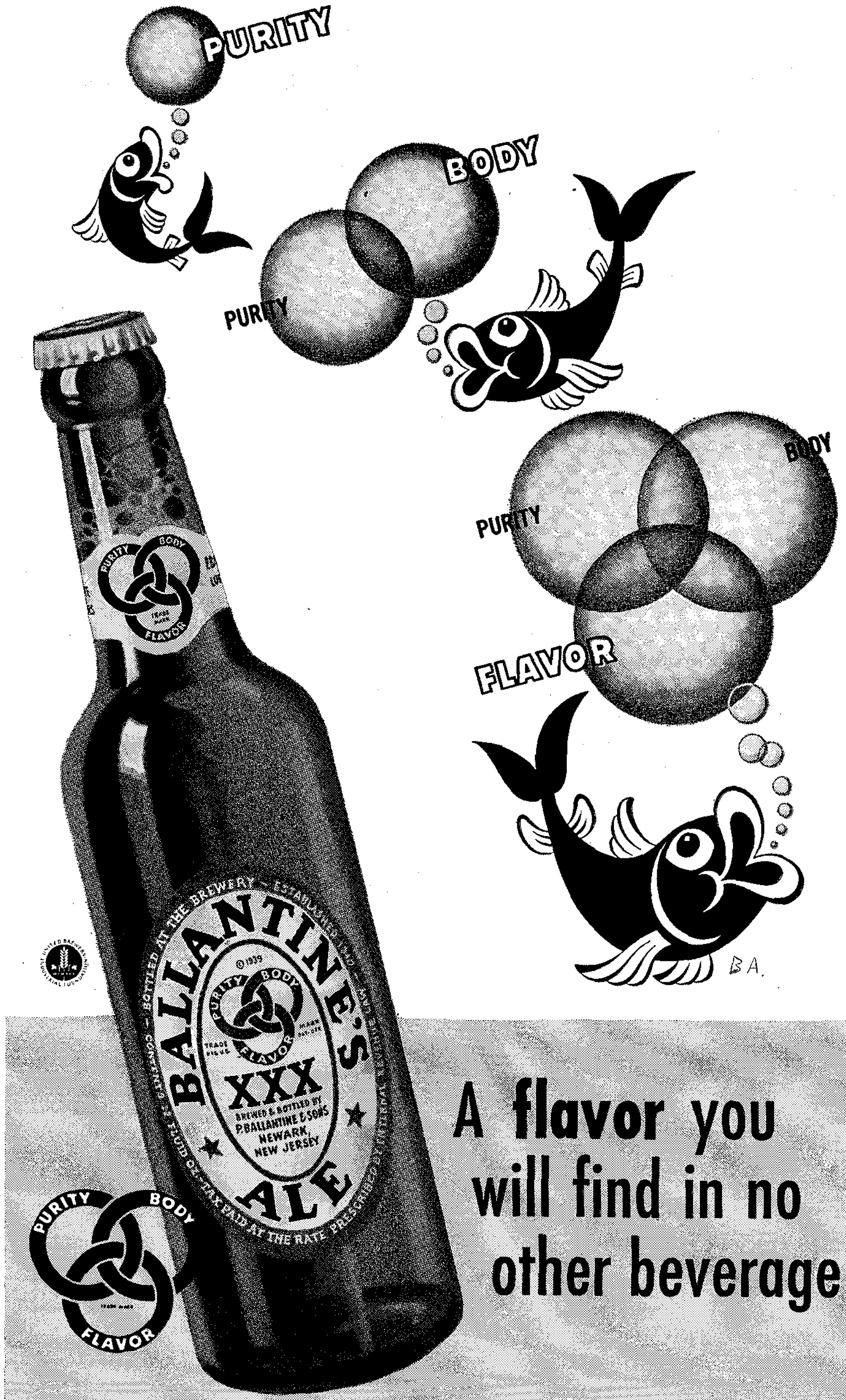
In the first place, she shows tailored suits which are cool and yet present the immaculate, unwilted look of your best winter black broadcloth. The triumph is one of pale-beige Rodier linen, with a fitted jacket that has an oval yoke extending out over the shoulders, to minimize your hips without fuss; there are brass buttons below the high V neckline and the slightly circular skirt has four vertical creases (two in front, two in back), suggesting those in a man's trousers. I don't see why anyone should look farther, but you might prefer suits of navy faille with tiny white polka dots. Take a look, too, at a long coat of pale-beige alpaca that has wide revers and two buttons at its tight waistline. This is to be worn over prints. Hattie Carnegie always has several versions of that American summer classic, the printed dress with a nipped-in jacket to match, all done in unusual imported prints. One of this year's variations is a dress of a wine print with char-



"Are you as reliable as Krauss & Birchmeyer's in Minneapolis?"

treuse flower medallions; its top is a taut affair of wine silk jersey, gathered up on the shoulders. She is also expert with twin prints in crêpe and chiffon. Among them is a tailored coat dress for the hottest weather, with a longish fitted top of crêpe and a circular chiffon skirt over a crêpe foundation. She delights, too, in making simple suits entirely of printed chiffon, shirred and stitched to give substance to the jacket and through the body of the dress. If you insist on wearing black even in summer, there is a Dormoy dress of old-fashioned, glistening crêpe de Chine with no ornament save shirring through the diaphragm, or a dull, sheer black jersey affair, crossed and draped upward to the shoulders above a flat diamond on the diaphragm. Among the evening clothes, you'll see an enchanting version of a Balenciaga success—a long-sleeved dress of heavy white linen, with scrolls of white braid through the yoke and on the puffed pockets and bright-blue ribbon threaded across the chest. It costs $50, a point I mention to indicate that the Carnegie ready-to-wear prices are lower than heretofore.

THOUGH Hawes shut up shop some time ago to devote her stormy-petrel energies to *PM*, the clamor of her clients for the type of clothes she designs was so great that, under her approving eye, a group of her old associates have set up in business as Hawes Customers, Inc., at 2 West 56th Street, which is practically next door to her old stomping ground. No collection is shown, but there are numbers of new Hawes sketches to choose from, and her old dressmakers and fitters are on hand to run up whatever you choose. Prices for her highly original conceptions start at around $125. The most fantastic stunt of the summer is her patchwork dress, with patches of many materials, colors, and patterns fitted together in one garment. One of the best in this style, either in day or evening length, has a plain top, a full skirt of contrasting color, and squares or oblongs set in as patches down one side of the dress and around the waist. Another summer dress, for outdoors, is all red-and-white, with plenty of inserted printed patches—some of them with a dish-towel check, some of them polka-dotted, some of them striped. The whole thing is mighty gay and, in a season in which the so-called "gardening" dress is being hauled out to take the place of the dirndl, great fun. The Hawes place is even making up patchwork-style tailored suits in men's suitings, in-



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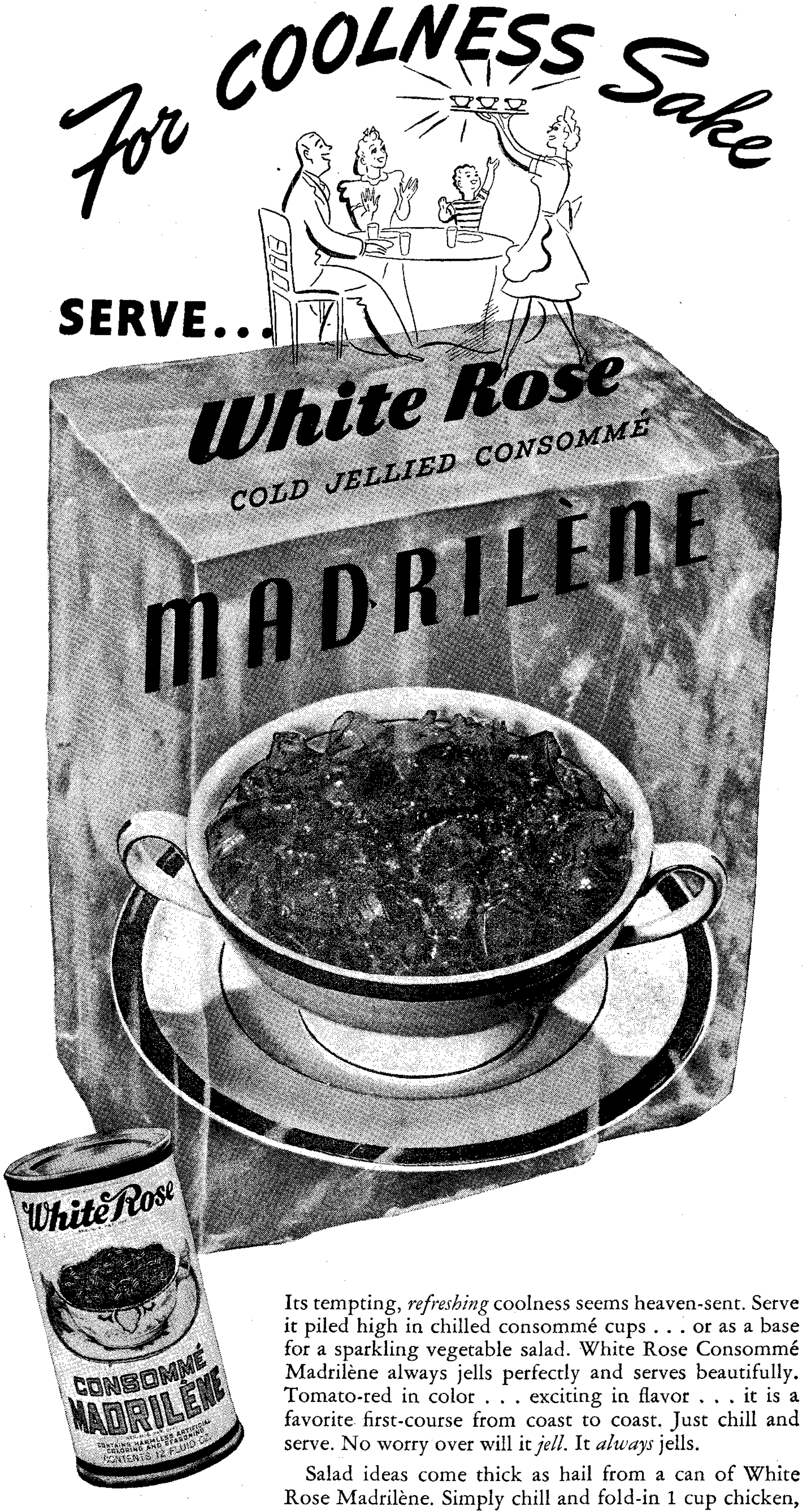


Its tempting, *refreshing* coolness seems heaven-sent. Serve it piled high in chilled consommé cups . . . or as a base for a sparkling vegetable salad. White Rose Consommé Madrilène always jells perfectly and serves beautifully. Tomato-red in color . . . exciting in flavor . . . it is a favorite first-course from coast to coast. Just chill and serve. No worry over will it *jell.* It *always* jells.

Salad ideas come thick as hail from a can of White Rose Madrilène. Simply chill and fold-in 1 cup chicken, sea-food or chilled vegetables (raw or cooked). Or use crisp cabbage shredded with sweet pickles; green beans and peas with cubes of Swiss cheese; flaked crabmeat with parsley. Then chill again and serve with mayonnaise.

Ask your grocer for ***White Rose Madrilène*** today. Also, for variety, ***White Rose Consommé Arctique,*** the beef consommé, and ***White Rose Chicken Consommé.*** All three jell perfectly—all three are perfect in consistency and flavor.

JUST CHILL AND SERVE

**• THE ORIGINAL •
COLD JELLIED
CONSOMMÉ**

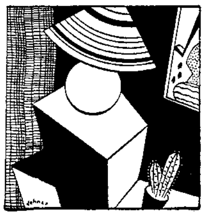
SEEMAN BROTHERS, INC., NEW YORK CITY

volving, say, sleeves of plain gray flannel, a pin-striped skirt with panels down the front and back, touches here and there of a shepherd's check, and suspenders in something else again. Things like that. I need hardly add that the majority of the designs, though always original, are more conservative.

FOR THAT COOL, FLOWERLIKE MOOD: Charles of the Ritz's Summertime is a toilet water that will do much to make you exquisite. Lots of lilac in the blend, and just a dollar for a liberal bottle. At Altman, Franklin Simon, and Bonwit Teller. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Metropolitan Climax



INSATIABLES who, even in this extraordinarily active season of room shows, have not yet had their fill of wandering wishfully through model interiors ought to have a fine time at the Metropolitan Museum's new house-furnishings exhibition, in which they'll find materialized the very latest dreams of American architects and industrial designers. The show has been put together in Gallery D-6, where there is plenty of space for its fourteen rooms—or, strictly speaking, eleven rooms, two furnished terraces, and a porch. I don't say that all who see it are going to be mad about every last one of these decorated enclosures; indeed, I suspect some will feel, like me, that several things attempted there have been done with at least equal originality by department-store decorators, who aren't supposed to be dreamers at all.

I thought the show's batting average for ingenuity and charm especially high when it came to country-house, outdoor, and nursery furnishings. Wallace K. Harrison's hall of a country house (presumably a rear hall, since it provides storage space for sports equipment, and even a wash-basin, besides serving as an entrance) is a tradition-breaking bit of interior architecture that should be welcome in any sports-loving household. It is frankly utilitarian, with its handy basin and its racks for fishing rods, tennis racquets, ski poles, and saddlery right out in plain view, but a mirrored wall decoratively hung with weather-forecasting instruments adds a touch of magnificence, and pine-block panelling and gleaming hardware make it a handsome sight all around. A modern version of a Franklin stove, done in tile, appears in Raymond Loewy's room for a five-year-old and is a splendid antidote for that antiseptic air which distinguishes most modern nurseries, however bright and cheery they may be. This modest stove saves the day in a room which also includes a rubber floor and dado and a metal drawing desk with chair attached, all highly practical but not strong on charm.

An outdoor living room, designed by Russel Wright and nestling in what is supposed to be the protecting curve of a lofty rough-stone retaining wall built into a hillside, is another high spot. It has a fireplace centred in the wall, flagstone paving, and basketweave reed furniture set comfortably and casually about, and is electrically lit to make it habitable at night, just so long as there are no mosquitoes and similar al-fresco hazards around. Irwin L. Scott's covered terrace, another cozy outdoor nook, is notable for a fireplace with a broiling grill which is pivoted to swing out over the hearth so the chef won't toast his face when he's turning the steak.

THE Metropolitan exhibition may be considered a climax to the season, but it's not the end. Lord & Taylor have opened three new rooms by Pahlmann, which, like those in the Decorators Club exhibit commented on here a couple of weeks ago, go in for leathers put to decorative use. Pahlmann has been lavish with his leather trimmings in these stylish rooms, but, unlike the Decorators Club people, he has resisted the temptation to slather it all over everything in an effort to demonstrate how many ways the stuff can be used. This seems to be the right idea, for the rooms are beautiful. Beautiful in the Hollywood sense, maybe, but that is the Pahlmann style, and I'm far from being alone in my affection for it. There's a morning room in this group that couldn't offend the most conservative taste. Bright-yellow and reseda-green top-grain cowhide is used for its upholstery; Louis XV, Adam, and Empire are mingled in its furnishings; and it's at once the least spectacular and the most livable interior of the three. There's a living room for the great Southwest, very spacious and airy and full of magnificent crudities like pecan-pink reverse calf upholstery (tufted), a great green leather rug, and a pink plaster lamp. The last of the group is a dining room for a *palazzo*, with tufted patent leather in Sorrento blue, a shade that can only be described as heavenly, used on white-and-gilt chairs. Goodness knows where a room like this should be used. Probably it should stay right on Lord & Taylor's seventh floor, where people could go and gaze longingly at it once a week.

THE country-weekend season, held back by one of the chilliest of springs, is suddenly in swing and as full of gift-problem headaches as ever. Fortunately, it's also full of new whatnots that would nestle handily in suitcases, won't break, and are likely to find an honest welcome in rural households. A kitchen tool, for instance, called the 7-in-1 is truly wonderful and may be bought for around a quarter at Lewis & Conger, Hammacher Schlemmer, and the Kress store on Fifth Avenue at 39th Street. It has a small hammer head at one end and a screwdriver tongue sticking out at one side; it will open any kind of jar or bottle, including screw tops that stick and defeat all but the handyman's superhuman muscles; and doubtless it sounds almost too good to be true. . . . Another inventor has had the sense to use the sort of rubber tubing you find on dish-draining baskets to cover a shallow wire book-and-cosmetic rack for bridging bathtubs. This costs $2 at Bloomingdale. . . . Carl Giessler, 202 East 58th Street, has serrated shears, handy for both kitchen and garden, that come apart in one easy twist (no screws to lose) when you want to clean them. They have a stainless finish and are $1.50. . . . At Hammacher Schlemmer there's a new double-edged Case kitchen knife, with one edge bevelled, and the other serrated to bite fiercely into unmanageable citrous fruits; $1.50 and a treasure for fancy amateur cooks. . . . Edward Woodward, 509 Madison (53rd), has filled a screaming need with his hand-size desk blotters backed by book end papers; these things are actually ornamental. Three bundles of them ($1) will tuck into the corner of a crammed bag with ease, and the country house that can't use them doesn't exist.

The pairs of jumbo-size, Mother and Father coffee cups at Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham are somewhat bulkier, and breakable to boot, but so appealing you probably won't worry about such drawbacks. In flowered earthenware, they are $5 a pair; in china, they're $12. . . . Bonwit Teller have something equally fine in a collection of cookie jars of bright-colored porcelain, each inscribed in gold with the name of some old-fashioned herb, such as eyebright or lovage. They're good, big ones, copied from old apothecary-shop herb jars, and are splendid for pretzels or potato chips, or even for lamp bases; $7.50 and $10 each.

THOSE YEARLY REMINDERS: Dry cleaning as practiced by L. Blau & Sons (191, 754, and 1116 Madison Avenue, 130 West 38th Street, and 154 West 31st Street), with dependable mothproofing thrown in at no extra charge, is a summer treatment for blankets, curtains, and all vulnerable household effects that saves endless bother and offers a maximum of safety for such things until you're ready to use them again in the fall. . . . The easiest way to protect upholstered pieces, rugs, and pianos against the ravenous moth is to call in Feller-Jones, the bug-proofing specialists who operate right in the home with a minimum of upset for the household. Their services are available through Lewis & Conger and Hammacher Schlemmer, and they give a five-year guarantee against damage by moths. —B. B.

MARKETS AND MENUS

News, So-So and Good

NOW that it looks as though our supply of European beer, for some time a mere trickle of its former self, will soon dry up altogether, this seems a good moment to take stock of what we have on hand. There is a chance that the Pilsner Urquell situation, which you might have supposed the most precarious of all, may turn out to be not so bad. It all depends on the benevolence of the British government, which at the moment hasn't made up its mind whether or not to allow the shipment past Gibraltar of 15,000 half-barrels that were ordered and paid for by the importers in New York before the war broke out and are still in Czecho-Slovakia, or whatever it should be called now. The Pilsner office here has a filing envelope, as thick as the Manhattan telephone directory, full of its correspondence with the British authorities on the subject of these 15,000 half-barrels, and the firm's staff refers to this folder as "The Mysteries of Economic Warfare." If the British finally say O.K. and Italy is still neutral, the beer will be brought out through Trieste on an Italian boat, and there will be enough Pilsner Urquell to do us for some time. The Czecho-Slovakian Restaurant at the Fair hasn't much confidence in the outcome of these negotiations, however, and expects to serve domestic beer. The

LIVE IN A SETTING THAT'S SET RIGHT FOR LIVING

Live where the city is at its best the year 'round—where the Park begins and town and country meet—in socially centered and centrally situated ESSEX HOUSE.

A choice of 2 and 3 rooms, unfurnished or furnished that are all choice! Kitchens keyed for cooking with 4-burner stoves and refrigeration.

A lot for rentals that are not a lot!

OSCAR WINTRAB
Managing Director

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at
25 EAST 83RD ST.
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EVERY APARTMENT INDIVIDUALLY Air-Conditioned

Live where temperature and humidity are your servants—where you are in complete control of the "weather" in your apartment. Outside noise fades away; outside dirt can't get in. Brilliantly planned modern suites, with efficient smartly-styled appointments. Game room and roof solarium for tenants.

2 TO 4 ROOMS
From $1450 with electricity for heating and lighting included
Representative on Premises

Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.
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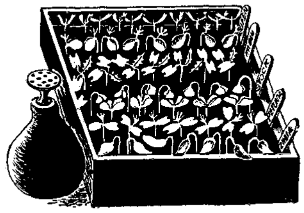
Morvay Cheese Shop, at 13 East 59th Street, has a dwindling supply of bottled Pilsner Urquell.

IN spite of what's happened to Holland, the Heineken people are hoping that there won't be any shortage of their grand brew over here this summer. They say that there's a month's supply of the beer already in this country, and that if shipments on two boats which left Holland before Germany invaded the country arrive here safely, we'll have enough to last us until fall, even with the extra demands made by the Heineken place at the Fair and by the new Holland House Taverne at Rockefeller Center, where an awful lot of Heineken's draught beer is consumed. It was at this Rockefeller Center restaurant that I saw with my own eyes the man with whom I was lunching write his name with a fountain pen on the well-knit head of a glass of Heineken's and watched it remain plainly legible until the last drop of beer had been swallowed. That will show you the kind of beer this is if you know, as the Dutch do, that the quality of the head proves the quality of the brew. Heineken's in barrels is more plentiful now than it is in bottles, for Holland, even before it went to war, was faced with an acute bottle shortage. Up to last September, the little green Heineken bottles, about which some people grow sentimental, were imported from Czecho-Slovakia and Germany; all during the winter, they were made in Belgium. Germany, however, has the only supplies of one ingredient—a special sand—that is needed in their manufacture, and Belgium, even while still neutral, wasn't able to get much of it. Nevertheless, the bottled Heineken's is to be found at Bloomingdale, most of the Gristede stores, and Morvay; at Barney Greengrass, 541 Amsterdam Avenue (86th); the 58th Street Delicatessen, 969 Third Avenue; and a lot of other places.

The New York importers of the Danish Tuborg beer, for which patrons of the Danish Restaurant at the Fair acquired such a liking last summer, report that their stock is too trifling to talk about. Their supply happened to be low at the time the Germans occupied Denmark, and Danish beer now is on the British prohibited list. Most good delicatessens still have Tuborg on hand, but when their present stocks are gone there won't be any more. A few of the Gristede stores still have it, and so have Morvay; Rubin, at 6 East 58th Street; and the Swedish Delicatessen, 424 Amsterdam Avenue (81st), among other places.



If you ask the prewar importers of Münchner Hofbräu beer whether there is any of this German brew left in New York, they will tell you no—just like that. There is a rumor which keeps going around in beer circles, although importers here are skeptical, that a cargo of 22,000 barrels of Münchner, sent out through Trieste recently, was confiscated by the British. It's of interest, in passing, that a few delicatessens on the upper East Side continue to receive small shipments of what they claim is Münchner, presumably through some sort of connivance between themselves and the governments of Italy and Germany.

WHATEVER other advantages the Carta Blanca Mexican beer may have, the fact that its distribution isn't dependent on the ups and downs of war ought to help it to get around here. Beer drinkers who are partial to this brew claim to detect in it something of the flavor of Pilsner Urquell, which isn't so surprising at that, since all the Carta Blanca master brewers for the last fifty years have learned their trade in the Pilsner breweries. Gristede will get this beer for you on order, and it is carried in stock by Angelos Poll, at 1120 Lexington Avenue (78th), and the Gaiety Delicatessen, at 202 West 46th Street.

IT'S a long jump from beer—even imported beer—to the fabulous cellar that the late Nicholas Brady laid down over a period of forty-odd years at Inisfada, his Long Island estate near Manhasset. Mr. Brady left the estate to his widow, who subsequently married W. J. B. Macaulay. A year or so before her death in 1938, she gave it to the Jesuits, who now use it as a seminary. The bottles in the Brady cellars, although they have remained there until recently, weren't part of the gift, and now the whole lot—some 8,500 in all—has been bought from the Macaulay estate by M. Lehmann, Inc., at 374 Park Avenue (53rd). With no disrespect to the Lehmann firm, this collection of treasures really is the sort of thing that one might expect to see on view at the Museum of Modern Art, in one of its occasional flights into the past, instead of in a liquor shop. I have no doubt that nearly as many reverent admirers will want to investigate the pre-1903 green Chartreuse, the 1834 Bual Madeira, and the 1911 champagnes as swooned before the Tintoretto at the Museum last winter.

Parts of the acquisition must be tasted to be believed, because of the many surprises it contains. For instance, a Burke's Irish whiskey laid down around 1901 is very upsetting to the accepted belief that whiskeys don't improve in the bottle. This Irish marvel, priced now at $45 a case, has, I feel certain, lost none of its strength and yet has developed a softness that is comparable only to that of the finest old brandy, as have the bourbons of about the same age, which are $100 a case. There are also a Gonzales, Byass Amoroso of unidentified vintage ($42 a case), which one might imagine would be soft and rich, but which the years have developed into a wine of extreme dryness and incredible delicacy, and a vintage port, going back to the reign of George IV, that evidently has lost nothing of its superb character. In spite of the fine construction of the Inisfada cellars (they are twenty feet deep and extend out under the gardens), time hasn't dealt any too kindly with a good many of the clarets, although there are some 1868 magnums which are still in fine shape. —S. H.

•

DOG AT DUSK

Down the roadway, rutted, dusty,
Lolly takes her evening run;
Enters tall grass, ripened, rusty,
Misty pink with after-sun.

Cool beneath the bridge's timber,
Where I follow Lolly by,
Swims the dark trout, wary, limber;
Hangs in cloud the short-lived fly.

All about in quiet rises,
While I wait for Lolly there,
Spring of ground-green-scent surprises,
Mingling with the day-left air.

By the bobbing where she passes
I can guess where Lolly goes,
Lost to view in lush, lit grasses.
I can guess at what she knows.

—Sara Ludlow Holmes

•

Q. What is the result of dividing 5 by zero?

A. Division by zero is not an admissible operation.—*The World-Telegram.*

Go ahead, pal, we'll shut our eyes.

"Make the Sun Give You Beauty . . . Not a Burn"

It's Sun-Time at last! As you garden . . . drive . . . fish . . . golf . . . watch out for a first bad burn. One bad face burn can make your skin dry, sensitive . . . ruin your summer-tanning program. Use this sunshine to start your tan. Helena Rubinstein, like an alchemist, prescribes these few preparations to turn sunshine to rich gold on your skin.

FIRST—SUNPROOF CREAM

Wherever you're going... beach or "vegetable patch"... smooth on Helena Rubinstein's long-proven Sunproof Cream, delicious, cloudy-pink liquid. Non-sticky. Non-greasy. Use a little and get a golden tan. Use quantities and stay creamy. 1.00, 2.00.

A LASTING MAKE-UP

It's harder than ever to keep make-up on in the summer wind and sun. Use Helena Rubinstein's Town and Country Make-up Film. Moist, protective foundation. 1.00, 1.50. Helena Rubinstein's finely milled, non-absorptive powders for a soft, young look. 1.00, 1.50, 3.50.

AT NIGHT, NOVENA NIGHT CREAM

After you've cleansed your skin with a cool, fluffy cleanser (Helena Rubinstein's Water Lily Cleansing Cream, 1.00 to 3.75) use an extra rich Novena Night Cream for the dryness and wrinkles the sun has caused. Leave it on all night if possible. 2.00, 5.00.

THE "WEEK-ENDER" CASE

Good-looking handbag filled with: Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Face Cream, Town and Country Make-up Film, Youthifying Tissue Cream, Skin Clearing Cream (or Skin Toning Lotion for Dry Skins), Water Lily Powder, Hand Lotion, Cream Rouge, Eyelash Cream and Darkener. All, 5.00.

Available at all smart stores

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The *sharp* flavour gentlemen yearn for

Old English
Process Cheddar Cheese

FOR THE FIRST TIME
—THE SHARPNESS OF RARE,
AGED CHEDDARS IN A CHEESE
WITH UNIFORM FLAVOR
AND PERFECT COOKABILITY.
KRAFT MASTER BLENDERS
ACHIEVED IT!
SIZES: 2-POUND LOAF;
½-POUND PACKAGE

A Garden Apartment
High Above the Street

Designed and built for the owner's personal enjoyment, this duplex penthouse suite is one of New York's remarkable apartments. The city seems remote—the country seems refreshingly near at hand—as you stroll the paths of the landscaped garden that surrounds the upper floor or bask in the sunshine that floods the Vita-glass solarium. Huge, high-ceilinged rooms and great windows set a note of luxurious spaciousness, enhanced by the beauty of Central Park vistas.

12 ROOMS, 6 BATHS
HAS PRIVATE GARAGE

In a neighborhood associated with
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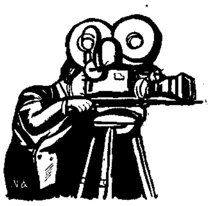
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Miss Faye's Miss Russell



A LONG film, one filled with new songs, old songs, tears, pretty love scenes, and fancy clothes, has been arranged for Miss Alice Faye and labelled "Lillian Russell." It should appeal, I imagine, to the high-school public and need not disconcert prim vestals who have heard of a Miss Russell in connection with a New York social life that was possibly on the fast side. This picture will serve to counteract any such unfortunate impression. The Lillian Russell we see here is no phenomenon of beauteous perfection, and, indeed, only when seen from a distance and much dressed up with those big, big hats does she bear any resemblance to the lady whose pictures used to adorn cigar boxes.

It seems the child Lillian was overheard singing by Tony Pastor (Leo Carrillo), a fatherly type in the theatre business, and he immediately made her a star and she was, never aging in looks a minute, to be forever after the rage of London and New York. A kindly grandmother (Helen Westley) is a beneficent influence, and long after Grandma's death, Miss Russell, the great celebrity, can't recall her without getting tears in her eyes. A worthy young man named Alexander Moore (Henry Fonda) rescues Lillian and Grandma from a runaway team of horses, and never again can think of another woman. All sorts of people send diamonds and emeralds to this Lillian. One of them is Diamond Jim Brady (Edward Arnold), and after years of adoration he dares to pop the question. When she has to turn him down because she doesn't love him that way, it's all heartbreak. Other celebrities of the period—Weber and Fields (themselves), Eddie Foy, Sr. (Eddie Foy, Jr.), Leopold Damrosch, Gilbert and Sullivan, and President Cleveland—are here, but fail to make this film anything more than claptrap social history.

THE most unassuming film I have seen lately is possibly the most attractive, and as it's the kind of thing you are likely to miss altogether in the rush, I want to note it at once. There's nobody in it you have ever heard of, and it's clumsily called "The Biscuit Eater," which makes it sound like a tract on dieting. It's not about dieting; it's about dogs. A "biscuit eater," I have learned, is a hunting dog not worth its keep, but the film shows a lot of dogs—pointers—all of them, I should say, worthy of the handsomest kennels that can be built. A nice sense of country life in Georgia and of the sporting world there comes through, which should appeal not alone to dog-lovers but as well to poor, imprisoned city people who are hoping that someday they too can get outdoors.

THERE'S nothing simple or unpretentious about the rest of the program. Far from it. "Typhoon" is so fancy it nearly achieves the freedom of a parody. Dorothy Lamour appears as an angel heroine, purity incarnate, a castaway on a South Sea isle with only a chimpanzee for personal maid. Happy in her Eden, she is discovered all at once by another castaway, an ex-Navy man of the highest personal probity. Wicked natives turn up and set fire to the island; then over the island comes the ocean. We even gather the ex-sailor is going to propose marriage to the beautiful castaway.

"Waterloo Bridge," with Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor, is almost a slander on Robert E. Sherwood's play of the poor soldier boy and the sad little girl of the streets who meet in the London of the last war. The soldier now is a duke's nephew, and those stock British upper classes, with lots of C. Aubrey Smith material, are all involved here, along the routine lines of the theme of the fallen woman who can't marry the man because she's not worthy. Although the man leaves her to starve, she feels that he is too good for her. . . . Equally old-fashioned is a revised "Irene" which shows us Anna Neagle (Queen Victoria and Edith Cavell), now as a comedienne and a pretty young thing. The story has sadly meagre comedy, and, I might add, few tunes. —JOHN MOSHER

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STATE OF NEW YORK, DEPARTMENT OF STATE, ss.:
I do hereby certify that a certificate of dissolution of
THE UNCONQUERED, INC.
has been filed in this department this day and that it appears therefrom that such corporation has complied with section one hundred and five of the Stock Corporation Law, and that it is dissolved.—*From an adv. in the American Banker.*

Dissolved with its boots on, we presume.

THE OARSMEN

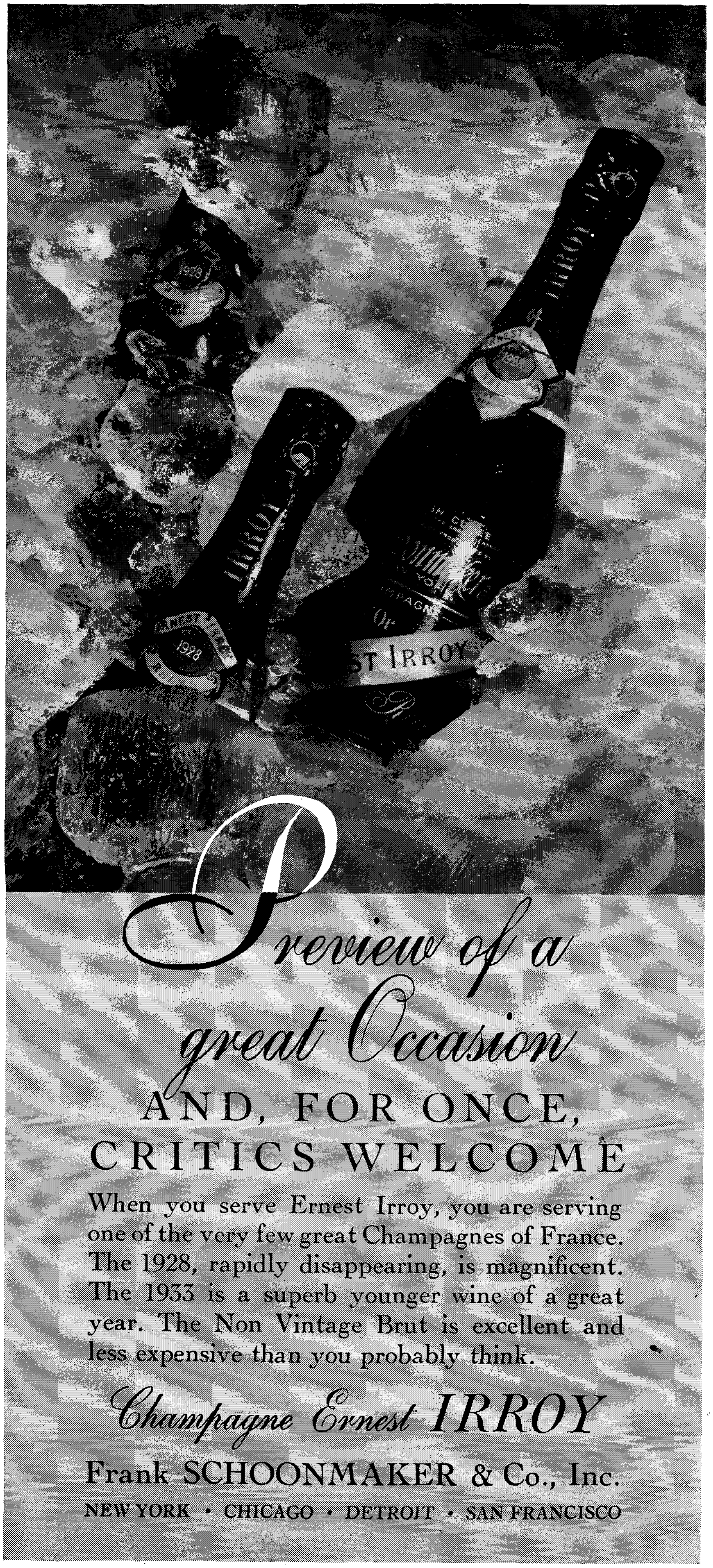
Cayuga Next

As the crews of Yale, Princeton, and Cornell sprinted over a two-mile stretch of the Housatonic up at Derby last Saturday in their annual race for the Carnegie Cup, several youthful Yale supporters indicated their awareness of what's going on in the world by opening umbrellas and jumping from the branches of trees—parachute-troop style. It was a novel type of rooting, and a valiant gesture, for the loyal young men landed hard from relatively high perches, but their effectiveness upon reaching the ground was limited to continued cheering, which failed to prevent Yale from losing its first sprint race in four years.

If ever there was a photo finish in rowing, this was it, for Cornell crossed the line only two-tenths of a second ahead of Yale, and Princeton was a mere half a length or so behind. Narrow a squeak as it was, though, it showed up Harrison Sanford, the Cornell coach, as a pessimist of the gloomiest sort, since, to hear him talk before the race, the chances of his crew's winning were practically zero. Bad weather, he said, had interfered ruinously with training. Maybe so, but no one who saw the finish of the race last Saturday could quite believe that the Cornell rowers have been spending all their time lolling around the boathouse, waiting for the sun to come out.

Although the Carnegie Cup was at stake, this wasn't, as you may already know, the official Derby Day. In the past, of course, when the race was on the Housatonic, the two terms—Carnegie Cup and Derby Day—were almost synonymous, but this year, by proclamation of the Yale faculty, Derby Day was held a week earlier than usual so as not to interfere too much with preparations for final examinations. Therefore, on the books, at any rate, Yale was already the Derby Day winner of 1940 when it met Cornell and Princeton last Saturday, having defeated Syracuse and M. I. T. on the Housatonic the preceding weekend. It would be interesting to learn how much importance Cornell now places on this technicality.

The tallest and heaviest man in Cornell's noticeably tall and heavy crew was, appropriately, its commodore,



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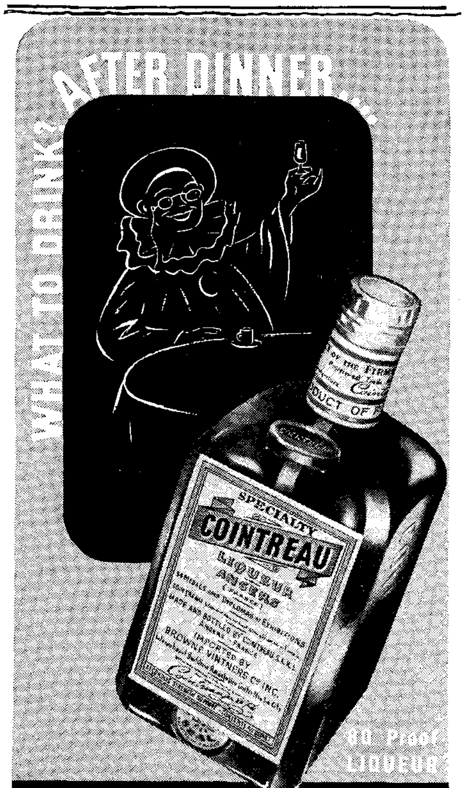

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as they like to call their captains at Ithaca. He is James Young, who is six feet four and a half, weighs 196 pounds, and sits at No. 6 position, second from the stroke, in what is sometimes called the "engine room" by those who believe more power is developed there than anywhere else in a shell. Young, now a senior, seems to have taken up rowing as an afterthought. He was born in Angelica, a town in western New York, and went to school there, playing on the baseball and basketball teams, and never rowed a stroke until he arrived at Ithaca, where, for some reason or other, he went in for crew. He made the freshman eight—commodoring it, I guess you'd say—and the *next* year joined the varsity.

YOUNG and his colleagues are going to be given no time to gloat. While Cornell was doing so handsomely at Derby, Harvard was successfully defending the Adams Cup at Philadelphia, and this weekend the two crews, both undefeated, will meet in the Spring Day race at Ithaca. (Syracuse will be there, too, with its own special following.) Harvard showed such power and confidence in beating Pennsylvania and Navy on the Schuylkill that I wouldn't be surprised if we heard more despondent predictions from Cornell's coach before the race gets under way.

Lake Cayuga itself is the only thing that might spoil the Spring Day event, so far as I can see. It is such a large body of water that a good breeze can stir up waves high enough to submerge a shell, a fact which has given the lake a bad name among crew coaches. I doubt if Ed Leader, of Yale, will ever let a crew of his row there again. In 1938, the shells of both Cornell and Yale were swamped, and the swells were so heavy that for a while onlookers were afraid the rescue launches might not succeed in saving all the oarsmen. Tom Bolles, of Harvard, doesn't care much for Cornell's lake, either; last year his men lost their only race of the season there, finishing with their ankles awash. However, he's apparently willing to give it another try. —Bow

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Princeton* (*N.J.*) *Packet*]

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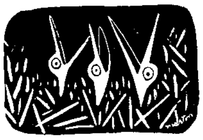
PILGRIMAGE

THE Ford coupé owned jointly by Mrs. Brainerd and her sister, Miss Harriet Clarke, was three years old and ran like a breeze when it had the chance. Most of the time it was padlocked in their small garage, its doors tightly closed and its ignition locked. It smelled strongly of the gum camphor Mrs. Brainerd tucked behind the cushions to repel moths and other pests, and it had a radio, a heater, and a cigarette lighter. Once Miss Clarke had carelessly neglected to close the window on her side of the car when it was left in a parking lot, and the cigarette lighter had been stolen. Mrs. Brainerd immediately ordered a new one, not that either she or her sister smoked but because she had a feeling for machinery.

Twice a week the two sisters drove to Manchester to do their marketing. They would close all the windows in the house, give a last look around to make sure no fires had started, lock the front door from the inside, and go out the back way to the garage. Here Mrs. Brainerd would open the padlock and Miss Clarke push at the sliding door, which was apt to stick. Mrs. Brainerd, after walking around the car suspiciously, peering at the tires and examining the fenders for scratches, would take a piece of Kleenex from the box in the car's compartment and dab vigorously at the windshield. Then, settling herself behind the wheel and adjusting her glasses, she'd turn on the ignition and step on the starter. Miss Clarke had never learned to drive, partly because she was convinced she could never master backing and partly because Mrs. Brainerd had the idea that a motor was almost human and responded more willingly to the touch of one master. It was Miss Clarke's duty to lean out the window and make sure that her sister was backing in a straight line.



ONE morning late in May, Mrs. Brainerd started the car down the driveway with a jerk. "Look out for the iris on this side," Miss Clarke said. "You're too far over."

"They need thinning," Mrs. Brainerd answered complacently. "They are choking themselves."

It was warm and sunny, and the air smelled of tar and moist earth. Mrs. Brainerd opened the window six inches on her side and sniffed appreciatively. "My, doesn't it smell good! I wouldn't be surprised if summer was really here!"

"High time," her sister said. "It really is very warm. You don't suppose the radiator needs water, do you?"

Mrs. Brainerd glanced quickly at the thermometer. "It seems to be cool enough. Of course, you can't tell. That thing may not be working."

"We'd better stop at the garage and have Ted check it."

They drove on in silence. The soft wind blew the fine hair at the nape of Mrs. Brainerd's neck and brushed the black cord of her pince-nez gently across her cheek. "You know what I was thinking?" she asked. "Well, I was thinking that Labor Day is almost here and we might do something."

"You mean Decoration Day, dear," Miss Clarke said. "Do you mean something like packing a nice little lunch and going off for the day?"

"Decoration Day, then. Yes, something like that."

"We might drive to Lake St. Catherine."

"Lake St. Catherine!" Mrs. Brainerd exclaimed indignantly. "Why, we could be at Lake St. Catherine in a little over an hour! I meant for the whole day. Or even overnight."

"Bennington might be nice. We could visit the museum, and the monument, and go to a movie."

"I'm tired of Bennington. And besides, I don't understand *why* they put the monument where they did. I happen to know that they've got it in the wrong place. That is, if a monument *is* a monument in the true sense of the word. No, I thought of some place even farther."

"Rutland?" Miss Clarke asked.

"No. To tell you the truth, I was thinking of Plymouth."

"Mr. Coolidge?"

"Mr. Coolidge," Mrs. Brainerd repeated. "I mean, of course, on account of Labor Day and his being President. And the best President since Mr. Lincoln. I was thinking of the way the Reds will be parading all over the country, and that it would be a nice gesture if we drove to Plymouth with a few flowers."

"I don't know," Miss Clarke said doubtfully. "How far is it?"

"What difference does it make?" Mrs. Brainerd's voice was impatient. "If we feel tired, we can stop. We can even stop at one of those cabins."

"Goodness!" Miss Clarke exclaimed. "Do you think we'd better? You know what people say about those cabins, *and* about the class of men and women they attract. I've heard you go on about them."

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," Mrs. Brainerd said blithely. "I'd rather enjoy it, providing we had a bath, of course. I wouldn't care to—you know."

Miss Clarke looked dreamily out of the window. "There are some cabins called the Ethan Allen Camps. They *must* be all right."

"Of course they're all right. It seems to me I heard."

"Well, then—"

"Well, then!"

Miss Clarke sat up straight. Her cheeks were flushed and she was smiling. "I don't think we've been on a real trip since we went to that little place three years ago, when we got the car."

"We haven't," Mrs. Brainerd said. "You mean the place where we had the chicken à la king and waffles."

"Cold waffles. And you could have put the chicken in your eye."

"The coffee was good, as I remember."

"The coffee was *fair*. There's a car coming to your left."

"I see it. You know, I don't see much sense in our packing a lunch. I mean, if we plan to be gone overnight, we might as well go the whole hog and buy all our meals. There's a place in that town just before you get to Rutland."

"Danby?" Miss Clarke suggested.

"Goodness, no! Not Danby. The marble quarry is in Danby. The town I'm thinking of is beyond Danby."

"I know the one you mean," Miss Clarke said. "And I know the tearoom you have in mind. It has a gift shop."

"That's the one. It's a stone house and they have some very nice glass for sale. I'm going to take a little extra money."

"Oh, I know you!" Miss Clarke laughed merrily.

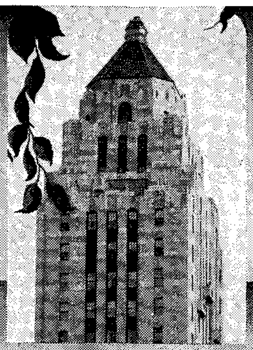
"Well, what's the harm in picking up a few things?" Mrs. Brainerd tossed her head with an air of defiance. "It's part of the fun."

"Do you think we'd better take the flowers from home or stop at a greenhouse along the way?"

"I thought of lilacs. A big bunch. We could put them in that old white pitcher and they would stay fresh. We could even leave the pitcher there with them, and they'd last for days."

"There's nothing very *dressy* about lilacs."

"Mr. Coolidge was not a very dressy man," Mrs. Brainerd said. "I think I'll just stop here at the garage and ask Ted if he hadn't better get the car tomorrow



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and give it a good going-over before our trip."

SHE pulled off the road by a gasoline pump and put on the brakes. From a shed, a young man in grease-stained overalls walked toward them. "Well, ladies, what will it be this morning?" he asked.

"Oh, Ted," Mrs. Brainerd said, "my sister and I have decided to take a little trip over Labor Day. We thought we'd drive to Plymouth and see the Coolidge place, and perhaps take a few flowers for the grave. And I wondered if you could come for the car tomorrow and give it a real going-over?"

"Sure thing," he answered. "Ever been to Plymouth?"

"No, we haven't."

"I was there last year about the end of June. There's not more than ten houses in the whole place. And the cemetery isn't as big as the one we've got here."

"Oh, did you see where—"

"Yep. It's right on the road on a sort of bank. Doesn't say 'President' on the stone or anything. Just his name and the seal."

"Well, I must say that seems strange," Mrs. Brainerd said.

"Is it nicely fixed?" Miss Clarke asked.

"No, I wouldn't say it was," Ted answered. "There was a wreath that the Boy Scouts brought over from Rutland on Decoration Day, but it was faded. And the grass needed cutting."

"The grass needed cutting!" Mrs. Brainerd repeated. "I can't understand it. I should think the people in town—"

"There aren't many people in town," he said. "And I guess they're kind of used to it. He was born there and his folks always lived there. I guess they treat him like they would anybody."

"Well!" Mrs. Brainerd exclaimed. She stepped on the starter. She had forgotten to ask about the water in the radiator. "You'll come for the car, then?"

"Sure thing," he said. "About ten."

The two sisters drove down the road toward Manchester. "Remind me to buy a pair of clipping shears," Mrs. Brainerd said. "A good pair of clipping shears, to take along with us. I never heard of such a thing! I tell you, there are some things that make me see red!"

"I know," Miss Clarke told her softly. "I know exactly what you mean."

—ESTHER EVARTS

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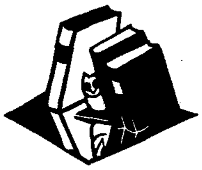
Fire engines are said to have been invented in 250 B.C. by Ctesibus, according to the Associated Press.—*The Times.*

Rumor or communiqué?

BOOKS

Three Lives



READERS may recall Princess Paul Sapieha's "Departure from Poland," which appeared in these pages last fall and told how the author, with her two small children, fled from the Nazi bombers and escaped to safety. The episode now forms the climax of "Polish Profile," a book about the Polonization (unsuccessful) of an American girl. Princess Sapieha was born Virgilia Peterson, attended Vassar, and wrote book reviews for the *Herald Tribune*—all of which hardly comprised a fitting preparation for her marriage to a Polish prince and for six years of life in the Middle Ages.

The interest of "Polish Profile" lies precisely in this odd juxtaposition. A lively young American girl, liberal, humanitarian, a non-dogmatic Protestant, suddenly found herself living with a family of feudal Catholic aristocrats, devout, reactionary, and gloomy. The comfortable trivialities of New York literary life gave place to a forest-girt castle. Book reviews were replaced by boar hunts. Princess Sapieha, once a reader of the *Nation*, had to adjust herself to peasants out of Dostoevski, to archbishops and rapt nuns, to women whose ideas fitted the tenth instead of the twentieth century, to noblemen who were completely *ancien régime*.

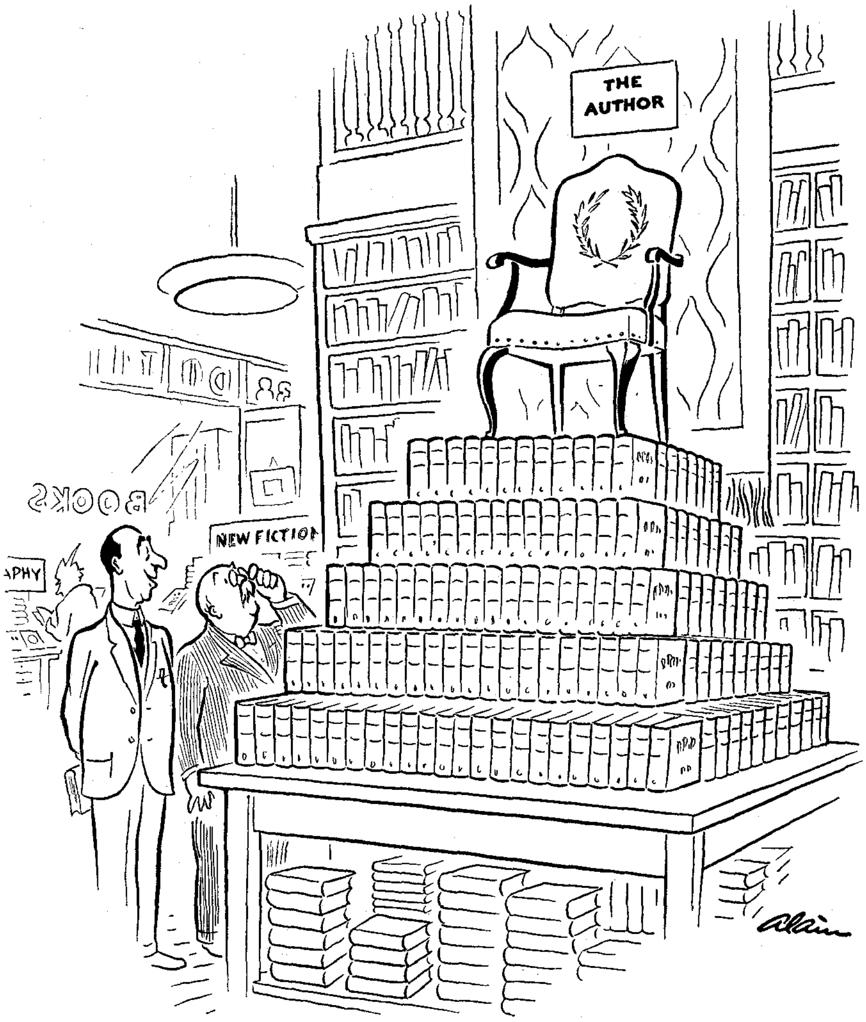
To all this, she accustomed herself with a sort of graceful and well-bred patience rather than with any genuine enthusiasm, and so her book, despite its enlivening touches of quiet wit, has a subdued air. One can feel that she did not really like these proud, gloomy aristocrats, but that for the sake of her husband she was determined to bring to bear on her relations with them as much sympathy as possible. The attempt was only partially successful. Nowhere, though, is there anything like a direct criticism of the people among whom she lived. Yet she quotes, perhaps with some relish, the half-jesting remark of her husband: "It's certainly easier to die for Poland than to live in it." It's worthy of note that not until page 182 is there a description of any joyous incident, and this incident is unique in the book.

Nevertheless, though the life lived on the land (and in Warsaw) by the Princess may seem pointless and dull to the American reader, her book is neither. On the contrary, it is full of gentle good writing: the description of a boar hunt, the sketch of Göring's overpowering new wife, the picture of the dark forest around her home, the dry-point etchings of the peasants and domestics, and, of course, the extraordinary final chapter, which will possibly occupy a modest but secure place among the classic examples of the literature of famous escapes.

The murderous advent of the Nazis (the Sapiehas lived only a few miles from the German frontier) shocks one, but it is somehow not so shocking as their invasion of Czecho-Slovakia, of Denmark, of Norway, of Holland and Belgium. In the case of Poland, a modern, chromium-plated feudalism has now imposed itself by force upon an antiquated and decadent feudalism. The new feudalism is brutal and rigid. The old one was often kindly and relaxed. Yet, in the deepest sense, the two societies did not conflict; the aristocratic circle around Princess Sapieha disliked the Nazis because the Nazis were German, but they shared their ideas. So, in a way, they were conquered by Hitler long before his bombers swept over Polish villages.

ART YOUNG and Oscar Ameringer are two old-time American radicals who seem to have stuck to their guns all their lives without arousing any hatred in their opponents. Both are humorists; I suppose that's the answer. They disarm the other side not by never taking themselves seriously but by never taking themselves self-righteously. Art Young you know, or ought to; Oscar Ameringer you can get to know, if you wish, by reading his informal autobiography, "If You Don't Weaken."

The second half, which deals with labor politics and labor journalism from about 1910 to the present, may prove



*"If Levant can carry it off,
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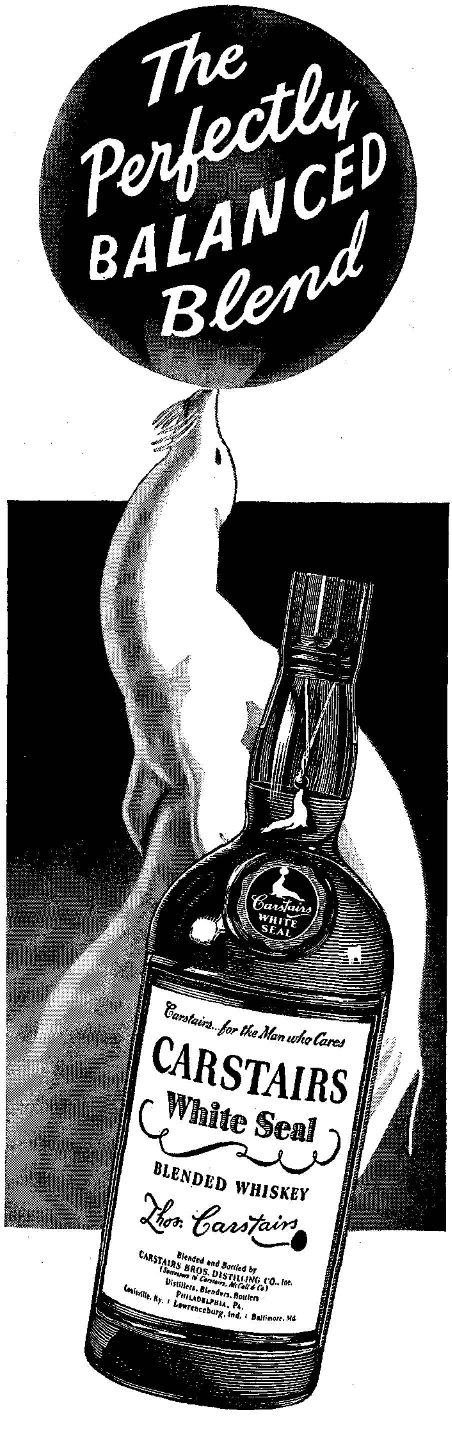

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the less interesting to the general reader. The first half is a picaresque account of Mr. Ameringer's early life in Germany and his odd adventures as a young man in this country. It's funny and touching and noble—noble because Mr. Ameringer is a noble fellow who has been told so often and pays no attention to the fact.

I enjoyed particularly the Cincinnati chapters; his experiences as an itinerant musician (he's almost as good a clarinetist as he is a labor journalist); the story of how he lived for several weeks on a counterfeit quarter; the Menckenesque beer rhapsodies; the hilarious account of the abortive Conservatory of Art and Music in Calvin, Texas; the detailed narrative of how he brought Marx—or thought he did—to Oklahoma in 1907. He still edits the *American Guardian*, a small Oklahoma paper whose influence extends far beyond the state.

Most young radicals of today, I suppose, would turn their noses up and to the left at Mr. Ameringer's unreconstructed, old-fashioned Eugene Debs Socialism. I'm no judge of his abilities as a radical thinker, but I do feel he has in him at times the essence of the real humorist. In his introduction, Carl Sandburg, who ought to know, says that when the going is good with Oscar Ameringer, "he is equal to the best of Artemus Ward and Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby." To me, he seems more like Will Rogers. But he has a dimension Will Rogers lacked. I don't know what to call it; maybe it's just intelligence. Will Rogers was "shrewd," a word which means that he stopped short of really ripping the cover off things. In his prime, he made many telling remarks about politicians, for example, but he would have been incapable of this characteristic Ameringer sentence: "Politics is the art by which politicians obtain campaign contributions from the rich and votes from the poor on the pretext of protecting each from the other."

STILL another autobiography this week, much more serious and bookish than Mr. Ameringer's, is "The Confessions of an Individualist," by William Henry Chamberlin. You will know Mr. Chamberlin as the *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent whose dispatches from Russia and Japan during the past fifteen years have been models of their kind. Despite the come-on title, the book is completely unsensational. It's the record of how one man, brought up in an intellectual, bohemian environment, became a Communist sympathizer, changed over to democratic indi-

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vidualism when he saw what was really going on under Stalin, and now doesn't see much hope for any of the things he holds dear. A kind of "Personal History" without the personal history, since ideas have been substituted for people, this book is drier (and also less important) than Mr. Sheean's, but it's unquestionably a part of the intellectual testimony of our time. I found it interesting and I found Mr. Chamberlin's mind honest and attractive.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CÉCILE PASQUIER, by Georges Duhamel, translated from the French by Béatrice de Holthoir. Another chronicle of the Pasquier family, from 1908 to the opening of the first World War. This volume contains accounts of Joseph's financial triumphs, of Cécile's marriage and divorce, of Laurent's progress as a scientist—all illuminated with the most penetrating observations on human happiness and human suffering. Because he is writing about a family, and also a civilization, Duhamel denies himself the advantage of a closely knit plot and a concentration of interest on one character. But he is continuously interesting, serious but not heavy, often profound. If this is not a great novel, it is an intensely readable one.

THE FIRST TO AWAKEN, by Granville Hicks and Richard M. Bennett. If a clever doctor were to put you to sleep for a century, as one does the hero of this novel, and you were to awaken in the year 2040, what would you find? The authors have a grand time imagining a new world, and a splendid, gadget-filled, social-scientific, John Dewey world it is. Everybody has enough to eat and wear, works four hours a day, and never gives a thought to air raids. You don't have to be a devotee of Professor Dewey to see that such a world has its points.

WOMEN WILL BE DOCTORS, by Hannah Lees. Novels about doctors are popular. Novels about love are popular. Novels about doctors in love ought to ring the bell. Miss Lees, just to be different, has introduced women doctors and internes, but they fall in love with men doctors and internes, so it isn't very different after all. The medical details, as usual, are interesting.

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Goudge. A romantic tale about a fine old English country house, a wise grandmother who had once been a belle, a trio of agreeable children, and the conflict between love and duty. Prettily written, with pleasing horticultural and meteorological touches.

From What Dark Roots, by Francine Findley. Domestic problems of a young man from Natchez who hated not only slavery but the exploitation of all labor. He tries to create a tiny utopia in northern New York State, where other utopias, including that of the Mormons, are in the making. Time: 1839 to the Civil War. A family saga which unrolls so fast that although the general idea is clear, the details are vague.

GENERAL

A Foreign Policy for America, by Charles A. Beard. The author calls this short but important book "a memorandum on three conceptions of foreign policy": American continentalism, imperialism, and internationalism. He outlines their history and concludes that the traditional American continentalism, still dominant, is threatened by a combination of the other two, which have been discredited by their failures. He believes that we should mend fences at home, speak softly, and keep our powder dry. Readable and ironic, in the author's best vein.

Isolated America, by Raymond Leslie Buell. *Fortune's* Round Table editor takes the internationalist or moral-obligation view (see above) in foreign affairs. He summarizes American action since 1914 and recommends a mediation proposal "at the right juncture," limited intervention if that becomes "vitally important," and a "new Association of Nations" (see below) after the war. Somewhat hazy in spots. Map.

A Federation for Western Europe, by W. Ivor Jennings. Following the Messrs. Streit, Curry, and Bingham, an English constitutional lawyer submits his own plan—for a Western European federation this time. His idea, discussed mainly from the British viewpoint, appears to be a combination of the British and American systems. Loosely written.

The Long Watch in England, by Eugene and Arline Lohrke. Beautifully done but depressing picture of the English people between Munich and the war. The authors, like Malcolm Muggeridge, believe that Great Britain is coming apart at the seams. Some of this has been published in magazines. Frontispiece.

This War, by Thomas Mann, translated from the German by Eric Sutton. A psychological rather than a political essay, this stirring pamphlet seeks to understand what drives the German nation as a whole to accept Hitler and his war, and to make clear the tragic doom the author feels will be theirs, win or lose.

Great Britain, by Albert Viton. Remarkably up-to-date and comprehensive social history of the British colonies, dominions, spheres of influence, etc., since 1914, and a critical analysis of the present situation. Mr. Viton thinks the British Empire will win the war, lose the peace, and worry through somehow under new conditions. Map and chart.

The British Empire, by Stephen Leacock. In contrast to Mr. Viton's book (see above), this is more apologia than criticism, more description than evaluation. Briskly written, with an undercurrent of Mr. Leacock's good-natured humor. Maps.

Forty Years a Country Preacher, by George B. Gilbert. The publishers of this book selected Mr. Gilbert, an Episcopalian minister in Middletown, Connecticut, as the "typical country preacher." His autobiography reveals a thoroughly original man who mended his parishioners' pigsties and fought for their interests in the state legislature. A warmhearted, sensible book, good for your megrims. Illustrated.

A Southerner Discovers New England, by Jonathan Daniels. Mr. Daniels, a good Southerner who gets along perfectly well without sectional prejudices, has talked with all sorts of New Englanders, from Governor Saltonstall of Massachusetts to sardine-packers. His conclusion is about what you might expect—that New England's social and economic troubles cannot be solved by New England alone. Mr. Daniels is not too reassuring, but neither is he a disaster-monger. A worthy companion volume to his "A Southerner Discovers the South."

The Stranger in the House, by Howard Coxe. Regency portrait of Caroline of Brunswick, the plump German princess who had a bad time as the wife of George IV of England. A charming, Strachey-style biography. Illustrated.

The Arkansas, by Clyde Brion Davis. History and folklore of the Arkansas

River country: H. A. W. Tabor, Cripple Creek, Dodge City, the Ozarks, and so on. Lively Americana, published as another of the Rivers of America Series. Illustrated by Donald McKay.

ISLANDS OF ADVENTURE, by Karl Baarslag. The radio operator of Paul Mellon's yacht Vagabondia writes an engrossing account of the world's lesser-known islands: Cocos, Mangareva, the Falklands, and so on. Some excellent stories. Charts and photographs.

WESTWARD FROM VINLAND, by Hjalmar R. Holand. The Norse expeditions to America, from 982 to 1362. Offers two interesting hypotheses: that America was discovered by a trader named Bjarne Herjulfson, and that Viking explorers penetrated as far west as what is now Minnesota. Fascinating detective work. Illustrated.

EMPRESS OF THE DUSK, by John W. Vandercook. The author of "Black Majesty" recounts the vivid history of Theodora of Byzantium, a girl of the streets who became the last great empress of the Roman world. Illustrated.

DOWN TO EARTH, by Alan Devoe. Thirty fresh and intelligent nature essays, by an *American Mercury* columnist, on such subjects as hawks, oysters, cats, deer, eagles, etc. Much of the material has appeared in periodicals. Illustrated.

SIEGE, by Julien Bryan. An American cameraman gives us an eyewitness account and 47 full-page photographs of the siege of Warsaw. Introduction and captions by Maurice Hindus.

THE LONG TRAIL FROM TEXAS, by Frazier Hunt. The adventures of Ad Spaugh, cowboy, on the Chisholm Trail between Texas and Kansas in the eighteen-seventies and eighties. Looks like the genuine color of the period. Has been published as a magazine serial. Map.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MAIGRET TRAVELS SOUTH, by Georges Simenon. This new book of Maigret stories contains two short novels—"Liberty Bar" and "The Madman of Bergerac." Simenon writes shrewdly and with restraint, and his publishers would do well to translate all his books into English as fast as anything. Recommended for everyone in this country who has sense enough to spell out words.

THE HANGMAN'S WHIP, by Mignon G. Eberhart. If a heroine named

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it's won the whole wide world's acclaim for almost a hundred years!

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Search Abbott won't get you down, go right ahead with this mystery of death among Chicago's upper classes. Frilly stuff built on a sound structure, with love abounding.

THE LADY WEPT ALONE, by Carolyn Byrd Dawson. First novel by an author who sticks to a good old formula: Miss Matilda Brockett, an elderly spinster who lives alone with her faithful colored servant, gets mixed up in the horrid goings-on at Lake's End, somewhere in the Middle West. Perfectly good reading, but stop me if you've heard this one.

HOLIDAY HOMICIDE, by Rufus King. Mr. King introduces Cotton Moon, a detective with a tinge of Nero Wolfe about him, in this story of murder aboard a yacht anchored in the East River. Almost brilliant in spots, and has a tang that may make you overlook the slightly dizzy solution.

THE MAN WHO COULD NOT SHUDDER, by John Dickson Carr. Martin Clarke, an enigmatic gentleman, buys a haunted house and gives a week-end ghost party. The most skeptical of his guests is shot down by a gun that apparently lifts itself from the wall. An item for the mechanically inclined, with Dr. Gideon Fell clearing up the obscure details.

B AS IN BANSHEE, by Lawrence Treat. A nasty old man named John Riggman spoils the summer for the denizens of a resort in the Adirondacks when he goes and gets himself murdered. Excellent plot marred by some forced humor, stilted dialogue, and a young man named Carl Wayward, who is almost too peculiarly fond of his sister Gwen.

MURDER AS AN ORNAMENT, by Marjorie Boniface. Murder on a dude ranch in Texas, with the salt-of-the-earth people winning hands down over the snakes. The reader should have no difficulty in putting the finger on the murderer of beautiful Charmian Hornaday. Love mixes agreeably with the thornier side of life in this first novel by an author who has written short stories and articles.

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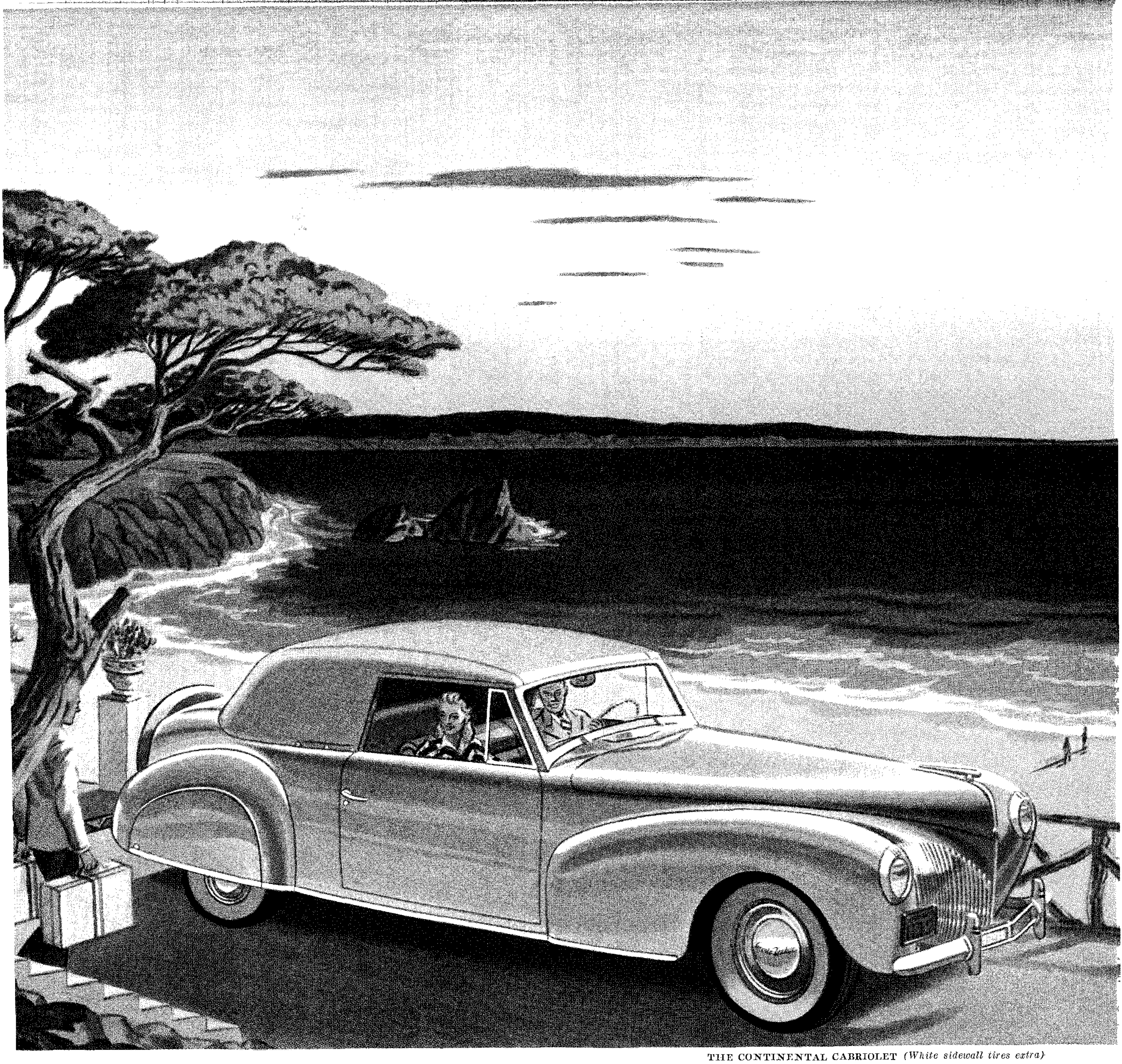
LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Kansas City Star*]

Officers of the station will make inquiries today to locate the owners of the missing dogs. Dobbs said he was inclined to believe the dogs were missing because of the spring weather rather than having been stolen.



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Lincoln engineers offer you in this car a new kind of comfort, which makes the extra miles, the longer day's drive, almost effortless. You ride on chair-high seats towards the middle of the unique unit-body-and-frame (used in all closed types). This rigid, bridge-like structure is cradled on flexible springs. Shocks of the rough road seem to vanish before they reach you. The clear, sweeping view of road and countryside adds much to your pleasure.

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